

★ Dec. 12, 1942

THE NEW YORKER

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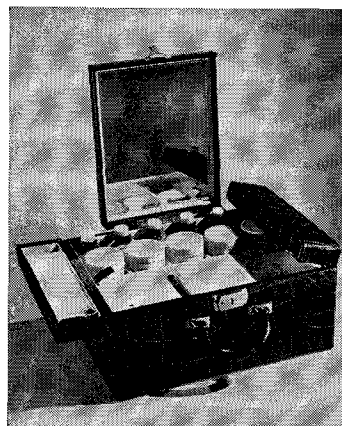
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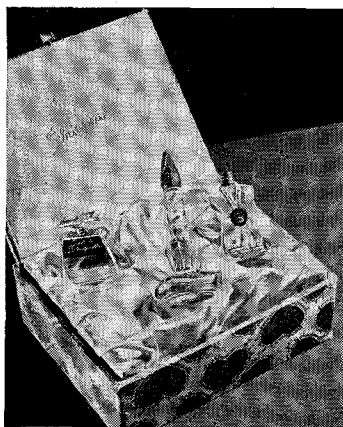
Germaine Monteil Laughter set, big box of Dusting Powder and 4 oz. bottle of Eau de Toilette, \$12. (Dusting Powder alone, \$7.50. Eau de Toilette, 2 oz., \$2.50)



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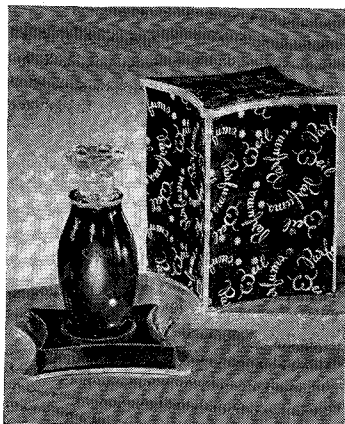
Schiaparelli's "Suit Yourself" box containing a dram each of Salut, Sleeping, and Shocking in miniature versions of the three famous bottles, \$7.75



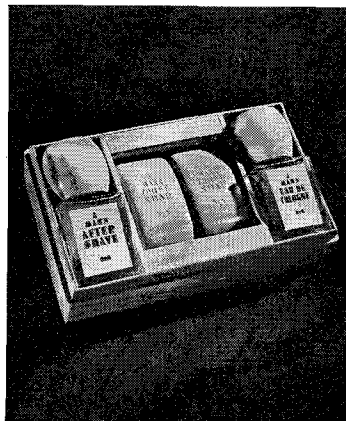
Tabu, by Dana. The rich cologne version, 32 oz., \$20; 16 oz., \$10; 8 oz., \$6, 4 oz., \$3.75. The perfume itself, 2 oz., \$35; 1 oz., \$18.50; ½ oz., \$5



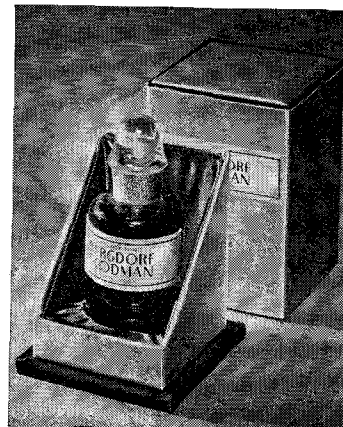
Chichi perfume by Renoir. The pretty bottle a gala addition to her dressing table. The perfume, 4 oz., \$48; 1 oz., \$12.50; ½ oz., \$7.00; ¼ oz., \$3.75



Cobra perfume by Weil, creator of Zibeline and Cassandra perfume, cologne and bath oil. 2 oz. of Cobra, \$35. 1 oz., \$18.50. ½ oz., \$10.50. 1-5 oz., \$5



A Man's Christmas Gift—Mem's wooden kit box packed with two big cakes of pine or sandalwood soap, After-Shave and Cologne, \$7.50



Bergdorf Goodman's exclusives: Number Nine perfume, 1 oz., \$15; 2 oz., \$28.50. Number Twenty Nine, perfume, 1 oz., \$16.50; 2 oz., \$29.50.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

ANGEL STREET—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn, John Emery, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Effie Shannon and Erich von Stroheim head the cast of this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

BLITHE SPIRIT—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

CLAUDIA—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. A first-class comedy that turns into a fairly routine problem play in the last act. With Phyllis Thaxter and Beverly Bayne. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

COUNSELOR-AT-LAW—A revival of Elmer Rice's play about a shyster lawyer with a heart of gold. Not as topical as it was in 1931, but still good enough entertainment. Paul Muni again heads the cast. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

THE DAMASK CHEEK—John van Druten's tenuous but generally agreeable comedy about a woman who rescues the man she loves from an actress. Life in the East Sixties in 1909, with a cast that includes Flora Robson, Celeste Holm, and Myron McCormick. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. 2:35, Wed. and Sat.)

THE EVE OF ST. MARK—Maxwell Anderson deals with the tragedy on Bataan in an effective melodrama but a rather florid and sentimental play. Aline MacMahon, William Prince, and Mary Rolfe are prominently cast. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

THE GREAT BIG DOORSTEP—A slight but pleasant comedy about a Louisiana family and their housing problems. Dorothy Gish and Louis Calhern play Father and Mother in this one, too. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

JANIE—A mild comedy, of interest only to people who always find adolescence fascinating. With Gwen Anderson and Linda Watkins. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs., Sat., and Sun.)

JUNIOR MISS—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan as two little girls. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

LIFE WITH FATHER—This intelligent and high-spirited comedy, based on Clarence Day's book, is now in its fourth year. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney still play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40, PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MY SISTER EILEEN—Two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, discover that Greenwich Village is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been made into a fine, dizzy comedy with Shirley Booth. (Ritz, 48, W. CI 6-9720. Moves on Sun., Dec. 13, to the Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

NATIVE SON—A revival of the play based on Richard Wright's powerful and compassionate novel, with a good many of the original cast, including Canada Lee and Anne Burr. As before, it has been staged by Orson Welles. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, at 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., Dec. 12.)

THE PIRATE—S. N. Behrman provides a field day for the Lunts in this handsome costume piece which has, however, its leisurely moments. The cast also includes Estelle Winwood, Clarence Derwent, Lea Penman, and Alan Reed. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

THE SKIN OF OUR TEETH—Thornton Wilder's superb fantasy about a New Jersey family who survived the Ice Age, the Flood, and a couple of wars. Tallulah Bankhead, Fredric March, and Florence Eldridge head a superior cast. (Plymouth, 45, W.



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19.

CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

STRIP FOR ACTION—An ingenious and likable comedy, by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse, about a burlesque troupe and an Army camp. The cast includes Keenan Wynne, Eleanor Lynn, and Joey Faye. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

UNCLE HARRY—Quite effective melodrama about a man who can't get arrested for murder. With Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

WITHOUT LOVE—Katharine Hepburn and Elliott Nugent in Philip Barry's comedy about a marriage of convenience. This Theatre Guild play has its naive political undertones, but is otherwise bright enough. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

YANKEE POINT—Love, sabotage, air raids, and just about everything else you can think of brought together in a piece that is still not as exciting as it might be. With John Cromwell and Edna Best. (Longacre, 48, W. CI 6-6454. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

THE SUN FIELD—A dramatization by Milton Lazarus of Heywood Brown's novel of the same name, with Claudia Morgan, Betty Kean, and Joel Ashley.

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET

TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

Produced by Howard Lang. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

WITH MUSIC

BEAT THE BAND—The plot of this George Abbott comedy will probably make your head ache, but the production is handsome and the music very pretty. With Susan Miller, Jack Whiting, Jerry Lester, and Romo Vincent. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Thurs., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

BY JUPITER—The Rodgers and Hart adaptation of "The Warrior's Husband," starring Ray Bolger. Constance Moore, Ronald Graham, and Benay Venuta also appear in this first-rate musical. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

LET'S FACE IT—When it isn't being cute, this comedy about three restless matrons and their military escorts is extremely satisfactory. Danny Kaye heads the cast and Cole Porter has turned out most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:30, Sat., and 2:45, Sun.)

SHOW TIME—George Jessel, Jack Haley, Ella Logan, and the De Marcos. Just another vaudeville show, but this time well worth your money. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed., Thurs., and Sat.; also Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30.)

SONS O' FUN—This blood brother to "Hell-a-Poppin" cost more, but it is just as strange. Frank Libuse and Joe Besser help Olsen and Johnson to torment the audience. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50, CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

STAR AND GARTER—Gypsy Rose Lee and Bobby Clark in a musical perhaps adequately defined by its title. Rough stuff, but intermittently pretty funny. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., Dec. 13, at 8:40, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

THE WILLOW AND I—Martha Scott, Barbara O'Neil, and Cora Witherspoon in a play by John Patrick. Staged by Donald Blackwell and produced by Mr. Blackwell, Raymond Curtis, and David Merrick. Opens Thurs., Dec. 10. (Windsor, 48, E. PE 6-4891. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

STARS ON ICE—A skating spectacle, produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49, CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

GILBERT AND SULLIVAN—The Savoy Opera Guild in "Cox and Box" and "The Pirates of Penzance," Thurs. through Sun., Dec. 10-13 and Dec. 17-20; at 8:30 p.m. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

KING-COIT CHILDREN'S THEATRE—"The Rose and the Ring," Sat. and Sun., Dec. 12 and 13, at 2:40 and 4:40 p.m. (Cosmopolitan Club, 129 E. 65. For tickets, call CA 5-8995.)

SUE HASTINGS MARIONETTES—"Winnie-the-Pooh," Sat., Dec. 19, at 3 p.m. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. For tickets, call UN 4-3200, Ext. 773. Mon. through Sat. between 9 a.m. and 12 noon.)

DANCE RECITALS

CARMEN AMAYA—Assisted by Antonio Triana and Miss Amaya's flamenco group: Carnegie Hall (CI 7-7460), Sun., Dec. 13, at 8:40 p.m.; and Brooklyn Academy, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), Tues., Dec. 15, at 8:30 p.m.

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them have fill-in performers or are closed altogether on either Sun. or Mon., so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays for dancing in the Trianon Room.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Hazel Franklin and the Heasley Twins head the ice show in the Bowman Room. Music by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Joe E. Lewis and a show surrounded by palm trees. There's also Ted Straeter's orchestra and Frank Marti's samba band.

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F.R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, secretary and treasurer; R. B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XVIII, No. 43, December 12, 1942. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1942, by The F.R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year \$6.00; Pan-America and Spain, \$6.50; Canada, \$7.00; Other Foreign, \$8.00.

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3. **Gift Set**, Wood Bowl of Shaving Soap; matching container, After-Shave Powder; pinch-bottle each, After-Shave Lotion and Eau de Cologne.....\$3.80
4. **Eau de Cologne**, pinch-bottle
80¢ and \$2.50

5. **Gift Shaving Set**, Wood Bowl of Shaving Soap; matching container, After-Shave Powder; pinch-bottle, After-Shave Lotion..\$3.00
6. **Gift Set**, Shaving Stick in Wood container; pinch-bottle of After-Shave Lotion; and Wood container of After-Shave Powder....\$2.65
7. **Gift Set**, pinch-bottle, After-Shave Lotion; and Shaving Stick in Wood container..\$1.65
8. **De Luxe Shaving Duo**, After-Shave Powder in transparent plastic, and matching bowl of Shaving Soap. Each.....\$5.00

9. **Men's Soap**, 3 cakes.....75¢
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11. **"The Three Musketeers"** (Hunt Presentation), After-Shave Lotion, Eau de Cologne, and Scalp Stimulant.....\$1.95
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10,
THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19.

where the patrons stare at each other instead of a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LARUE, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—An agreeable way to spend a leisurely evening listening to music by Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras.

MONTE CARLO, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—All mirrored up and somewhat changed around, with Sonny Kendis's orchestra and a rumba band.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—The Cotillion Room, pleasantly sedate, offers Jane Pickens and Stanley Melba's orchestra. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing Sun.

PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegard's songs, accent, and personality are on display in the Persian Room, together with Bob Grant's orchestra. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Eleanor French and some puppets head the show in Radio City's aerial nook. Music by Leo Reisman's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra continues to play in the Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Evan Jones's orchestra is playing in the Iridium Room. . . . The Maisonette, downstairs, offers music by Bob Terry's and Freddy Miller's orchestras.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—You'll find Lena Horne singing in the gay Café Lounge, where Paul Baron's orchestra plays. Tea dancing.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—A good address just off the Avenue, with Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band. Ray Benson's orchestra plays for tea dancing.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Starting Thurs., Dec. 17, Elsa Maxwell will head the show in this big, somewhat Broadwayish place on the East Side. Emil Coleman's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band will continue to play there.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Xavier Cugat's orchestra is playing for dancing in the Wedgwood Room, and, at the supper hour, Rosario and Antonio and Mischa Borr's orchestra are on hand too. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is playing in the Lounge Restaurant.

SUPPER CLUBS—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): a sequestered place, with Maxine Sullivan and the Bil Baird puppets heading the show. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself sings those hearty songs of hers, and there are other performers as well. . . . **LA VIE PARISIENNE**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): the life Parisian is depicted mainly in the murals, but there's also Libby Holman and a small show. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and other people play gin rummy in this big, low-ceilinged, softly lighted room. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the view of Central Park should make you feel clandestine; that cozy log fire is back again, by the way.

MISCELLANEOUS—At **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): one of the nicer small spots, with two orchestras—Dick Wilson's and an all-girl one. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): you can almost reach from wall to wall, but there's still room for dancing; Anne Francine sings and George Morris's orchestra plays. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and straightforward, with Maximilian Bergère's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): mainly swing, with Hazel Scott and Teddy Wilson's orchestra; Zero Mostel is around too. . . . **CAFÉ LIFE**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-2648): a good-looking place to spend your café life. . . . **MON PAREE**, 142 E. 53 (EL 5-7765): a newish spot which is experimenting with a big floor show on a little floor; it includes Adelaide Moffett and Yvonne Bouvier. . . . **CASINO Russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): folk songs, dagger dances, and other Russian trimmings; Kris Kay's and Cornelius Codolban's orchestras. . . . **ASTOR ROOF**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Jan Savitt's orchestra. . . . **COMMODORE**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Vaughn Monroe's orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): a Xavier Cugat orchestra, to be replaced by Sammy Kaye's on Fri., Dec. 18. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's

orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Bob Allen's orchestra will be replaced by Charlie Spivak's on Fri., Dec. 18. . . . **ROOSEVELT**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **WARWICK**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a small, comfortable place, with Sander Williams' orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of; no dancing. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, but with the French singer Marianne Oswald Lorraine. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the **DIAMOND HORSESHOE**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Harriet Hoctor and W. C. Handy. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): the Folies-Bergère crossed with Loew's State in a revue that's colossal at least. . . . **ROYAL CASINO**, 7 Ave. at 52 (CI 7-3277): Peggy Fears, who sings, and Jerry Lester, a human dynamo, are two of the many performers. . . . **LA CONGA**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Jack Harris's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show headed by Georgie Price—all in a tropical setting. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): a downstairs, Havana-Madrid sort of place, with the Velero Sisters' rumba band and a show. . . . **18 CLUB**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Frankie Hyers' humor isn't on the delicate side, but nobody seems to mind.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): boogie-woogie headquarters, where most of the Village goes to hear Ammons and Johnson, Lee and Lester Young's orchestra, and other entertainers. . . . **NICK'S**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Georg Brunis and his orchestra are playing in this downtown place. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Eddie South's band (to be replaced by Larry Bennett's on Thurs., Dec. 17) is installed in the centre of the bar. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton and his trio have practically become part of the bandstand here.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM**, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA**, 244 E. 14 (GR 7-6444). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

ART

ALAJÁLOV—Paintings in tempera and drawings: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 24.

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS, B'way at 155—Paintings, sculptures, architectural drawings, and works in other media by members of the Academy and of the National Institute of Arts and Letters. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 28.

AMERICAN PRIMITIVES—Oils and water colors, mainly early-nineteenth-century and including some superb examples: Primitives, 555 Madison, at 56. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 19.

ART OF THIS CENTURY, 30 W. 57—A new museum, housing the Peggy Guggenheim collection of paintings and sculptures by modern Europeans and Americans. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

AVERY—Oils, mostly recent: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 26.

CÉZANNE—A big showing, embodying many canvases new to this country, for the benefit of the Fighting French Relief Committee and France Forever: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 19.

CHAMBERS—Oils, some of them very handsome, by an early-nineteenth-century primitive painter of New York State scenes: Machbeth, 11 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 12.

COROT—Comprehensive exhibition, including many

paintings never shown here before, for the benefit of the Salvation Army War Fund: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 12.

DE CREEFT—New sculptures, strongly stylized and generally quite effective: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 11.

EILSHEMIUS—Well-selected show of paintings by this innocent romanticist: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 12.

GROSS—First show in five years—and a big one it is, too—by one of the more inventive modern sculptors: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 19.

GROUPS—At the **MARQUÉ**, 16 W. 57: small oils, water colors, and other works by a mixed batch of Americans, including Milton Avery, George Constant, and Gerrit Hondius. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 8 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: paintings by various French and American artists and others, in the gallery's annual Christmas showing. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 2. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: paintings done during the last war, by John Sloan, Gifford Beal, and other artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 9. . . . **KELEKIAN**, 20 E. 57: paintings and sculptures by Hartley, Weber, Tamayo, Archipenko, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 19. . . . **BUCHHOLZ**, 32 E. 57: prints by American and European artists and small sculptures by Maillol and Flannagan. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 26.

KANDINSKY—A retrospective showing of this artist's work: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.

MARIN—Recent oils and water colors, with some particularly fine sea pieces among them: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 11.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, 5 Ave. at 82—Big and certainly comprehensive national jury exhibition of contemporary paintings, sculptures, and graphic arts. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Feb. 22.

MIRÓ—Paintings, most of them fairly recent, by this master of innocent fantasy: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

MOSES—Paintings by a talented primitive from upstate New York: American British Art Center, 44 W. 56. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 23.

MUSEUM OF LIVING ART, 100 Washington Sq. E.—Recent paintings and sculptures by Esphyr Slobodkina. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 8 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Big international showing of portraiture, with works by most of the important painters and sculptors of the twentieth century. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Jan. 24.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—Paintings by American abstractionists, including Charles G. Shaw, I. Rice Pereira, and Jean Xceron. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

POOR—Recent paintings, mostly of the California coast, in addition to ceramics and pastels: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 12.

RUBENS—Varied, very interesting loan show, stressing his versatility rather than his lushness: a United Hospital Fund benefit: Schaeffer & Brandt, 61 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 19.

RUBIN—First New York showing in some time by a Palestinian painter with a quick eye for both color and form: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 26.

STEIG—A set of his small sculptures and drawings, as fantastic and somehow disturbing as ever: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 12.

VARIAN—First show in several years of oils by an artist with a special gift for small still-lives: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 12.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—The big contemporary-



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

American Annual, this time including water colors, drawings, sculptures, and prints as well as oils. Daily, except Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 6.

HERE AND THERE—At the **LIEBENFELD**, 21 E. 57: paintings and water colors by Franz Rederer. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 12. . . . **ANDRE SELIGMANN**, 15 E. 57: paintings by Ary Stillman. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 31. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57: paintings by Francis Colburn. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 12. . . . **PINACOTHECA**, 20 W. 58: oils and water colors by Leon P. Smith. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 12. . . . **WAKEFIELD**, 64 E. 55: paintings by Charles Owens. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 12. . . . **WILLARD**, 32 E. 57: drawings by Alexander Calder. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 24. . . . **MON-TROSS**, 785 5 Ave., at 60: paintings by Stefano Cusumano. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 12. . . . **JULIEN LEVY**, 11 E. 57: recent paintings by Maurice Grosser. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 2. . . . 460 PARK, at 57: the gallery's annual of portraits by contemporary Americans (through Dec. 31); also (through Sat., Dec. 19), recent paintings by Charles Baskerville. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

NOTE—Owing to the scarcity of trained guards, the Bache Collection, 814 5 Ave., at 63, will not be open to the general public this season but may be seen by groups who apply in advance for admission.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall and the Carnegie Chamber Music Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Rodzinski conducting, Thurs., Dec. 10, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Dec. 11, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Dec. 12, at 8:45 P.M.; and Sun., Dec. 13, at 3 P.M. Mitropoulos conducting, Thurs., Dec. 17, at 8:45 P.M., and Fri., Dec. 18, at 2:30. (Highlights: Novotna, Pinza, Jagel, Robofsky, and the Westminster Choir, Dec. 10-11; Piatro, Dec. 12-13; Rachmaninoff, Dec. 17-18.) . . . Young People's Concert, Ganz conducting, Sat., Dec. 19, at 11 A.M.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Ormandy conducting; soloist, Rubinstein; Carnegie Hall, Tues., Dec. 15, at 8:45 P.M.

NEW YORK CITY SYMPHONY—Adler conducting; soloist, Schnabel; Carnegie Hall, Sat., Dec. 12, at 5:45 P.M.

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY GLEE CLUB—Greenfield conducting; Town Hall, Sat., Dec. 12, at 8:30 P.M.

TOWN HALL GLEE CLUB—Mead conducting; Carnegie Hall, Wed., Dec. 16, at 8:30 P.M.

MOUNT HOLYOKE COLLEGE GLEE CLUB—Douglass conducting; Town Hall, Fri., Dec. 18, at 8:45 P.M.

ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—Stoessel conducting Handel's "The Messiah"; Carnegie Hall, Sat., Dec. 19, at 8:15 P.M.

JAZZ CONCERT—Another in the series sponsored by Eddie Condon, featuring, this trip, Mel Powell and Hot Lips Page; Town Hall, Sat., Dec. 19, at 5:30 P.M.

RECITALS

CARNEGIE HALL—Nathan Milstein, Fri., Dec. 11, at 8:30 P.M. . . . Carnegie Chamber Music Hall: Ralph Kirkpatrick, Mon., Dec. 14, at 8:45 P.M.

TOWN HALL—Kurt Appelbaum, Sat., Dec. 12, at 5:30 P.M.; Trapp Family Singers, Sun., Dec. 13, at 3 P.M.; New Friends of Music (Klemperer conducting a chamber orchestra; soloists, Kolisch, Wummer, and others), Sun., Dec. 13, at 5:30 P.M.; Nadia Reisenberg and Joseph Schuster, Mon., Dec. 14, at 8:30 P.M.

ELSEWHERE—At the **NEW YORK TIMES HALL**: Musical Art Quartet and Frank Sheridan, Mon., Dec. 14, at 9 P.M. (240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362.) . . . **WALDORF-ASTORIA**: Dusolina Giannini, Jarmila Novotna, Ezio Pinza, and others; a benefit for the Bagby Music Lovers Foundation, Mon., Dec. 14, at 2:30 P.M. (For tickets, call EL 5-3000, Ext. 2628.) . . . **KAUFMANN AUDITORIUM**: Mozart-sonata series, by Joseph Szigeti and Andor Foldes, Wed., Dec. 16, at 9 P.M. (Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92. AT 9-2400.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Götterdämmerung," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 10; "Lucia di Lammermoor," Fri. Eve., Dec. 11; "La Bohème," Sat. Aft., Dec. 12; "Manon," Sat. Eve., Dec. 12; "Tristan und Isolde," Mon. Eve., Dec. 14; "Le Nozze di Figaro," Wed. Eve., Dec. 16; "Lakmé," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 17; "Faust," Fri. Eve., Dec. 18; "Tannhäuser," Sat. Aft., Dec. 19; "Tosca," Sat. Eve., Dec. 19. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

ROSALINDA—The Max Reinhardt version of the Strauss light opera, "Die Fledermaus," with a cast made up of members of the New Opera Company. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10, THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19.

2:30, Wed. and Sat. (44th Street Theatre, 44th St., W. of B'way. LA 4-4337.)

COLUMBIA THEATRE ASSOCIATES—Presenting an English version of "The Village Barber," by Johann Schenk, Wed. through Sat. Eves., Dec. 16-19, at 8:40, and Sat. Aft., Dec. 19, at 2:40. (Brander Matthews Hall, 420 W. 117th St. For tickets, call UN 4-3200, Ext. 502.)

SPORTS

BOXING—Madison Square Garden: Lou Nova vs. Tami Mauriello, heavyweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Dec. 11; Beau Jack vs. Tippy Larkin, 15 rounds, for the lightweight title, Fri., Dec. 18; preliminaries at 8:30, main matches at about 10 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

ICE FOLLIES—The annual skating carnival: Madison Square Garden, Thurs., Dec. 10, at 8:30 P.M.

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the **EASTERN AIRLINES BUILDING**, Radio City: an exhibition of counterfeit money assembled by the United States Secret Service and the Chase National Bank, with many examples of bills made by the Japanese for use in the Philippines and Australia, and by the Nazis for use in the conquered European countries. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 9 P.M.; through Jan. 15. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., Radio City: a semi-permanent show of films and other displays touching on home defense, along with many additional aspects of warfare. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY—Four new habitat groups, showing birds in their natural environment on Guadalcanal and other South Pacific islands, have recently been opened in the Whitney Memorial Hall: Central Pk. W. at 79. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 5 P.M.

GEM EXHIBITION—Engraved semiprecious stones, from Cretan to Roman times, collected by the late Sir Arthur Evans and William Gedney Beatty; Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 15.

PHOTOGRAPHY—Over a hundred portraits of theatre people, taken by Carl Van Vechten during the past decade; Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 31.

BENEFIT—Red, White, and Blue tea dance, for the Soldiers and Sailors Club: St. Regis, Thurs., Dec. 17, at 5 P.M. (For tickets, call AS 4-4353.)

ON THE AIR—Philadelphia Orchestra, Ormandy conducting, Fri., Dec. 11, at 2:30 P.M., WOR. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Rodzinski conducting, Sun., Dec. 13, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Stokowski conducting, Sun., Dec. 13, at 4:30 P.M., WEAF. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "La Bohème," with Grace Moore, Frederic Jagel, and Ezio Pinza, Sat., Dec. 12, at 2 P.M., WJZ. . . . Professional football game: Washington vs. Chicago, Sun., Dec. 13, at 1:45 P.M., WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Raymond Clapper, Mon. and Thurs. at 10 P.M., WOR; Samuel Grafton, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR; John Gunther, Fri. and Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WJZ; Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Fri. at 6 P.M., WABC; Frazier Hunt, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. at 6 P.M., WABC; William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M., WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. at 10 P.M., WJZ; Dorothy Thompson, Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WJZ. . . . News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. at 6:45, and Sun. at 2:30 and 6 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; and Sun. at 12 noon, WJZ.

AUCTIONS—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—English and French furniture, French miniatures, ivory carvings, and Oriental rugs, owned by Mrs. Heyward Cutting and others: Thurs., Dec. 10, at 2 P.M. . . . Part III of the Rosenbach collection, with Georgian silver, English and French furniture, paintings, and decorative objects: Fri. and Sat., Dec. 11-12, at 2 P.M.

KENDE GALLERIES, at the Jay Gould house, 579 5 Ave., at 47: French furniture, Aubusson tapes-

tries, English, French, and American silver, and Oriental rugs, from the collection of Gustave Pierre Bader: Thurs. through Sat., Dec. 10-12, at 2 P.M. . . . Flemish, Dutch, Spanish, and Italian paintings by Froment, Cuypp, and others, from the collection of Albert J. Pani: Thurs., Dec. 17, at 8 P.M.

NOTE—Anyone who hasn't yet acquired war-ration book No. 1 (now needed for the purchase of sugar and coffee) should do so before Tues., Dec. 15th, as it will be needed in order to get book No. 2, by which meat and other foods will be rationed later on. Manhattan residents can get the addresses of their local rationing boards, where the ration books are available, by calling WI 7-2100.

MOTION PICTURES

CASABLANCA—Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains right in the middle of pre-Eisenhower politics in North Africa. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

GENTLEMAN JIM—The early career of James J. Corbett, with Errol Flynn in the best artificial boxing sequences Hollywood has come up with. He's O.K. out of the ring too. (Strand, B'way at 47.)

GEORGE WASHINGTON SLEPT HERE—Jack Benny and Ann Sheridan in an adaptation of the play about what happens to city folk who wander into the country. (R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; and Nemo, B'way at 110; Thurs., Dec. 10.)

LIFE BEGINS AT 8:30—Monty Woolley as an actor who drinks and Ida Lupino as his daughter. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50.)

MRS. MINIVER—Private lives in fighting England, and very stirring, with Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon. How the war comes to a gentle, well-born family. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Thurs., Dec. 10.)

REVIVALS

FANTASIA (1940)—The Disney film, with Bach, Beethoven, and Mickey Mouse. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Tues., Dec. 15.)

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT (1940)—Hitcock war melodrama. Joel McCrea, Laraine Day, and Robert Benchley. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., Dec. 16-18.)

GONE WITH THE WIND (1939)—Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, crowds, and armies. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Sun., Dec. 13.)

HIS GIRL FRIDAY (1940)—"The Front Page" warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Thurs., Dec. 10.)

HOLIDAY (1938)—The Philip Barry comedy. Katharine Hepburn and Cary Grant. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 11-14.)

I LOVE YOU AGAIN (1940)—William Powell with amnesia and Myrna Loy. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Dec. 11.)

KINGS ROW (1942)—Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, and Claude Rains in a small town in the nineties. (Park, at Columbus Circle; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 11-14.)

LLOYDS OF LONDON (1936)—A story of the great insurance and banking house. With Freddie Bartholomew, Madeleine Carroll, and Tyrone Power. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 12-14.)

THE LONG VOYAGE HOME (1940)—John Ford's composite of some early O'Neill plays. With Thomas Mitchell, John Wayne, and Barry Fitzgerald. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., Dec. 14-15.)

LOVE FROM A STRANGER (1937)—An Agatha Christie story. Ann Harding and Basil Rathbone. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Thurs., Dec. 11-17.)

THE MALTESE FALCON (1941)—Dashiell Hammett's best-seller. With Mary Astor and Humphrey Bogart. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., Dec. 11.)

MY FAVORITE WIFE (1940)—Irene Dunne leaves, and comes back to, Cary Grant. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., Dec. 10.)

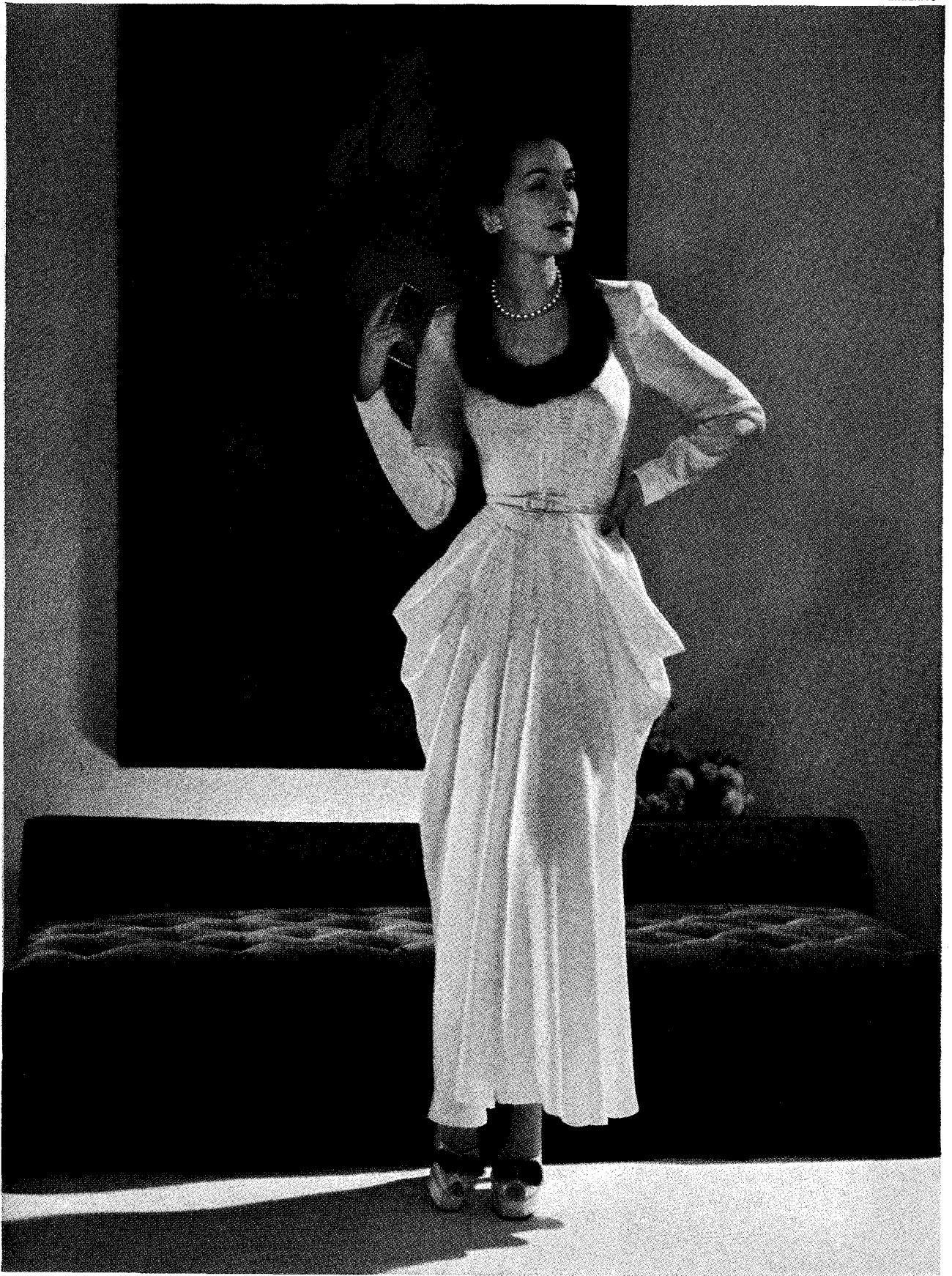
PRIDE AND PREJUDICE (1940)—The Jane Austen story. Greer Garson and Laurence Olivier. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Thurs., Dec. 10.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old motion pictures on this schedule—**THURS. AND FRI., DEC. 10-11**, at 4 P.M.: "Warning Shadows" (1922) and "The Street" (1923), both German. **SAT. AND SUN., DEC. 12-13**, at 3 and 5:30 P.M.: "Siegfried" (1923), German. **MON. AND TUES., DEC. 14-15**, at 3 and 5:30 P.M.: "The Story of Gosta Berling" (1923), with Greta Garbo, and "The Outlaw and His Wife" (1917), both Swedish. **WED. AND THURS., DEC. 16-17**, at 4 P.M.: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1924), Douglas Fairbanks. **FRI. AND SAT., DEC. 18-19**, at 3 and 5:30 P.M.: "Monsieur Beaucaire" (1924), Rudolph Valentino.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—The Manhattan Civilian Defense Volunteer Office, 93 Park Ave., at 40th (LE 2-2870), is this borough's clearing house for residents who want to help by taking one of the





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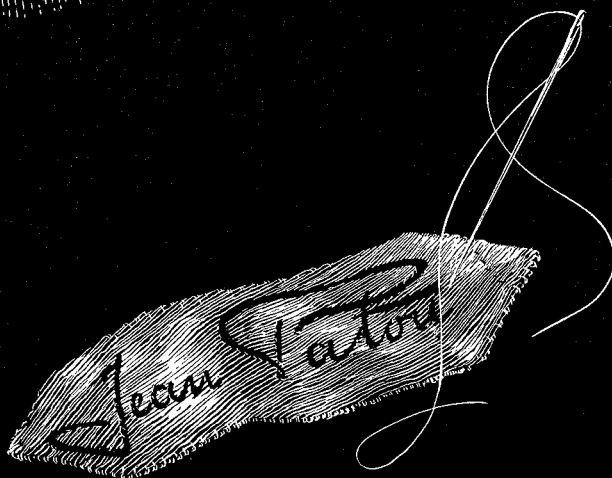


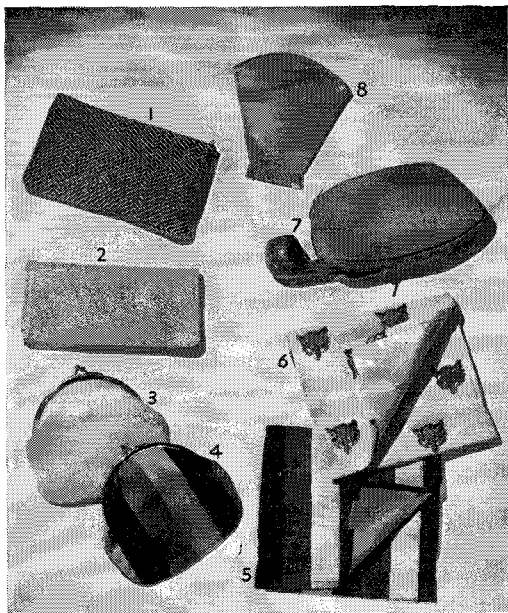
Verte

Schiaparelli

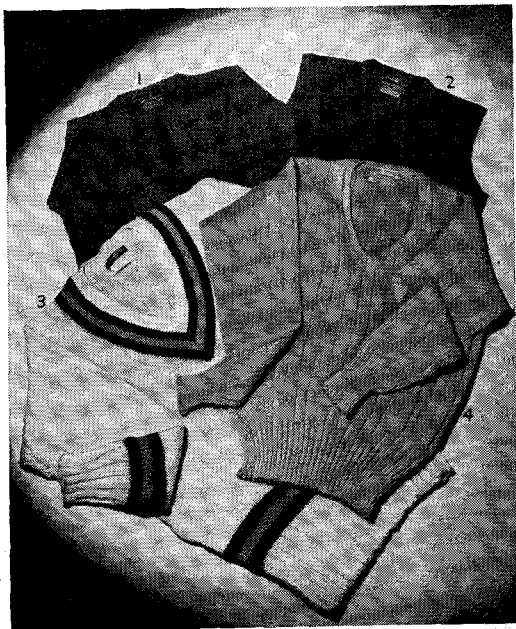
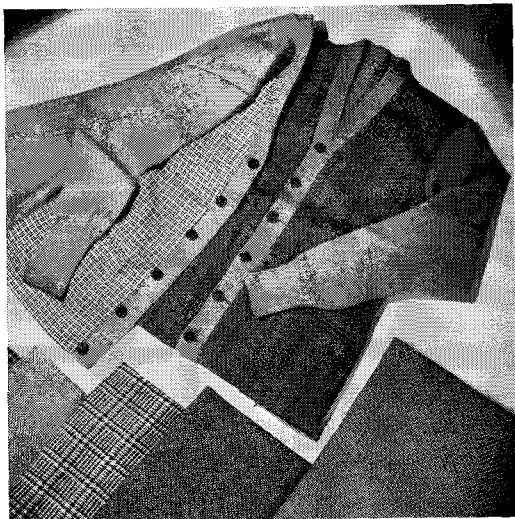
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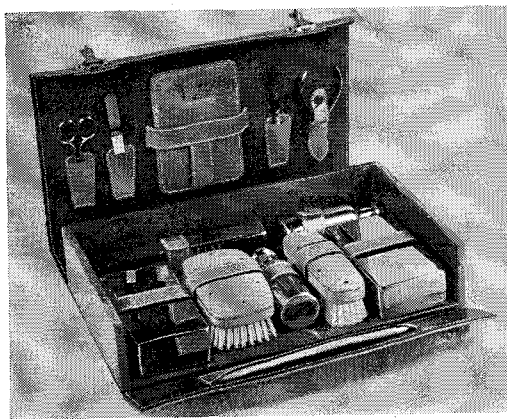
SIXTH FLOOR SHOP SWEATERS from England, left to right, (top), (1) Crew-neck, Shetland Wool, in Natural, White, Yellow, Green, Cornflower or Saxe Blue, \$7.50; (2) V-neck, sleeveless Cashmere (Cashmere 75% — Wool 25%), in Natural, Blue-heather, Lovat - Green, Navy, \$6, with sleeves, \$10. Bottom, (3) White Wool cable-stitch, V-neck, with colored stripes at neck, skirt and wrists, \$9; (4) V-neck cable-stitch Wool, in Navy, Maroon, Yellow, or White, \$6, sleeveless, \$4. Sizes 36 to 42.

USEFUL GIFTS FOR MEN AND BOYS

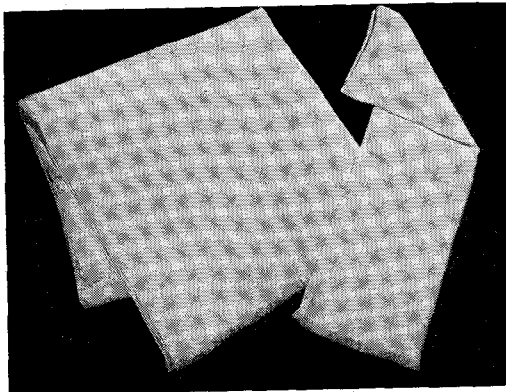
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(not shown) *DOUX JASMIN*... \$3.75 to \$50.00



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Altman gloves, main floor

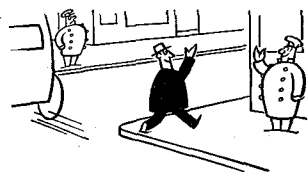
FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK



THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LAST week the Fifth Avenue Coach Company's new policy of stopping on the near instead of the far corners compelled us to make a minor adjustment in our life. Formerly, bussing to work from uptown, as we alighted at Forty-fourth Street we were greeted, with a touch of the cap, by the Guaranty Trust Company doorman, representative of an institution that has resources of over \$2,000,000,000. These days we find ourselves received by



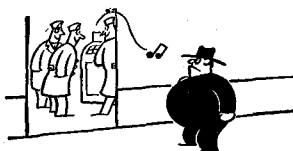
the doorman of the Fifth Avenue Bank, resources a mere \$68,000,000. We have taken this revision in our status calmly.

NOW is the radiant and wistful time between the birth of a noble project and its methodical, inevitable eradication by cooler heads. So far all we know is that England is looking forward to a society in which everybody will command the ordinary decencies of birth, illness, and death, in which taking a wife or fathering a child will be more or less practicable for any man who wants a wife or child, in which there will be (to use an old, sadly chipped common noun) dignity. As we set this down, a regiment of editorial writers is blowing fluff out of its typewriters and awaiting the arrival of its copies of the Beveridge Report. Soon we will learn from them why it is necessary to the well-being of society and the self-respect of the individual for the status to remain quo, or perhaps just an inch or two to the left of quo. Cooler heads have always prevailed in our day. That's how we

got to where we are now—listening to cooler heads.

NOTE ON SEMANTICS IN RELATION TO THE IDEAL SOCIETY: All you have to do to project the perfect state is describe it completely without using the word "dole" or "charity." If you can't do it, the state ain't perfect.

TYPICAL of the confusion existing in high places is the bungled question of whether we are going to have snow this Christmas. Mayor LaGuardia, worrying about the shortage of snow-shovellers, came out the other day with the statement "I fear it may be a cold winter and I hope you will all join me in prayer that we do not have snow." Meanwhile, all over the world, wherever there was a juke box or a portable phonograph, soldiers were dreaming of Irving Berlin's white Christmas, jam-



ming the anti-snow prayers with their noisy nostalgic dreams. What a mess!

THE Mayor has been erupting over the local Bingo situation, but as nearly as we can make out at this writing, Commissioner Valentine has not publicly retreated from his original sociological line, which is that, while evil undoubtedly lurks in the game, it is



all right to play it in churches. Our recollection is that the Commissioner said he had found that in many Bingo games played outside churches professional gamblers had been walking off

with too much of the take. Having always suspected that the evil in shooting dice is that they may be loaded, it cheered us to learn that as moral a man as the Police Commissioner believes that the bad thing about Bingo is that it may not be on the level, and that the Commissioner believes there is no harm in a game of chance as long as the auspices and the odds are right. Both the police and the clergy are wise when they seek not to eradicate evil but to encompass it. Dancing, as everybody knows, was long ago taken into the bosom of the church, with the happy result that some of the best boogie-woogie may now be heard in the Sunday-school room on Saturday night.

IT is a tragedy of indecision, ending, like Hamlet, in suicide," said Dorothy Thompson last week, writing about the events which led to the scuttling of the French fleet. That's the kind of unfettered, wind-blown writing that's possible only when the author is working for himself, or herself. We admire it; Miss Thompson's mind was on Toulon and not on Denmark, and the resulting sentence firmly implies that the plot of "Hamlet" is far and away less important than possible plots in Vichy and North Africa. However, if we had written that sentence, a delegation of proofreaders would have been waiting for us, when we got back from lunch, brimming over with eagerness to squeal on Laertes. It reminds us of something that once happened to a poet who sold us a longish ballad dealing with the arrival on these shores of Fanny Elssler, a ballerina who flourished a hundred-odd years ago. The poet had the longshoremen dancing on the docks as her ship pulled in, and the bells of Trinity ringing out a welcome. One of the proofreaders took the poem off in a corner, growling, and came out three days later with the news that it would have to be rewritten before it could be printed. "It's that

line about the bells of Trinity," he said. "Though it's perfectly true that the church was erected before Fanny Elssler came over here, and the bells could be heard from a ship, I find, on consulting the church records, that the belfry was closed for repairs that day." The poet's hair turned snow-white within an hour, but he fixed the line; thus conscience doth make cowards of us all, with the exception of lady journalists.

Ineligible

IN a government building in Washington—never mind which one—a conscientious lady employee, new to the job and anxious to please, started off by breaking the frame of her glasses. Clutching the pieces, she made her uncertain way to the office of her immediate superior, from whom she requested permission to run across the street to the optician's for a quick repair job. He brooded for a moment, then sent her to a man with a somewhat bigger office, who passed her along to a man who had a whole suite of offices. Here, after she had stated her errand to a secretary, and after the secretary had searched through a file for the lady's dossier, she was granted an interview with the proprietor of the suite of offices. He was plainly disturbed. "This request places me in an awkward position," he said, "because, you see, you haven't yet earned any sick leave." The lady groped her way back to her desk, and, for all we know, is still waiting to accumulate enough sick leave to get her errand done.

Larchmont Archer

DURING the two-week season when the merry men of Westchester were permitted to roam the forests with bow and arrow in search of deer, only one deer was actually bagged. This was a sturdy, eight-point buck. (It was illegal to shoot does.) The successful hunter, with whom we have just had a talk, is a sturdy resident of Larchmont, Mr. Jule F. Marshall. He's president of the Scarsdale Archers' Club and vice-president of the American Felt Company. What with overtime work on war orders, Mr. Marshall usually can't call his weekends his own, but he rearranged his work so as to get out for both weekends of the hunting season. It was on a Sunday, the next to the last day of the season, that he got



his buck. In the company of two engineers, Karl Staley of Scarsdale and Lawrence Gerry of Yorktown Heights, he set out to explore some fairly wild terrain around Yorktown Heights. While going down an abandoned road in a valley, they met a man coming the other way with three boisterous setters. Figuring that if there was a deer around the dogs would have driven it to the hills, Mr. Marshall separated from his companions and started to climb the valley slope, keeping within cover of the trees and bushes and holding an arrow ready in his bow. Finally he reached a rather open shelf and, forgetting his quest, stopped to admire the view. Further up the slope, about sixty yards away, he suddenly saw a movement in a thicket of birch and hemlock. He crept up another twenty yards and spotted a deer. He had already seen four does, but here, praise be, was a fine buck. When it lifted its head, Mr. Marshall let go his arrow, which was deflected by a branch and went wide of the mark. The deer turned to look, and Mr. Marshall put an arrow in its side. It leaped about thirty yards up the hill and fell dead—a relatively quick death, we gathered.

"I guess I yelled like a kid," Mr. Marshall told us. His hunting companions came running up, and the three men set to work cleaning the deer on the spot. Then they slung it on a pole and carried it to Mr. Gerry's house, a distance of two miles. Then Mr. Marshall and Mr. Staley took the carcass to Larchmont by car, stopping off at the Scarsdale railroad station to weigh it. The buck weighed a hundred and ninety-six pounds cleaned, which, Mr. Marshall figures, would bring it to two hundred and sixty pounds on the hoof. At this writing it is hanging in the refrigerator at the local Gristede's and soon will provide the three hunters and their families with an unrationed abundance of steaks, roasts, and chops. The head will be mounted by a taxidermist and put on a wall in the Marshalls' home.

Mr. Marshall professes not to be an exceptional shot at a target; his average would be five arrows out of thirty in a nine-inch bull's-eye at fifty yards. Mrs. Marshall, on the other hand, is a fine shot at a target, having won the Metropolitan Championship five times, but she doesn't hunt. The bow Mr. Marshall uses is fairly stiff, requiring forty-five pounds of pull

to bend it back for the arrow, and is made of Osage orange wood, reinforced by a slender strip of shagbark hickory. The bow is camouflaged in pastel colors, but Mr. Marshall has never gone so far as to wear Lincoln green. The arrow was a rather modern product—Port Orford cedar with a steel head, turkey feathers from the left wing, and a duralumin nock (the notch for the string). The string Mr. Marshall made himself, of thirty-two pieces of four-pound linen thread treated with beeswax. This is the first time Mr. Marshall has ever shot a deer with a bow and arrow, but he has shot partridge, something that we don't recall Robin Hood's ever doing.

Equipment

THE family of a lieutenant in the Marine Corps now on active duty somewhere in the South Pacific suddenly began to receive letters from him after a long silence. All the letters referred, in a maddeningly oblique way, to a request he must have made in an earlier letter which had apparently gone astray. "Hope I'll be getting that stuff from you soon," the letters said, or, "Probably that package is on its way now." Desperately, all the family tried to guess what a marine in the South Pacific *would* be so anxious to get. Over a period of several weeks they sent a hunting knife, rubber boots, a compass, a snake-bite-remedy kit, and even a rattrap. Finally letter No. 1 turned up, considerably travel-stained. What the marine had wanted was lettuce, tomato, cucumber, and watermelon seeds.

Service

HERE'S our first and perhaps only story about pre-Christmas confusion in the great big stores. A man we know called one of the very biggest ones and told the operator he needed some information about phonograph records. She connected him first with the store's archives, or records office, which told him, rather huffily, that he wanted the record *department*. The operator, who had apparently been listening in, said, "I'm sorry, sir. Which kind of records was you interested in—musical or classical?"

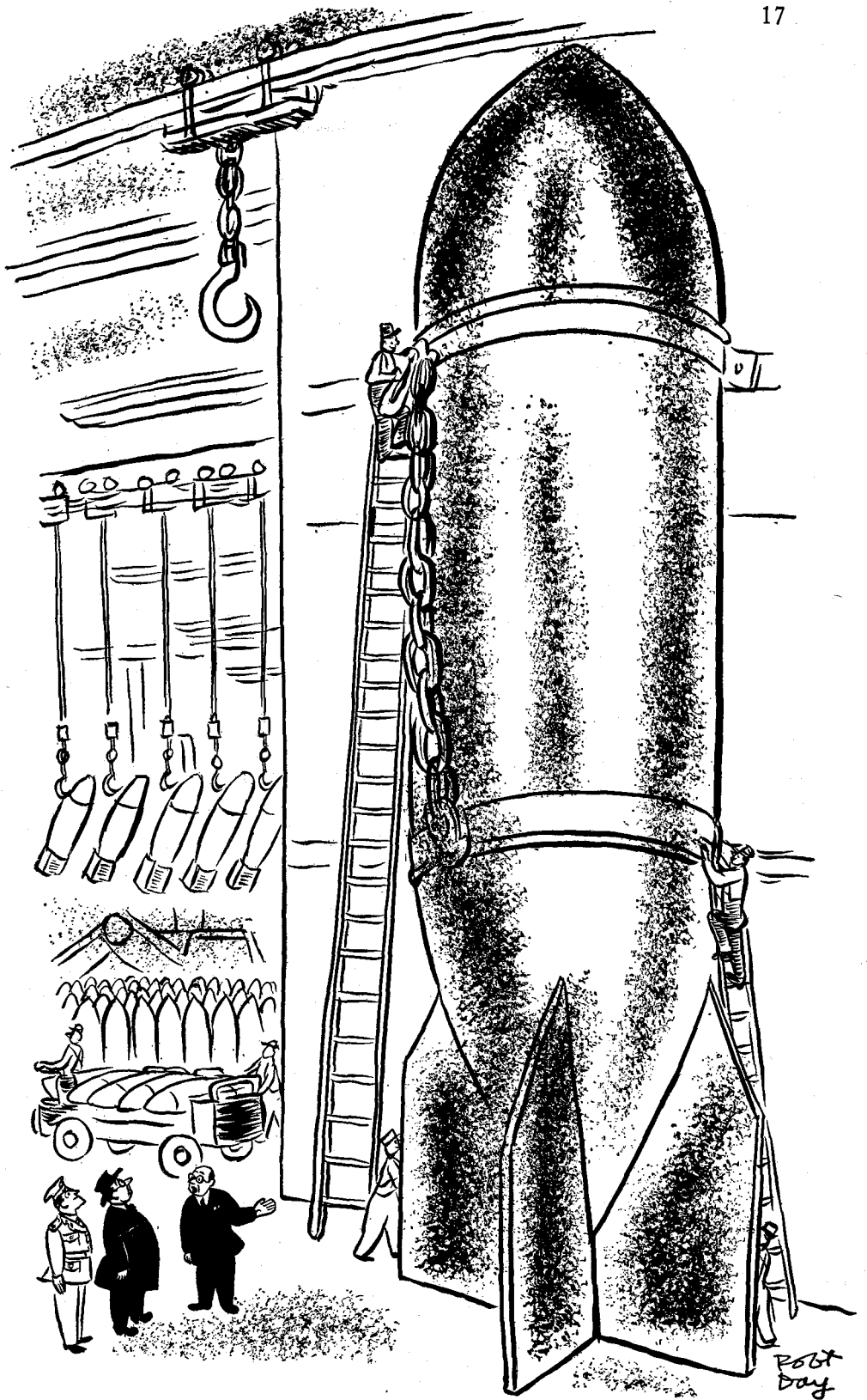
Andorra

THERE is a weighty precedent, we find, for Hitler's decision not to invade Andorra, the little Graustarkian nation wedged in between France and Spain on the slopes of the Pyrenees. Na-

poleon, when he was mopping up Europe, refused to touch Andorra. "It is a political curiosity. It must be preserved," he said. Probably both little corporals realized that it wasn't worth occupying. At this time of the year, for example, the mountain passes are obstructed by snow, and the people, about five thousand in number, are holed up for the winter, with their cattle living in the houses for the sake of mutual warmth. You could conquer them and they'd never know it until the spring thaw. Cattle-raising and agriculture are the leading occupations in Andorra, with smuggling a close third. During the last war the Andorrans, who stayed out of it, smuggled mules into France for use by the army. Occasionally they combine agriculture and smuggling by raising tobacco, rolling cigars, forging Cuban tax stamps, and selling the product to their indiscriminating neighbors. Andorran tobacco is supposed to be no better than the low-grade Connecticut leaf, but these days it probably tastes pretty good to any European.

It is said that there are no fat men in Andorra. The people rather pride themselves on their toughness, one of their favorite pleasantries being "Let's find a soft rock to sit on." They are also supposed to be taciturn. They carry huge door keys, sometimes as long as eighteen inches, which they hurl at pigs. (Don't look at us; we're not making this up.) The country is a loose sort of republic, with the franchise granted only to married men, who elect a governing council. There are no written laws and the judges work entirely on precedent, as remembered by the older folk. The Catalan language is spoken, both French and Spanish currency is used, and one traveller has reported that the ceremonial hat of the president of the council was made in New York by the Columbia Cap Company.

There haven't been any murders in Andorra as far back as anybody can remember, but if there were, the Andorrans would certainly follow their forebears' custom of asking the corpse to name the guilty man. The legal instrument of execution, on display in the council hall, is the garrote. Both the Spanish and the French have some vague sort of control over Andorra; the Andorrans pay an annual cash tribute to the French state and to the Spanish Bishop of Urgel. The legend is that Charlemagne guaranteed the mountaineers' freedom in return for their help in a tough battle against the Moors in 778. That's probably all you need to know



"An armistice, we believe, will follow a few days later."

about the place, except that it would fit easily into Brooklyn and Queens.

Useful Phrases

IF you wish to become corny in Japanese, we can recommend a little volume published twelve years ago in

Tokio—"Japanese in 3 Weeks, Practical Business Methods Applied to Language Study, 1000 Classified Useful Phrases, Compiled by S. Sheba, General Manager of the Japan Times." The phrases considered useful by Mr. Sheba have their own peculiar charm: "Oh, pshaw, you're an old fogy!" ("Kimi



"As soon as you finish up with those new twenties, Louie, I wish you'd get to work on my wife's Christmas cards."

wa jisei ni okurete oru"), "He doesn't know beans" (*Ano hito wa nani mo shira nu*"), "There are so many dead beats these days" (*Kono setsu wa shiyō no nai yarō wa ōi*"), "I was stung on that deal" (*Boku wa anu torihiki de shippai shita*"), "The race was framed" (*Tsukurigoto no keiba da*"), and "We are used to that dope" (*Anno koto wa tsukinami ni natte shimatta*). Our favorite, however, is "*Yareyare boku niwa ikkō wakaren*," which means, "Well, by gosh, I am from Missouri."

Bliss Incarnate

THE hard part of interviewing Michael Myerberg was to get him to stay awake long enough to tell us anything about "The Skin of Our Teeth," which he almost broke his heart trying to get backers for, and now look at it—you can't get in for the next two months. "This is the weariness of bliss incarnate," he told us, his eyelids fluttering wanly. He added that we would be serving the interests of better journalism by scotching the rumor that Thornton Wilder offered the script of "The Skin of Our Teeth" to all the other producers in town before turning to Myerberg.

"There never was any doubt in Wilder's mind or in mine that I was the one to do the play," he said. "The doubt was in the wise boys' minds—whether the play would ever get done at all." Seems that the Shubert Alley set was split into two camps: those who thought Wilder was taking Myerberg for a ride and those who thought vice versa. (Myerberg had no particular reputation as a producer, having last been represented on Broadway by "Symphony," one of the crashing flops of 1935; since then he has been mixed up with Stokowski, in such projects as "Fantasia," "100 Men and a Girl," and the maestro's All-American Youth Orchestra.) In the end Myerberg put up eighty per cent of the money out of his own pocket, a radical procedure. "I tell you, if we hadn't had a full house when the play opened in New Haven, we might never have got out of town," he said.

Myerberg is a thin, sharp-featured fellow with long, slicked-back brown hair. The living room of his apartment, on West Sixty-seventh Street, was cluttered up with bits of his five-year-old son's electric-train set when we called, but the son, Antoni, was at a party. "I hope he has a good time, though really

he's not much of an escapist," his father said fondly. Antoni was one of the moving spirits back of the production of "The Skin of Our Teeth," along with Olsen and Johnson, Mabel Dodge Luhan, and Helen Hayes. It was Mrs. Luhan who introduced Wilder and Myerberg to each other, and it was Olsen and Johnson who gave Wilder the original notion of writing a wild, cosmic play. Wilder saw them in "Hellz-a-Poppin," and afterward, full of excitement, told Myerberg, "Michael, these boys have got hold of a valid form. In such a play as that, one finds the terrible endurance and timelessness of human existence. When they put a chicken in my lap in the first act, I said to myself, 'Wilder, you are going to write a play.'" Antoni comes into the story at the point where the Fredric Marches and Wilder would be sitting around in Myerberg's study, worrying about ways and means. "Still looks pretty good to me, Daddy," Antoni would say, thumbing through the script. Myerberg feels that this gave them the courage to go on.

Originally, before the Marches came on the scene, Myerberg had intended to cast Groucho Marx and Margaret Dumont as the Antrobuses and Fanny Brice as Sabina. With the decision to do the play straight, however, the Sabina problem became acute. "Nobody would touch it. She wears a bathing suit in the second act, and you know how women comedians are," Myerberg said, obscurely. Helen Hayes kept the script two months and, when she returned it, said, "I'd love to play it, but I couldn't ever walk on the stage my way without feeling that I ought to be walking Tallulah's way. She's the girl for you." The play didn't hit its stride on the try-out tour until Philadelphia. They ate it up in Philadelphia. "I guess the Main Line thinks it's had an extra lot to put up with through the ages or something," Myerberg mused. He was pleased but not surprised by the enthusiastic first-night reception in New York. "It was the best bunch we'd had yet," he told us. "They never missed a single subtlety, not even the front rows."

History

THERE was a big gathering in the Village last Thursday evening, several fellows getting together and giving a party for a number of veterans of the International Brigade, the volunteers who fought for the Loyalists in Spain. As the evening wore on, one of the hosts, warmed by patriotic fervor and

alcohol, asked the entertainer, a well-known professional singer of folk songs, if he didn't know any ballads about the Spanish War. The singer said he didn't know any but would be glad to improvise. He strode to the centre of the room, twanged a few chords on his guitar, and launched into a mournful chant. "Oh, the Spanish War," he sang. "Oh, the Spanish War. Oh, the war of ninety-eight."

Flowers in H-G

THE year 1943 looks as if it will be a year of many uncertainties, but personally we are deriving a small amount of satisfaction from the fact that we know, in a general way, what sort of bouquets will be delivered to people whose friends and admirers send them flowers by wire. For this information we are indebted to the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association, which invited us, along with *Town & Country*, *House & Garden*, *Field & Stream*, Wadley & Smythe, Adela Rogers St. Johns, and others, to Suite 8 H-G in the Waldorf to see a display of twenty-five standardized flower arrangements which can, theoretically, be made up by florists in any part of the country. We were given a Scotch-and-water, to heighten our perceptions, and turned loose on our own. Dutifully taking notes, we jotted down the fact that the new wartime Golden Wedding Anniversary Standard Bouquet included chrysanthemums, yellow roses, a bird-of-paradise plant, and croton. Croton is a liverish-looking green plant with bloodshot edges and a definite fifty-years-later look. A *Times* photographer, his unerring news instinct clicking away smoothly, started to pose Mrs. St. Johns with a V-for-Victory Red Roses Arrangement. At this point a man popped out of the bathroom with a wreath of bridesmaid's lilies of the valley in his hand. "My God!" he screamed at the photographer. "Not in front of that picture!" The *Times* man looked at the picture on the wall behind him, which was a huntin' print.

After studying it quizzically, he took it down. A voice behind us, referring obviously to the man with the bridal wreath, said, "There's Horace Head." By means of our press release, we identified Horace Head as the official designer for the F.T.D.A.

A young man from *Spur* was taking notes on a sweet-pea-and-green-fern arrangement designed to cheer up ladies who have just had babies. "Should I say the sweet peas are *intermingled* with the off-color background?" he asked a random publicity man. "Oh, yes, I think 'intermingled' is a lovely word," the gentleman said. We also heard a florist and a lady in mink discussing artificial stimulants. "Will aspirin, hot water, and brandy really do the trick?" the lady asked. "I'm afraid that's a fallacy," the florist said. "Sometimes it helps to put a few copper pennies in the vase. You know, in Jersey they sometimes clean the scum off the swamps by towing a block of copper alloy through them." "In Jersey," the lady murmured, obviously bemused.

At this point a stately blonde glided up to us to ask if she could replenish our drink. "I have to be off to my ethics class at Cooper Union in a few minutes, you know," she said. We nodded brightly and gave her our glass, and she disappeared with it for good. We sneaked into the bathroom to watch Horace Head, who was overseeing a couple of lady co-workers in the cre-

ation of more bouquets. "I hope the papers write this up soon," he was saying. "Usually the stories are too stale to do any good by the time they appear." "Too withered, you mean, darling," said a feminine assistant. The *Times* photographer stuck his head in the bathroom to inquire, "What are those little flowers in the Military Wedding Bouquet?" "God wot," said Mr. Head blithely. "I *think* they're from a North Carolina poinsettia family." We ventured to ask him why there was no standardized funeral arrangement, and he had a ready answer. "Because, as a florist said to me just the other day, 'Horace, when I make up a funeral wreath for a customer, I know it's the end of that customer and it makes me sad.' I hate funeral flowers—so *final*." We stole a rosebud, stuck it in our buttonhole, and swagged out.

Down to the Sea Again

A PASSENGER fell into conversation with his taxi-driver last week. The driver said he wasn't going to be hacking very much longer now; his wife had got a good job in a factory, and he was going to join up. "I'm gonna join the Navy," he said, with gusto. "I ain't been happy since I left the sea." "You used to be a sailor?" our friend asked. "Nah, rum-runner," the driver said.



"You have your choice between the Iron Cross and a suit of woollen underwear."

OLD MAN FACING DEATH

FOR my two brothers and me, the first relationship with my father, the common interest which ran as a constant through our lives, was the outdoors—the boats and the horses, fishing, hunting, and so on, as our various experiences matched some part of his.

For me, it begins in a cold room with candlelight and a whisper. Long before dawn there would be the step on the stairs and the yellow clarity of the candle reaching through the doorway, spreading along the wall, growing stronger. Then his whisper, conspiratorial and eager: "Four o'clock, Inky. Get up."

He would leave the candle and slip downstairs, very quiet, a man to whom it came natural to tread lightly. I dressed in a hurry and followed him. All this took place in the old house in Saunderstown, Rhode Island, the house we grew up in.

A lamp and two alcohol flames burned in the dining room. In one copper kettle eggs were boiling, in another coffee, which, except on these occasions, I did not yet drink. There might be only me, or one or both of my brothers as well. The eggs were always served soft-boiled. We hated soft-boiled eggs, but it never occurred to us to say a word. They were part of the ritual, along with the smell of the flames and hot copper and coffee, and my father constantly glancing out the window lest a gleam of white in the east show that we were late.

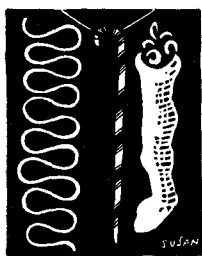
All in whispers and soft movements. Guns ready. Rubber boots. The marsh and gun-oil smell of shooting jackets. Quietly down to the shore, the definite quality of escape, the canoe grating slightly on the beach, then the lap of water and the long paddle to the marshes.

You had the sense of being taken into a man's world; as Kipling said, of crossing to the men's side. A boy might be very much a pupil under instruction, but at the same time my father let him feel that he was an equal partner in the joint enterprise of hunting. All sport was illuminated by his artist's response to beauty and his trained perception, which he knew very well how to convey. When the duck came, when a trout rose to the fly, when there was a hen grouse with her chicks in the springtime or a butterfly hovering in sunlight, he could pull you alert and into percep-

tion with the sound of his voice. There was an eternally fresh excitement in his speech and his eyes.

The voice was always quiet. He used the wild country as Indians do, in co-operation and communion with it, finding any form of noise a baneful disharmony. The impossible union of liquor and gunning which some men attempt, the loud talk sounding over waters, closing hearts and ears and eyes to the essence of hunting, were abomination to him. He called such sportsmen yahoos and taught us to hate the donkey laugh in the woods as much as the mere killers. The Indians know a way of belonging to the manless country. Their ritual expresses the communion of love between a hunter and the game he seeks to kill. There is a way of being which fills with pleasure even the entirely luckless days when no game is seen or killed. This my father had.

Learning from him, my brothers and I were always conscious of his reserves of experience. We found that Canadian Indians accepted him as an equal canoe-man. He was utterly at home in Arizona. He had sailed with our own Rhode Island fishermen long before internal-combustion engines were dreamed of. He had hunted the wild goose, the mountain goat, elk, salmon, moose, and caribou. All there is to know about snowshoes, pack horses, tumpline, and fishing smack he knew. We became men and in one point or another achieved some single experience which we could match in talk with some part of his, but the older we grew and the more we learned, the deeper grew our respect.



THIS old man was practically indestructible. When he was seventy he decided I should have a real taste of Canadian-style duck-hunting in a canoe. He put me in the bow and took me upriver. With age, he had shrunk very slightly. He was still a light, slender man with no great appearance of strength about him. I knew he was good, but I did not expect the force of his final twist of the paddle at each stroke, the feel of the canoe leaping and turning under his hand, all in nearly perfect silence. The loudest sound, I think, was the fall of drops off his paddle as he reached forward. Coming back downriver, I took bow paddle. He was nice about it, but the plain fact was that

at thirty-one I was nowhere near man enough to make an adequate mate for his stern paddle.

At about that time the depression liquidated his architectural practice. It took some persuading to talk him out of starting over again from scratch. He had no intention of becoming idle and quickly found new uses for his skill and reputation.

It would not be quite true to say that he laughed off his first heart attack, but it did not stop him from travelling through Europe on a fellowship. The second one laid him low. He had fished that spring and killed his duck in the fall; then suddenly he was imprisoned in a small room of the house in Saunderstown, with a good view over the bay. After months he would be allowed to walk about that floor, after yet longer he might be free to go downstairs, carefully.

For more than a year my two brothers and I, coming down from New York, visited with him in the little room. Each of us received the same impression. Neither self-deceived nor a coward, he was visibly making himself ready for death. He let go, one by one, of minor interests and particularly of those—such as improvements on the place—which could be considered only in terms of years from then. He kept up those which were rewarding in themselves and out of them made himself a lively life. He entertained himself with us.

I still do not know if there is a smell of death. There was something in that room which had the emotional effect of a smell; one felt the presence of death. To him it must have been perched on the foot of the bed. It might come in ten minutes and it might not come for a year or more—there was no way of knowing. It could come quietly, instantly, or it could strike as a searing, unbearable pain. None of this could be foreseen. Death simply was always there, waiting. And he knew it.

In its presence he sat up radiating his great personal charm and his warmth. With me he talked intimately about my writing, following my ideas and endeavors with great interest, and endlessly we shared the Indian tribes we knew in common or matched this odd thing about Guatemala with that about Canada. He was a very easy man to talk to. He offered the wisdom of his many years and at the same time he made himself contemporary.

When any one of the three of us came in from the river or the marshes, we went to his room and gave him a



"Is it really true that he uses his coffee grounds over again?"

blow-by-blow account: "I started fishing at the big bend and put on a Queen of the Waters and a Whirling Dun. That big bastard was feeding under the log at the back of the bend. He rose to the Queen a couple of times but wouldn't touch it. The marsh marigolds were beautiful and there were some lady's-slippers out. At the log below the reach there was a good one feeding. He took the Dun almost as soon as it hit the water, here he is. . . ."

My father would listen, smiling,

alert. At a lost fish or a missed shot, he would exclaim with the same disgust as he had in the field; a success would give him the same pleasure. When he detected a flaw in technique he would advise, as he always had.

Never, at any time, did he protest at being cooped up in that room. Neither my brothers nor I heard him pity himself for that. Nor did my mother, even when the three of us were on the marsh with a fine sou'wester blowing. He would damn the cook for a flavor-

less soup, row with my mother for ordering food he didn't care for, and in ten minutes cure visitors he didn't like of coming to sit with him. When his vitality was up he could raise particular hell over small things. But he never complained about the big one, and whatever fear sat on him, he never referred to it.

The fear was there, along with the courage to handle it. Death was in the room. You could not be there long and not know that. Entering the room, you



"And then a few evenings later when I came home there she was, using our gasoline to clean a dress. Suddenly everything went blank."

were aware of it; it was oppressive until he made you forget it, and to the degree that you forgot it you recognized it again after you had gone. For me, the memory of that time is made up of his wide-ranging talk, his laughter, his quick response, and that eternal presence. The two elements were in balance with each other; one could not separate them.

His bed was next to the window and he had a shelf outside, on which he put feed for the birds. Some of them were becoming very tame. There was a rat which came up the grapevine onto the porch roof at sundown and raided the feed. He had also killed a bird. My father wanted to get him. How about laying for him with the twenty-eight?

I took the little shotgun down from the shelf by the door. There were shells in his bureau. I mounted the gun and loaded it. Now we were back in our

private world. It was dusk and the rat would come soon.

"Quiet, Inky. Sit here on the bed. He's smart. If you move, he'll spot you."

The old voice, a whisper which you felt rather than heard; it had the hunting timbre in it. The half-smile and the lively eyes. We were hunting, sitting there in the growing darkness, he in the bed, I on it, waiting for a rat to show up. My mind was divided, feeling his pleasure now and thinking of other times, of the geese and duck coming in a howling snowstorm, of the bighorn and the moose and the mountain lion and the feats of skill and endurance. Hunting.

"Here he comes."

I didn't need to understand the words. I had known the all but inaudible, thrilling tone since I first crouched in a blind with him and the V of duck showed in the sky. Raising the gun and

the click of the safety was too much; the rat fled back down the vine.

"Shah!" It was what my father always said, and he made an adequate curse out of it. "They're so quick."

"We'll try again tomorrow evening," I said.

I put the gun away and we went on with ordinary talk, but I was glad when I was called for supper. I needed time to cope with my sense of the pathetic.

MY father's funeral was on the day before the duck-hunting season opened. That evening my brothers and I spoke to my mother, and we all agreed that he would be most upset if we missed the opening day on his account. So the three of us went out and hunted for him. We felt tired, lax, and curiously peaceful. There was a great closeness to him in doing this, and none of us referred to him while we were out. We worked unusually carefully, and we had good luck. When my mother saw our bag, as many black ducks as we had use for, she said, "Oh, boys, your father would be so pleased."

In a sense, I have hunted with my father ever since and discussed with him the problems that arose. Often I talk to him in Spanish, a language he loved and which was one of our common interests. Then he is the man of the first thirty-five years

of my life, the woodsman who could always walk me groggy. At other times it occasionally happens that I think about my own death, and pray that it will be sudden. And if it comes slowly, I wonder and doubt if I can turn the old skeleton into a mere visitor sitting to one side while I entertain myself by fascinating my friends.

—OLIVER LA FARCE

SPARKLING FARM COTTAGE. Tops at \$5,200. A rollicking little number fastidious to a near fault. 5 personality rms., air-cond. oil heat, high tiled bath, plastic ceilings, weather-stripped, satin finished walls, crystal light fixtures & a kitchen pregnant with built-ins. LOUIS HAWKINS, 4512 U. Way.—Adv. in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

When do you expect the little built-ins?

PERSONAL INTERVIEW

OH, from the *Bulletin*, eh? Yeh, yeh, you don't have to tell me, Mr. Waverley. I read your column regular, at breakfast. Have a chair, Mr. Waverley. . . . O.K.—Bill. This mister stuff gets me, too. What do you say to a shot? . . . Would you mind closing that door, Bill? The old man's all right, but he's a kind of fussy old hen. Underminin' the kids' morals and all that. Say when, Bill. . . . Oh, take a real one. . . . Well, happy landin's. And now, what can I do for you? . . .

Well, there's no harm in my tellin' you now, I guess. The contracts was all signed up a couple of days ago. Yep, that's right, I'm goin' up to State. . . . Oh, no. Three years. None of this on-trial stuff for your friend Hal Carter. Hell, you can't tell what kind of material they'll hand you, and I don't claim to be any kind of a miracle man. But I will say this, any guy that can't deliver the goods in three years ain't got what it takes. . . .

Well, you can bet I'm not going there for any less than I'm getting here, Bill. It's chicken feed in this school game, but at least they don't pull the chair right out from under you the first time you can't win a title with a bunch of hunnerd-and-twenny-pound frosh. . . .

Yes, you could say substantial increase. It wouldn't take much to make it a substantial increase. You don't have to put that in, though. . . .

Yes, we've had a pretty fair run of luck here at Clareton the last three years. . . . No, you're right, Bill. It ain't all luck. It's a good bunch of kids for a place this size. And I wasn't exactly sleeping myself. We got over using the flyin' wedge, anyway. . . .

Yeah, I was a second-string All-American. I don't claim to be the world's best. I seen some awful pretty guards out there. But I could take care of myself, about two-forty, stripped, and I kep' myself in good shape then. This school work, you can't help but soften up some. The guys around home thought I would of made first string if I'd went to one of the bigger colleges. You know yourself, Bill, the sportswriters got their doubts about a little school unless it's up in there four or five years running. It was only because we beat Indiana my last year that they ever seen me. . . .

Yeah, I learned my football from Pop Blakey. Not that I use much of his stuff now. You got to keep moving in this game. Something new every minute, and if you miss just one, it may fix you

just when it counts. But Pop knew his fundamentals good, and he could teach 'em, too. He didn't have much imagination for the fancy stuff, but I'll always say Pop give me a good foundation.

I played a little pro—with the Bears a couple of years. But I had tough luck. The first season I was new, and I only saw about half the action I wanted. The second year I was all set, and then I started having trouble with a knee and had to sit on the bench most of the season. Then I wised up. That pro football's a tough racket, and don't you believe it ain't. I had quite a bunch of offers from colleges when I first got out, but they forget you fast in this game. Having that bad luck with the Bears, I was cold, so I had to start in with the school game to remind them about me. It ain't too bad an idea, anyway. You learn more, I always say, than bein' a line

coach under fourteen other guys for ten years. This way you run the works. . . .

Yeah, yeah, not so bad the last three years. This last year we cut some pretty good ones down to our size. Oh, nothing like Jeffersonville, or Avondale, but a lot bigger than we are. Course, I had the boys. I have to give them credit. It takes both, I always say. . . .

Well, let's see. We won twenty-eight out of thirty-two in the four years I been here. The first year we lost three out of eight. It takes time with a new system, you know. The boys had a lot of bad habits to get over. Second year we lost one and the last two we got by clean. This last year it was a pretty good little outfit. We only got scored on once, and that was Orangefield, which is about five times our size. There's quite a story about that game. We only got by 'em thirteen-seven, you know. . . . Wait a second. I got them here someplace. . . .

Yeah, here they are. That card's got



"Fifth floor—toys, Santa Claus, bedlam."

all our scores for the four years I been here. . . .

No, I don't go for that professionalism stuff much, either. Give the game back to the kids, I always say. It's a little different with college, maybe, but I got no use for these guys that will use school kids to build himself up.

I DON'T like to sound like blowing my own horn, but this Orangefield game I was telling you about, it kind of illustrates how you got to use the old psychology.

I got this big fullback, kid of the name of Barnes, Randolph Barnes. Ain't that a name for you—Randolph? I never have too much use for him. He's one of these honor students. Brains is all right, I always say, but give me a dumb guy with the heart and I'll give you a better football player than the smartest guy going that ain't got the heart. He's gotta have the heart, and he's gotta care more for the game than anything else, or in the long run he'll let you down.

Well, this Randolph Barnes—course, I wouldn't want you to use the name; I don't want to rub it in on any kid that he ain't got the stuff—this Barnes may be O.K. in some lines, but right off I ain't too sure he's got the heart. But he's big, over six foot, and two hundred pounds, and fast for his size. So I figures with that, and the rest of the fightin' bunch I got, I can make a fullback outa him if he's yellow as butter.

First three games this year was set-ups, and he done good. Then we hits this Bayville. You can see on the card you got there, we only took them fourteen—nothing. Well, like I say, I don't think this Barnes has the heart, so I'm watching him. These Bayville boys is rugged and not giving nothing away. First three, four times Barnes goes into

that line, I guess he thinks they got baseball bats. They's one little guy, built like a Mack truck—Burton, his name was—and he smacks Barnes down so you can hear his teeth rattle. Wrestles him for the ball every time, too. You know, a nice, aggressive little back. Well, just like I thought, Barnes starts slowin' up. Instead of going where he's told to, he shies back and tries to get off around end, and Burton drops him for an eighty-yard loss. Between halves, I light into Barnes. Sometimes you can get them mad, you know. You gotta use the old psychology. Well, for a while he goes to work in there. Then, about the middle of the third quarter, we get our first touchdown, and he starts slowin' up again, scared of this Burton. Next thing I know, he's sittin' there, nursin' a knee and makin' faces like he's killed. My captain, a kid called Rand—and a sweet little end, too—calls a time-out, and I goes out and pulls up Barnes' pants, and maybe he's twisted it a little, but it don't show much of any. I've seen kids play a whole game with worse. Well, I still don't say much, just slap him on the back and tell him to limber it up and get back in there. But he keeps favorin' it, limp'in' between plays like he's killed. So I get fed up and send in this reserve back, Jenkins. Jenkins ain't as big or fast as Barnes, but he's game, and he does all right. We get the other score in the last couple of minutes on a pass he makes to Rand.

When I go in the locker room I hear Barnes moaning about what do I think a football game is, the Russian front, keeping a guy in there all crippled up. If there's anything I hate, it's a belly-acher. So I light into him. I tell him—well, it don't matter, everything I tell him. You know how you do. And he has the crust to stand there shootin' his mouth off about he's tired of my

slave-drivin' and there's other things he likes better than football. Imagine that, from a kid! I come near sockin' him, but your hands is tied, you know. They go runnin' home and the next thing the old man's sayin' Mrs. So-and-So called up, and your name's mud. It's gettin' like a nursery nowadays.

So I just puts my hand on Barnes' chest and I pushes him down on the bench. Then I tells him if it's too tough for him, he can turn his suit in, that I never see a yellowbelly any size was any use. He shows his color, all right. Turns his suit in and don't show up all week. Ever hear of a kid like that? . . .

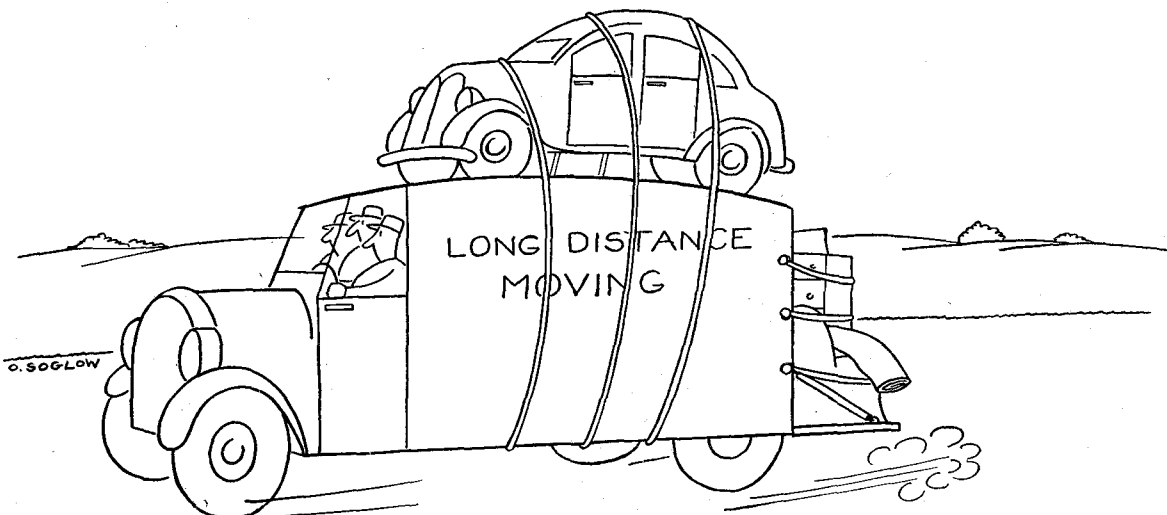
What's that, Bill? . . . Oh, his knee was swole up a little, sure, but nothing that wouldn't of come down with a couple of days' work.

Well, we got Millvale that Saturday, which I don't figure is much trouble anyway, and it isn't. Take 'em thirty-five—nothing under wraps. Only this reserve fullback of mine, Jenkins, gets hurt, who ain't too good anyway.

WELL, I get to thinkin' about it, and figure maybe I been too fast. I don't want to wreck a kid's life for him. It will, sometimes, you know. I figure with a week, maybe he'll see things different, and any guy gets a second chance with Hal Carter. But still he don't come back. You can't go and ask a kid to come out. It's like sayin' you was wrong.

This next Saturday is Orangefield, this game I was telling you about is so tough. There's scouts comin' down from State and places, and I want the kids to look good. You can't never tell. Sometimes a kid can't do it any other way—gets a college education handed him from just one game like that. So I figure, besides helping Barnes, which I don't too much care by now, we need his size in there to make some of the other boys look good.

Well, I work it like this: Fridays, before a game, we have this kind of pep rally in the auditorium. You know, cheers and songs, and some of the boys says a word or two and some downtown guy, and maybe I have to, though I generally always try to get out of it, because football's my game and I'm not too much for this talk stuff.





NIGHT WATCH

"Boy! There'll be no Pearl Harbor at Dudley 6-4 while he's on the job."

When it comes my turn I gets up and gives them this little spiel about this is the first time we've played Orangefield, and how good they are, but I'm sure the boys will give a good account of theirself—the same good old stuff. Then I just stand there and look at them, waitin' till it's all quiet, and they know I'm going to say something. Then I give it to them straight, saying I'm sorry to have to say, for the first time since I been at Clareton, we got a quitter. I say I don't know what they think, but I think it's too bad when one of the biggest guys on a team turns his suit in the first time the going gets tough and just when we got the biggest game in our history coming up. I say I don't know if this kid—I didn't want to name him, you know, but they got me—is afraid of this Orangefield bunch, though it does look that way, but I say it seems to me like lettin' the rest of the team down pretty bad, and the whole school too, for that matter. I tell them never mind, we got a club will give Orangefield all they want to do anyway, but for this boy's sake, as well as the team and the school, there'll be a suit out for him Saturday if he wants to come and get it, but I'm not asking him. Only if he don't come, why, I guess I know what to think, and I guess they do, too.

The kids take it quiet, but sayin' Barnes' name, you know, and lookin' around at him.

WELL, it works. I'm edgy all next morning, not knowing if he's got that much pride even, but about ten minutes before game time in he comes and says, "You said you had my suit out," and I tell the manager to give it to him. I don't even speak to him. I don't start him, neither. I leave him sitting right there on the end of the bench while this third-string back, Crane, is in there just tryin'. I'm takin' plenty of chances, too. Orangefield scores on us on a double reverse that goes all the way from their forty, and we're in trouble all the time. But the way I figure, with a kid without any heart in him, you got to prime him. Well, along in the first of the second quarter I send this manager to tip off the cheerleaders, like it's his own idea, and pretty quick the stands begin yellin' for Barnes. Orangefield's got the ball and got us back on our fifteen, and I gets ready to break Barnes out. Then Orangefield fumbles on an off-tackle, and Rand recovers, and we kick out and settle down good, so I let him sit there.

Between halves I still don't give him a tumble till we get the five-minute

warning. Then I comes over and stands in front of him and I say, "Do you want to play in this game, Barnes?" And after a minute, with all of them sitting there looking at him, he says he does, and I say, "O.K., go in for Crane."

Then, just before they start, while they're pickin' up their helmets, I slap him on the back, because I don't want to go too far with a kid, but I don't want to soften him, either, so I say, "And if you ain't got a streak, you show me, Barnes." You shoulda seen the look he give me. A last-second needle is worth ten minutes in the locker room, I always say.

WELL, you got the score there, Bill. And believe you me, them Orangefield kids was plenty big and smooth, too, but Barnes just punches holes in 'em. I never see a guy tackle so hard in my life. Them Orangefield backs get where they're hopin' they'll get pulled down in the line so they won't get into the secondary, where Barnes can hit 'em. Then we get the ball and I'm all the time prayin', though, just waitin' for when he'll get hit hard enough so he'll quit again. When we get that first touchdown and then miss the conversion, I figure that's done it. For him, I mean. But I guess that

sittin' there listenin' to them yell at him had primed him full. He was the one bungled that conversion himself, and lucky, it just keeps him mad. When it gets close to the end, just three or four minutes, and Orangefield is still holding them off, he goes nuts. He takes the ball five times straight. I see him in the huddle, makin' Rand give him the ball. And the fifth time is the pay-off. Nothin' fancy, an off-tackle run like he's been makin' just four or five yards on, but everything clicks, and he goes all the way. . . .

No, no, Mr. Waverley—I mean Bill—that's what I'm tellin' you. He ain't got the real heart. I just got him primed, that's all. After this Orangefield game he turns his suit in again for keeps.

Anyway, that's what I mean by the old psychology, see? Barnes didn't have the real heart, but it won the game, or it didn't hurt it, anyway, and it give some of them kids a break with the scouts. And the last two games, we got over good enough without young Randolph. God, what a name! . . .

What's that, Bill? . . . Oh, Hallum. You mean why did State let him out. Well, I wouldn't care to be quoted on that. This Hallum's a nice enough guy. I guess he knows his football, too. Main trouble is he don't have any punch, I guess. He can't make 'em get in there and battle. And just between you and I, Bill, he ain't too smart, neither. I don't go for this professionalism, but you gotta meet your competition, I always say. If you're gonna play up in the class State's playin' in, you gotta have the material. . . .

Huh? . . . Well, I don't go for this buyin' kids. If a kid wants to play bad enough, he'll get there, I always say. But it ain't the same with these scholarships. And a coach that's been around these parts as long as I have always has a few kids that want to go up with him. And I'm always glad to see them kids. A kid that comes up because he wants to play with you is the kind you want, I always say. Well, Rand is, and this kid Burton I was tellin' you about, from Bayville. There's a few of the boys from around, all good, clean, legitimate stuff, you know. Yup, there'll be a couple differences around State all right. We won't be usin' the flyin' wedge, anyway. You can tell 'em that.

—WALTER VAN TILBURG CLARK



NIGHT PROBLEM

Lying against the dead ground on a cold Virginia night,
You can hear soft sounds behind you. The platoon runner
Scrapes over a bare patch of earth en route to the lieutenant.
The third squad is whispering together. You raise your head
And your helmet clanks on the hilt of your bayonet.
"Stop shoeing that horse," says the sergeant. You're on a problem
That's as simple as a knife in the chest or a butt-stroke in the face.
Fifty-four of you—one platoon—are holding a ridge in the dark,
And the company's other three platoons are moving against your position—
One on your front, through a cleared patch, and the other two
Upon the dark flanks, among trees whose leaves are dying.

A klaxon on each of the flanks represents a machine gun.
You are waiting, dead silent, an island of resistance,
Presumed to be fighting a rear-guard action. Outnumbered,
Uneasy, uncertain, nervous, cold, you wait
For the first flare in the clearing, the first shout in the woods.
You work your bolt back very gently and ram home a clip of blanks. . . .

Action's been joined in Tunisia, where Carthage rose and fell,
Action's been joined on Guadalcanal, where they knock them out of the trees;
On Bataan the action's concluded.

Well, you think, it won't be long now,
Though tonight you can get your marbles back, can take your ball and go home,
Crap out and still keep your money, have a trey in the hole and stay rich;
You can still be a boy again, just for tonight.

When They come this time, you can point and say, "Bang, you're dead,"
Or refuse to lie down when someone pots you first.
You're tense, though. Taut. Take it easy, chum. Relax.
All right, your eyes hurt. All right, your mouth's chapped. All right, you're cold.
You can still put out a sign that reads, "Sorry, No Game Today."

Suddenly on the right flank the klaxon makes its noises.
There is rifle fire among the trees. The man who lies three yards from you
Says, "Corporal, maybe we'd better go over." "Sit tight," you say,
"They'll be coming up here soon enough." Oh, you're a brave one.
You remember, of course, in proper order, Pearl Harbor, the Alamo,
The Maine—and what others? There must be more than that.

Think.

The klaxon grinds on and you say to yourself, "*It sounds
Like a traffic jam,*" and you grin. A hundred yards up the clearing
A rocket streaks toward the starless sky, explodes—
The parachute flare comes slowly down, the night is turned to day,
You bury your nose in the ground and present your helmet to the glare.
You look like a rock now. You are not human at all.

They are holding back from the centre. They are working on the flanks.
The other klaxon sputters, then bursts into raucous sound.
They are closing in on the right. The rifle flashes are nearer.
The orders They gave Them were *Fire ten rounds and rush* . . .
You hold your post like a crippled child. Behind you
The runner, a dark bulk, moves toward the danger zone.

Then, as you listen, the firing stops on the right,
Dead leaves are being trampled and the woods are full of shouting.
The klaxon gives two short coughs. Goes dead.

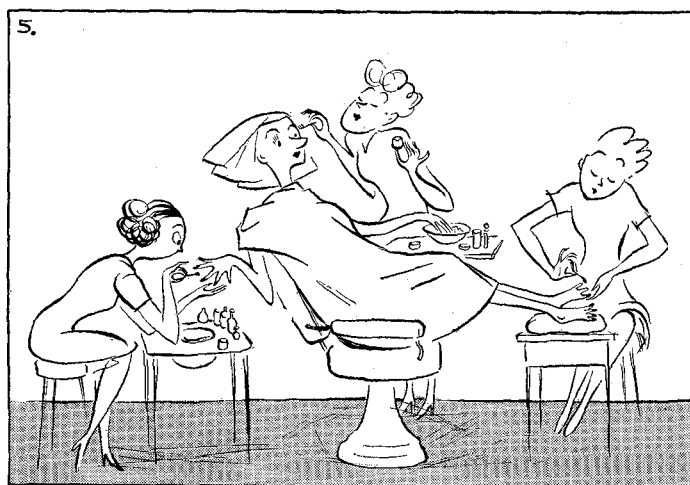
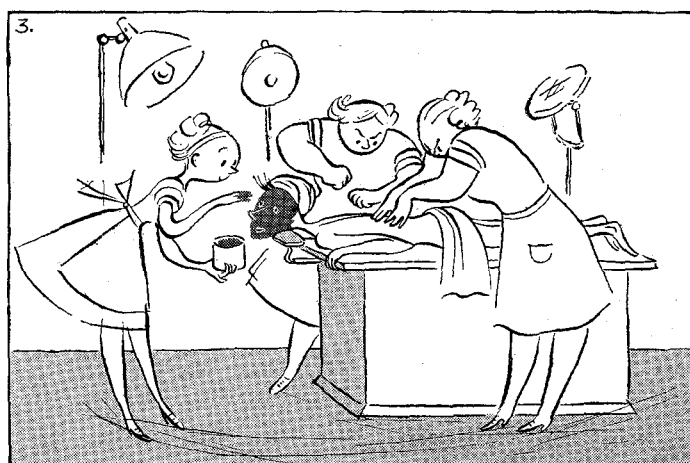
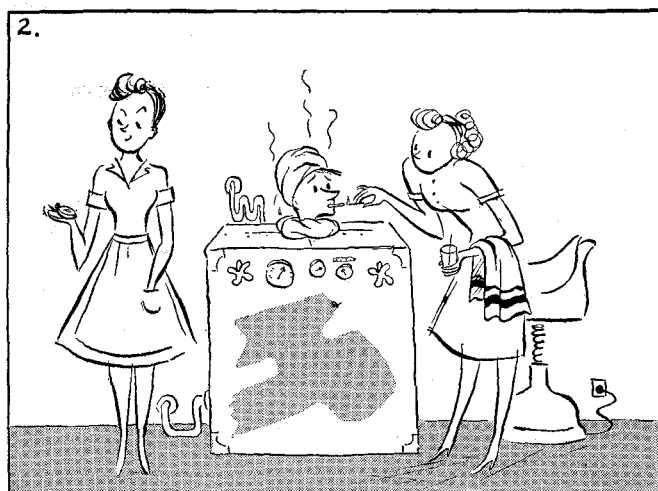
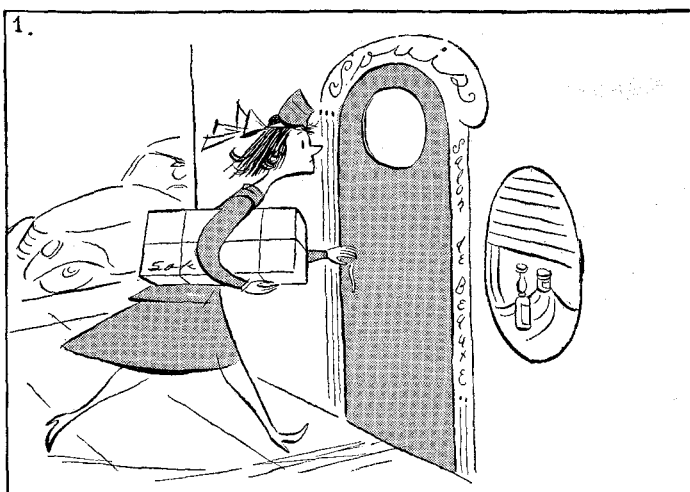
The flank is gone.

If this were real, you could measure your life by breaths.
A whistle is blowing. *Fall back.* In desperation, you fire
Five rounds at nothing, get up, and break into a run.

Action joined in Tunisia, action joined on Guadalcanal,
Action joined beyond the Qattara, action joined here . . .

And now whose white face rises before your eyes?

—HARRY BROWN



PROFILES

PROFESSOR SEA GULL

JOE GOULD is a jaunty and emaciated little man who has been a notable in the cafeterias, diners, barrooms, and dumps of Greenwich Village for a quarter of a century. He sometimes brags rather wryly that he is the last of the bohemians. "All the others fell by the wayside," he says. "Some are in the grave, some are in the loony bin, and some are in the advertising business." Gould's life is by no means carefree; he is constantly tormented by what he calls "the three H's"—homelessness, hunger, and hangovers. He sleeps on benches in subway stations, on the floor in the studios of friends, and in quarter-a-night flophouses. Once in a while he trudges up to one of Father Divine's Extension Heavens in lower Harlem and gets a night's lodging for fifteen cents. He is five feet four and he hardly ever weighs more than ninety-five pounds. Not long ago he told a friend that he hadn't eaten a square meal since June, 1936, when he bummed up to Cambridge and attended a banquet during a reunion of the Harvard class of 1911, of which he is a member. "I'm the foremost authority in the U. S. on the subject of doing without," he says. He tells people that he lives on "air, self-esteem, cigarette butts, cowboy coffee, fried-egg sandwiches, and ketchup." Cowboy coffee is black coffee without sugar. After finishing a sandwich, Gould customarily empties a bottle or two of ketchup on his plate and eats it with a spoon. The countermen in the Jefferson Diner, on Village Square, which is one of his hangouts, gather up the ketchup bottles and hide them the moment he puts his head in the door. "I don't particularly like the confounded stuff," he says, "but I make it a practice to eat all I can get. It's the only grub I know of that's free of charge."

Gould is a Yankee. His branch of the Goulds has been in New England since 1635, and he is related to the Lowell, Lawrence, Storer, and Vroom families. "There's nothing accidental about me," he once said. "I'll tell you what it took to make me what I am today. It took old Yankee blood, an overwhelming aversion to possessions, four years of Harvard, and twenty-five years of beating the living hell out of my insides with bad hooch and bad food. I'm out of joint with the rest of the human race because I don't want to own anything. If Mr. Chrysler tried to make me a



present of the Chrysler Building, I'd damn near break my neck fleeing from him. I wouldn't own it; it'd own me. Back home in Massachusetts I'd be called an old Yankee crank. Here I'm called a bohemian. It's six of one, half a dozen of the other." Gould has a twangy voice and a Harvard accent. Bartenders and countermen in the Village refer to him as The Professor, Professor Bloomingdale, Professor Sea Gull, or The Mongoose. He dresses in the castoff clothes of his friends. His overcoat, suit, shirt, and even his shoes are all invariably two or three sizes too large, but he wears them with a forlorn, Chaplinlike rakishness. "Just look at me," he says. "The only thing that fits is the necktie." On bitter winter days he puts a layer of newspapers between his shirt and undershirt. "I'm snobbish," he says. "I only use the *Times*." He is fond of unusual headgear—a toboggan, a beret, or a yachting cap. One evening last summer he appeared at a party in a seersucker suit, a polo shirt, a scarlet cummerbund, sandals, and a yachting cap, all hand-me-downs. He uses a long ivory cigarette-holder, and a good deal of the time he smokes butts picked up off the sidewalks.

Bohemianism has aged Gould considerably beyond his years. He has got in the habit lately of asking people he has just met to guess his age. Their

guesses range between sixty-five and seventy-five; he is fifty-three. He is never hurt by this; he looks upon it as proof of his superiority. "I get more living done in one year," he says, "than ordinary humans do in ten." He is squint-eyed and toothless, his spectacles slip down to the end of his nose a moment after he puts them on, and his lower jaw swivels from side to side when he talks; sometimes, because of these things, he distinctly resembles Mahatma Gandhi. He is aware of this. Once, in Romany Marie's, a basement bohemian gathering place in the Village, he draped a tablecloth over his shoulders and sat cross-legged on the floor for half an hour or so, gabbling all the while in a weird, made-up language. People who came in were taken aback when they caught sight of him; one woman said she had no idea Mr. Gandhi was visiting the United States.

Gould is bald on top, but the hair at the back of his head is long and frizzly, and he has a bushy, cinnamon-colored beard, which he says he trims every other Easter. He doesn't wear his spectacles on the street and without them he has the wild, unfocussed stare of an old scholar who has strained his eyes on small print. Even in the Village many people turn and look at him. He is stooped and he moves rapidly, grumbling to himself, with his head thrust forward and held to one side. Under his left arm he usually totes a bulging, greasy, brown pasteboard portfolio, and he swings his right arm aggressively. As he hurries along, he seems to be warding off an imaginary enemy. Don Freeman, the artist, a friend of his, once made a sketch of him walking. Freeman called the sketch "Joe Gould versus the Elements." Gould is as restless and footloose as an alley cat, and he takes long hikes about the city, now and then disappearing from the Village for weeks at a time and mystifying his friends; they have never been able to figure out where he goes. When he returns, always looking pleased with himself, he makes a few cryptic remarks, giggles, and then shuts up. "I went on a bird walk along the waterfront with an old countess," he said after his most recent absence. "The countess and I spent three weeks studying sea gulls."

Gould is almost never seen without his portfolio. He sits on it while he eats and he sleeps with it under his head. It usually contains a mass of manuscripts

and notes, a dictionary, a bottle of ink, his extra shirts and socks, a cake of soap, a hairbrush, a paper bag of bread crumbs, and a paper bag of hard, round, dime-store candy of the type called sour balls. "I fight fatigue with sour balls," he says. The crumbs are for pigeons; like many other eccentrics, Gould is a pigeon feeder. He is devoted to a flock which makes its headquarters atop and around the statue of Garibaldi in Washington Square. These pigeons know him. When he comes up and takes a seat on the plinth of the statue, they flutter down and perch on his head and shoulders, waiting for him to bring out his bag of crumbs. He has given names to some of them. "Come here, Boss Tweed," he says. "A lady in Stewart's didn't finish her whole-wheat toast this morning and when she went out, bingo, I snatched it off her plate especially for you. Hello, Big Bosom. Hello, Popgut. Hello, Lady Astor. Hello, St. John the Baptist. Hello, Polly Adler. Hello, Fiorello, you old goat, how're you today?"

Although Gould strives to give the impression that he is a philosophical loafer, he has done an immense amount of work during his career as a bohemian. Every day, even when he is groggy as the result of hunger, he spends at least a couple of hours laboring on a formless, rather mysterious book which he calls "An Oral History of Our Time." He began this book twenty-six years ago, and it is nowhere near finished. His preoccupation with it seems to be principally responsible for the way he lives; a steady job of any kind, he says, would interfere with his thinking. Depending on the weather, he writes in parks, in doorways, in flophouse lobbies, in cafeterias, on benches on "L" platforms, in subway trains, and in public libraries. When he is in the proper mood, he writes until

he is exhausted, and he gets into the mood at peculiar times. He says that one night he sat for seven hours in a booth in a Third Avenue bar and grill, listening to a beery old Hungarian woman, once a madam and once a dealer in cocaine and now a soup cook in a hospital, tell the story of her life. Three days later, around four o'clock in the morning, on a cot in the Hotel Defender, at 300 Bowery, he was awakened by the foghorns of tugs on the East River and was unable to go back to sleep because he felt that he was in the exact mood to put the old soup cook's biography in his history. He has an abnormal memory; if he is sufficiently impressed by a conversation, he can keep it in his head, even if it is lengthy and senseless, for many days,

much of it word for word. He had a bad cold, but he got up, dressed under a red exit light, and, tiptoeing so as not to disturb the men sleeping on cots all around him, went downstairs to the lobby.

He wrote in the lobby from 4:15 A.M. until noon. Then he left the Defender, drank some coffee in a Bowery diner, and walked up to the Public Library. He plugged away at a table in the genealogy room, which is one of his rainy-day hangouts and which he says he prefers to the main reading room because it is gloomier, until it closed at 6 P.M. Then he moved into the main reading room and stayed there, seldom taking his eyes off his work, until the Library locked up for the night at 10 P.M. He ate a couple of egg sandwiches



"Herbert, that's positively the last time Mother wants to hear you say 'tripe.'"



and a quantity of ketchup in a Times Square cafeteria. Then, not having two bits for a flophouse and being too engrossed to go to the Village and seek shelter, he hurried into the West Side subway and rode the balance of the night, scribbling ceaselessly while the train he was aboard made three round trips between the New Lots Avenue station in Brooklyn and the Van Cortlandt Park station in the Bronx. He kept his portfolio on his lap and used it as a desk. He has the endurance of the possessed. Whenever he got too sleepy to concentrate, he shook his head vigorously and then brought out his bag of sour balls and popped one in his mouth. People stared at him, and once he was interrupted by a drunk who asked him what in the name of God he was writing. Gould knows how to get rid of inquisitive drunks. He pointed at his left ear and said, "What? What's that? Deaf as a post. Can't hear a word." The drunk lost all interest in him. "Day was breaking when I left the subway," Gould says. "I was sneezing my head off, my eyes were sore, my knees were shaky, I was hungry as a bitch wolf, and I had exactly eight cents to my name. I didn't care. My history was longer by eleven thousand brand-new words, and at that moment I bet there wasn't a chairman of the board in all New York as happy as I."

GOULD is haunted by the fear that he will die before he has the first draft of the Oral History finished. It is already eleven times as long as the Bi-

ble. He estimates that the manuscript contains 9,000,000 words, all in long-hand. It may well be the lengthiest unpublished work in existence. Gould does his writing in nickel composition books, the kind that children use in school, and the Oral History and the notes he has made for it fill two hundred and seventy of them, all of which are tattered and grimy and stained with coffee, grease, and beer. Using a fountain pen, he covers both sides of each page, leaving no margins anywhere, and his penmanship is poor; hundreds of thousands of words are legible only to him. He has never been able to interest a publisher in the Oral History. At one time or another he has lugged armfuls of it into fourteen publishing offices. "Half of them said it was obscene and outrageous and to get it out of there as quick as I could," he says, "and the others said they couldn't read my handwriting." Experiences of this nature do not dismay Gould; he keeps telling himself that it is posterity he is writing for, anyway. In his breast pocket, sealed in a dingy envelope, he always carries a will bequeathing two-thirds of the manuscript to the Harvard Library and the other third to the Smithsonian Institution. "A couple of generations after I'm dead and gone," he likes to say, "the Ph.D.'s will start lousing through my work. Just imagine their surprise. 'Why, I be damned,' they'll say, 'this fellow was the most brilliant historian of the century.' They'll give me my due. I don't claim that all of the Oral History is first-class, but some of it will

live as long as the English language." Gould used to keep his composition books in a dusty pile on the floor of a closet in a friend's photography studio in the Village. Whenever he filled a book, he would come in and toss it on the pile. Several months ago, after hearing that the Metropolitan Museum had moved its most valuable paintings to a bombproof storage place somewhere inland, he became panicky. He made a huge, oilcloth-covered bale of the Oral History and entrusted it for the duration to a woman he knows who owns a duck-and-chicken farm near Huntington, Long Island. The farmhouse has a stone cellar.

Gould puts into the Oral History only things he has seen or heard. At least half of it is made up of conversations taken

down verbatim or summarized; hence the title. "What people say is history," Gould says. "What we used to think was history—all that chitty-chat about Caesar, Napoleon, treaties, inventions, big battles—is only formal history and largely false. I'll put down the informal history of the shirt-sleeved multitude—what they had to say about their jobs, love affairs, vittles, spree, scrapes, and sorrows—or I'll perish in the attempt." The Oral History is a great hodgepodge and kitchen midden of hearsay, the fruit, according to Gould's estimate, of more than twenty thousand conversations. In it are the hopelessly incoherent biographies of hundreds of bums, accounts of the wanderings of seamen encountered in South Street barrooms, grisly descriptions of hospital and clinic experiences ("Did you ever have a painful operation or disease?" is one of the first questions that Gould, fountain pen and composition book in hand, asks a person he has just met), summaries of innumerable Union Square and Columbus Circle harangues, testimonies given by converts at Salvation Army street meetings, and the addled opinions of scores of park-bench oracles and gin-mill savants. For a time Gould haunted the all-night greasy spoons in the vicinity of Bellevue Hospital, eavesdropping on tired internes, nurses, ambulance-drivers, scrubwomen, embalming-school students, and morgue workers, and faithfully recording their talk. He scurries up and down Fifth Avenue during parades, feverishly taking notes. Gould writes with

great candor, and the percentage of obscenity in the Oral History is high. He has a chapter called "Examples of the So-Called Dirty Story of Our Time," to which he makes almost daily additions. In another chapter are many rhymes and observations which he found scribbled on the walls of subway washrooms. He believes that such things are as truly historical as the strategy of General Robert E. Lee. Hundreds of thousands of words are devoted to the drunken behavior and the sexual adventures of various Greenwich Villagers in the twenties. There are hundreds of reports of ginny Village parties, including gossip about the guests and faithful reports of their arguments on such subjects as reincarnation, birth control, free love, psychoanalysis, Christian Science, Swedenborgianism, vegetarianism, alcoholism, and different political and art isms. "I have fully covered what might be termed the intellectual underworld of my time," Gould says. There are detailed descriptions of night life in the Village speakeasies, basement cabarets, and eating places which he frequented at one time or another and which are all now out of existence, such as the Little Quakeress, the Original Julius, Hubert's Cafeteria, the Troubadour Tavern, Alice McCollister's, and Eli Greifer's Last Outpost of Bohemia Tea Shoppe.

He is a night wanderer, and he has put down descriptions of dreadful things he has seen on dark New York streets—descriptions, for example, of the herds of big gray rats that come out in the hours before dawn in some neighborhoods of the lower East Side and Harlem and unconcernedly walk the sidewalks. "I sometimes believe that these rats are not rats at all," he says, "but the damned and aching souls of tenement landlords." A great deal of the Oral History is in diary form. Gould is afflicted with total recall, and now and then he painstakingly writes down everything he did for a day, a week, or a month. Sometimes he writes a chapter in which he monotonously and hideously curses some person or in-

stitution. Here and there are rambling essays on such subjects as the flophouse flea, spaghetti, the zipper as a sign of the decay of civilization, false teeth, insanity, the jury system, remorse, cafeteria cooking, and the emasculating effect of the typewriter on literature. "William Shakespeare didn't sit around pecking on a dirty, damned, ninety-five-dollar dohicky," he wrote, "and Joe Gould doesn't, either." In his essay on insanity he wrote, "I suffer from a mild form of insanity. I have delusions of grandeur. I believe myself to be Joe Gould."

The Oral History is almost as discursive as "Tristram Shandy." In one chapter, "The Good Men Are Dying Like Flies," Gould begins a biography of a diner proprietor and horse-race gambler named Side-Bet Benny Altschuler, who stuck a rusty icepick in his hand and died of lockjaw; and skips after a few paragraphs to a story a seaman told him about seeing a group of tipsy lepers on a beach in Port-of-Spain, Trinidad; and goes from that to an anecdote about a meeting held in Boston in 1915 to protest against the showing of "The Birth of a Nation," at which he kicked a policeman; and goes from that to a description of a trip he once made through the Central Islip insane

asylum, in the course of which a woman pointed at him and screamed, "There he is! Thief! Thief! There's the man that picked my geraniums and stole my mamma's mule and buggy;" and goes from that to an account an old stumble-bum gave of glimpsing and feeling the blue-black flames of hell one night while sitting in a doorway on Great Jones Street and of seeing two mermaids playing in the East River just north of Fulton Fish Market later the same night; and goes from that to an explanation made by a priest of old St. Patrick's Cathedral on Mott Street of why Italian women are addicted to the wearing of black; and then returns at last to Side-Bet Benny, the lockjawed diner proprietor.

Only a few of the hundreds of people who know Gould have read any of the Oral History, and most of them take it for granted that it is gibberish. Those who make the attempt usually bog down after a couple of chapters and give up. Gould says he can count on his hands and feet those who have read enough of it to be qualified to form an opinion. One is Horace Gregory, the poet and critic. "I look upon Gould as a sort of Samuel Pepys of the Bowery," Gregory says. "I once waded through



"Walter, do you remember when the one thing in the world that made you maddest was boondoggling?"

twenty-odd composition books, and most of what I saw had the quality of a competent high-school theme, but some of it was written with the clear and wonderful veracity of a child, and here and there were flashes of hardbitten Yankee wit. If someone took the trouble to go through it and separate the good from the rubbish, as editors did with Thomas Wolfe's millions of words, it might be discovered that Gould actually has written a masterpiece. I can't imagine anyone with patience enough to tackle the job. It would require months and months, maybe years." Another is E. E. Cummings, the poet, who is a close friend of Gould's. Cummings once wrote a poem about Gould, No. 261 in his "Collected Poems," which contains the following description of the history:

... a myth is as good as a smile but little
 joe gould's quote oral
 history unquote might (publishers note)
 be entitled a wraith's
 progress or mainly awash while chiefly
 submerged or an amoral
 morality sort-of-aliveing by innumerable
 kind-of-deaths

Throughout the nineteen-twenties Gould haunted the office of *The Dial*, now dead, the most highbrow magazine of the time. Finally, in its April, 1929, issue, *The Dial* printed one of his shorter essays, "Civilization." In it he rambled along, referring to skyscrapers and steamships as "needless bric-a-brac," and remarking that "the auto is unnecessary. If all the perverted ingenuity which was put into making buzz-wagons had only gone into improving the breed of horses humanity would be better off." This essay had a curious effect on American literature. A copy of this issue of *The Dial* turned up three or four months later in a second-hand bookstore in Fresno, California, and was bought for a dime by William Saroyan, who then was twenty and floundering around, desperate to become a writer. He read Gould's essay and was deeply impressed and influenced by it. "It freed me from bothering about form," he says. Twelve years later, in the winter of 1941, in Don Freeman's studio on Columbus Circle, Saroyan saw some drawings Freeman had made of Gould for *Don Freeman's Newsstand*, a quarterly publication of pictures of odd New York scenes and personalities put out by the Associated American Artists. Saroyan became excited. He told Freeman about his indebtedness to Gould. "Who the hell is he, anyway?" Saroyan asked. "I've been trying to find out for years. Reading

CRACKED RECORD BLUES

If you watch it long enough, you can see the clock move;
 If you try hard enough, you can hold a little water in the palm of your hand;
 If you listen once or twice, you know it's not the needle, or the tune, but a crack
 in the record when sometimes a phonograph falters and repeats, and
 repeats, and repeats, and repeats . . .

And if you think of it long enough, then everything is simple, and you can
 understand the times;
 You can see for yourself that the Hudson still flows, that the seasons change as
 ever, that love is always love;
 Words still have a meaning, still clear, and still the same;
 You can count upon your fingers that two plus two still equals, still equals, still
 equals, still equals . . .
 There is nothing in this world that should bother the mind.

Because the mind is a common-sense affair filled with common-sense answers
 to common-sense facts,
 It can add up, can add up, can add up, can add up earthquakes and subtract
 them from fires,
 It can bisect an atom or annotate the planets;
 All it has to do is to, do is to, do is to, do is to start at the beginning and continue
 to the end.
 —KENNETH FEARING

those few pages in *The Dial* was like going in the wrong direction and running into the right guy and then never seeing him again." Freeman told him about the Oral History. Saroyan sat down and wrote a commentary to accompany the drawings of Gould in *Newsstand*. "To this day," he wrote, in part, "I have not read anything else by Joe Gould. And yet to me he remains one of the few genuine and original American writers. He was easy and uncluttered, and almost all other American writing was uneasy and cluttered. It was not at home anywhere; it was trying too hard; it was miserable; it was a little sickly; it was literary; and it couldn't say anything simply. All other American writing was trying to get into one form or another, and no writer except Joe Gould seemed to understand

that if the worst came to the worst you didn't need any form at all. All you had to do was say it." Not long after this issue of *Newsstand* came out, someone stopped Gould on Eighth Street and showed him Saroyan's endorsement of his work. Gould shrugged his shoulders. He had been on a spree and had lost his false teeth, and at the moment he was uninterested in literary matters. After thinking it over, however, he decided to call on Saroyan and ask him for help in getting some teeth. He found out somehow that Saroyan was living at the Hampshire House, on Central Park South. The doorman there followed Gould into the lobby and asked him what he wanted. Gould told him. "Do you know Mr. Saroyan?" the doorman asked. "Why, no," Gould said, "but that's all right. He's a disciple of mine." "What do you mean, disciple?" asked the doorman. "I mean," said Gould, "that he's a literary disciple of mine. I want to ask him to buy me some store teeth." "Come this way," said the doorman, gripping Gould's arm and ushering him to the street. Later Freeman arranged a meeting, and the pair spent several evenings together in bars. "Saroyan kept saying he wanted to hear all about the Oral History," Gould says, "but I never got a chance to tell him. He did all the talking. I couldn't get a word in edgewise."

Gould, ever since his childhood, has been perplexed by his own personality. There are scores of autobiograph-





"Try that line again, Mrs. Floyd—and remember that your life is slo-o-owly ebbing away."

ical essays in the Oral History, and he says that all of them are attempts to explain himself to himself. In one, "Why I Am Unable To Adjust Myself To Civilization, Such As It Is, or Do, Don't, Do, Don't, A Hell Of A Note," he came to the conclusion that his shyness was responsible for everything. "I am introvert and extrovert all rolled in one," he wrote, "a warring mixture of the recluse and the Sixth Avenue auctioneer. One foot says do, the other says don't. One foot says shut your mouth, the other says bellow like a bull. I am painfully shy, but try not to let people know it. They would take advantage of me." Gould keeps his shyness well hidden. It is evident only when he is cold sober. In that state he is silent, suspicious, and constrained, but a couple of beers or a single jigger of gin will untie his tongue and put a

leer on his face. He is extraordinarily responsive to alcohol. "On a hot night," he says, "I can walk up and down in front of a gin mill for ten minutes, breathing real deep, and get a jag on."

Even though Gould requires only a few drinks, getting them is sometimes quite a task. Most evenings he prowls around the saloons and dives on the west side of the Village, on the lookout for curiosity-seeking tourists from whom he can cadge beers, sandwiches, and small sums of money. Such people are scarce nowadays. If he is unable to find anyone approachable in the tumultuous saloons around Sheridan Square, he goes over to Sixth Avenue and works north, hitting the Jericho Tavern, the Village Square Bar & Grill, the Belmar, Goody's, and the Rochambeau. He has a routine. He doesn't enter a place un-

less it is crowded. After he is in, he bustles over to the telephone booth and pretends to look up a number. While doing this, he scrutinizes the customers. If he sees a prospect, he goes over and says, "Let me introduce myself. The name is Joseph Ferdinand Gould, graduate of Harvard, *magna cum diffcultate*, class of 1911, and chairman of the board of Weal and Woe, Incorporated. In exchange for a drink, I'll recite a poem, deliver a lecture, argue a point, or take off my shoes and imitate a sea gull. I prefer gin, but beer will do." Gould is by no means a bum. He feels that the entertainment he provides is well worth whatever he is able to cadge. He doesn't fawn, and he is never grateful. If he is turned down politely, he shrugs his shoulders and leaves the place. However, if the prospect passes a remark like "Get out of here, you

bum," Gould turns on him, no matter how big he is, and gives him a frightening tongue-lashing. He is skilled in the use of the obscene epithet; he can curse for ten minutes, growing more shrill and scurrilous by the minute, without repeating himself. When aroused, he is fearless. He will drop his portfolio, put up his fists, and offer to fight men who could kill him with one halfhearted blow. If he doesn't find an audience on the trip up Sixth, he turns west on Eleventh and heads for the Village Vanguard, in a cellar on Seventh Avenue South. The Vanguard was once a sleazy rendezvous for arty people, but currently it is a thriving night club. Gould and the proprietor, a man named Max Gordon, have known each other for many years and are on fairly good terms much of the time. Gould always hits the Vanguard last. He is sure of it, and he keeps it in reserve. Since it became prosperous, the place annoys him. He goes down the stairs and says, "Hello, Max, you dirty capitalist. I want a bite to eat

and a beer. If I don't get it, I'll walk right out on the dance floor and throw a fit." "Go argue with the cook," Gordon tells him. Gould goes into the kitchen, eats whatever the cook gives him, drinks a couple of beers, fills a bag with bread crumbs, and departs.

Despite his shyness, Gould has a great fondness for parties. He is acquainted with hundreds of artists, writers, sculptors, and actors in the Village, and whenever he learns that one of them is giving a party, he goes, friend or enemy, invited or not. Usually he keeps to himself for a while, uneasily smoking one cigarette after another and stiff as a board with tenseness. Sooner or later, however, impelled by a drink or two and by the desperation of the ill at ease, he begins to throw his weight around. He picks out the prettiest woman in the room, goes over, bows, and kisses her hand. He tells discreditable stories about himself. He becomes exuberant; suddenly, for no reason at all, he cackles with pleasure and jumps up and clicks

his heels together. Presently he shouts, "All in favor of a one-man floor show, please say 'Aye'!" If he gets the slightest encouragement, he strips to the waist and does a hand-clapping, foot-stamping dance which he says he learned on a Chippewa reservation in North Dakota and which he calls the Joseph Ferdinand Gould Stomp. While dancing, he chants an old Salvation Army song, "There Are Flies on Me, There Are Flies on You, but There Are No Flies on Jesus." Then he imitates a sea gull. He pulls off his shoes and socks and takes awkward, headlong skips about the room, flapping his arms and letting out a piercing caw with every skip. As a child he had several pet gulls, and he still spends many Sundays on the end of a fishing pier at Sheepshead Bay observing gulls; he claims he has such a thorough understanding of their cawing that he can translate poetry into it. "I have translated a number of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's poems into sea gull," he says.

Inevitably, at every party Gould goes to, he gets up on a table and delivers some lectures. His lectures are brief, but he gives them lengthy titles, such as "Drunk as a Skunk, or How I Measured the Heads of Fifteen Hundred Indians in Zero Weather" and "The Dread Tomato Habit, or Watch Out! Watch Out! Down with Dr. Gallup!" For a reason he has never been able to make quite clear, statistics of any kind infuriate him. In the latter lecture, using statistics he maintains he has found in newspaper financial sections, he proves that the eating of tomatoes by railroad engineers was responsible for fifty-three per cent of the train wrecks in the United States during the last seven years. When Gould arrives at a party, people who have never seen him before usually take one look, snicker, and edge away. Before the evening is over, however, a few of them almost always develop a kind of puzzled respect for him; they get him in a corner, ask him questions, and try to determine what is wrong with him. Gould enjoys this. "When you came over and kissed my hand," a young woman told him once, "I said to myself, 'What a nice old gentleman.' A minute later I looked around and you were bouncing up and down with your shirt off, imitating a wild Indian. I was shocked. Why do you have to be such an exhibitionist?" "Madam," Gould said, "it is the duty of the bohemian to make a spectacle of himself. If my informality leads you to believe that I'm a rum-dumb, or that I belong in Bellevue, hold fast to that belief, hold



"Haven't you something less expensive? He's just been reclassified 1-A."



—for the shape of things to come . . .

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WITHOUT a dream, no war would be worth the winning . . . no life worth the living. Man's dreams, great or small, and his determination to transform them into reality, are the forces that make all human progress.

Today the shape of things to come is obscured by the smoke of war. But through the pall, dimly, the outline of a brave, new dream is visible . . . a dream of great airliners linking the free nations of the world in travel and commerce . . . a dream of Rio, Bombay, Zanzibar, brought within hours of your door-

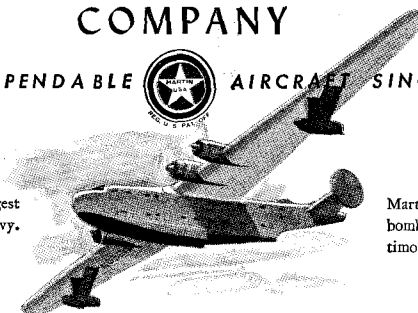
step . . . born of great fleets of giant airplanes carrying war materials and men to the battle fronts around the world . . . a dream of ancient hates and fears yielding to airborne contact between new-found neighbors.

This is the dream that aviation offers the world. Through the tremendous technical advances developed to strengthen the wings of war, this dream awaits only peace to become reality . . . *for the shape of things to come . . . look to the sky!*

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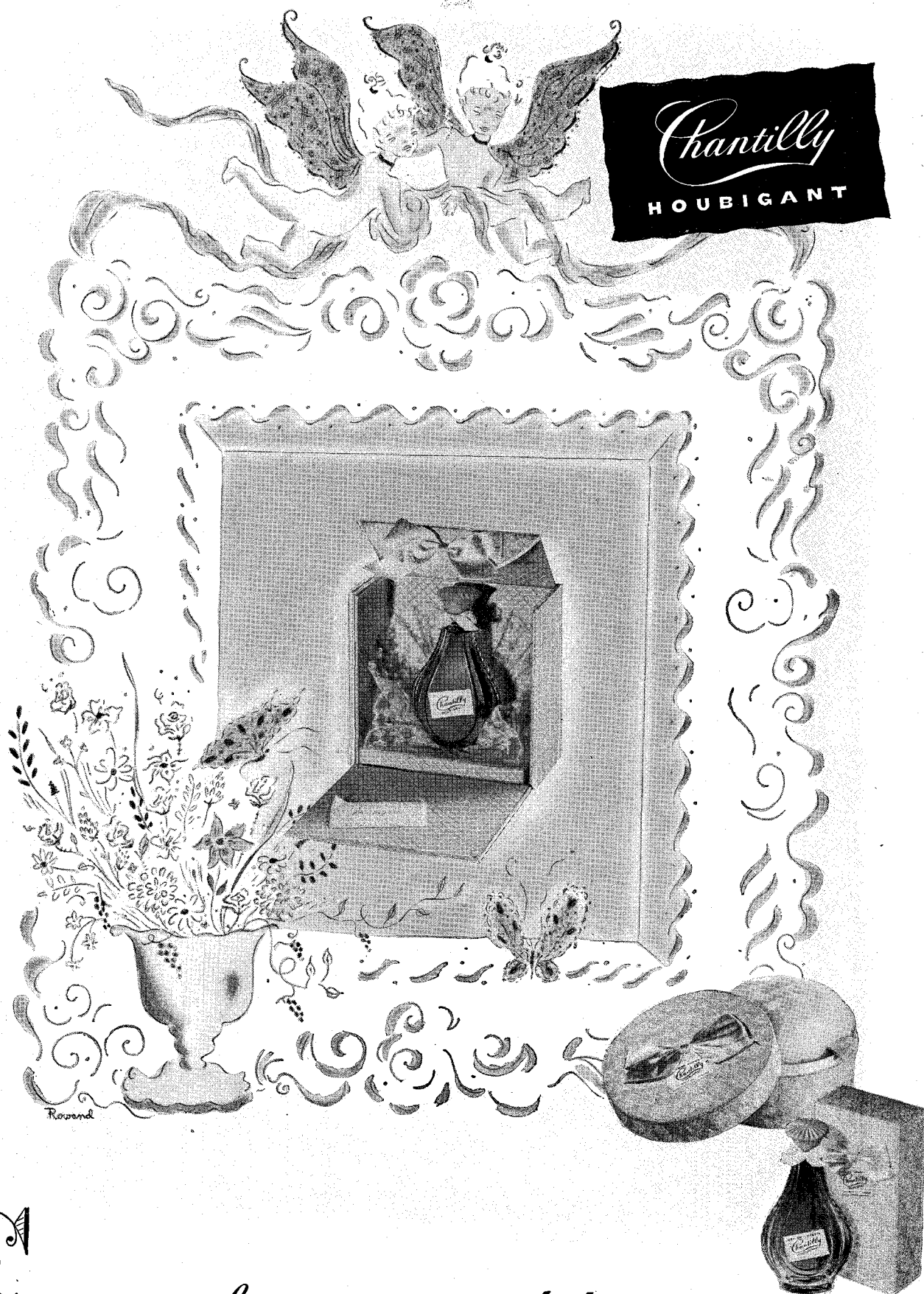
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To make your heart...and his...beat faster...Houbigant has created Chantilly.

A precious perfume, stimulating, slightly spicy...delightfully feminine.

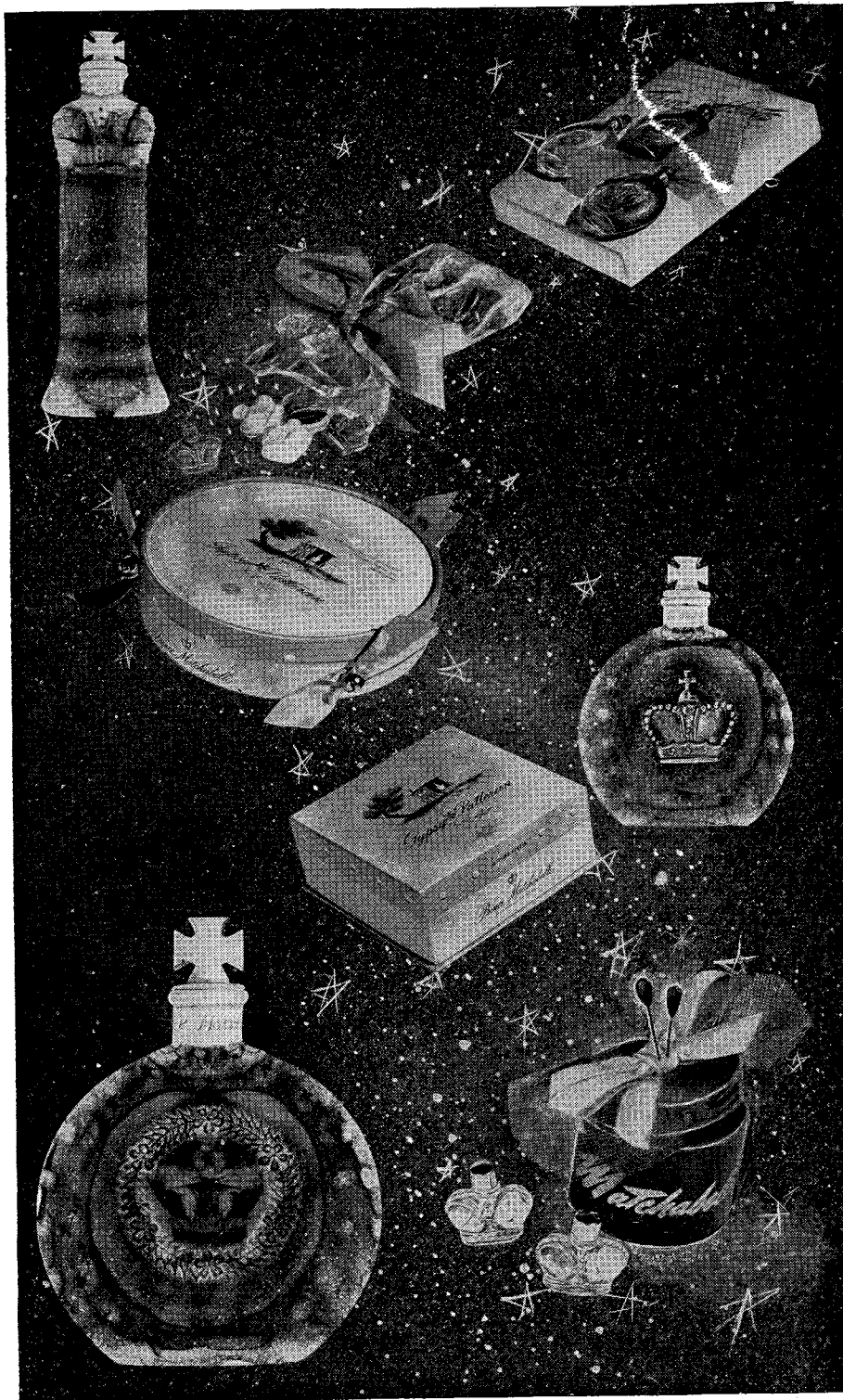
A fragrance never-to-be-forgotten...intoxicating as a kiss!

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Dusting Powder de luxe, with huge,
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Personal size, 1.00

Eau de Toilette, richly perfumed,
delightfully refreshing, 2.00, 3.00

PECK & PECK



Photogram by Elliot Clarke

Prince Matchabelli makes up your Christmas list from a starry galaxy of scents and sentiments. Top of sky—Three of Hearts colognes, 1.25. Treasure Bag of Crown soaps, 1.00. Royal Sceptre of cologne, 2 oz. 1.50. Gypsy tambourine of Patteran cologne, 1.25, dusting powder, 1.00. Sparkling Burgundy Bubble Bath, 1.00. News: shiny Bandbox with 2 drams of perfume, 2.75. Potpourri cologne, 4 oz. 1.00.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

many hundreds of emergency jobs that are in urgent need of filling. (In the Bronx, the C.D.V.O. phone number is JE 7-3360; in Brooklyn, TR 5-9701; in Queens, NE 9-9100; in Richmond, GI 7-1000.) The C.D.V.O. is prepared to assign men and women to wartime tasks and to serve as a liaison agency between volunteers and such groups as the Red Cross, American Women's Voluntary Services, and United Service Organizations.

Some of the most pressing needs of the C.D.V.O. at the moment, all of more or less equal importance, are for (1) women to serve the Army's Anti-Aircraft Artillery Command by working five and a half hours for three or four days a week or one night a week from 12 to 8 A.M., plotting the courses of planes spotted by observers in this vicinity; (2) men and women to put in whatever daytime or evening hours they can spare—but on a regular schedule—doing clerical work in draft-board and similar offices; (3) anyone over sixteen who, after taking a two-month part-time course, will do vocational and recreational work with children on a regular schedule; (4) women to take a seven-week Red Cross part-time course and then put in at least one full day each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc.; (5) men not immediately subject to the draft to train one evening a week as auxiliary firemen; (6) men and women to serve a four-hour shift at police stations once every fortnight, receiving telephone reports from air-raid wardens, and also to be on call for an eight-hour period each week.

People who can't volunteer on a steady basis have been asked to register with the C.D.V.O. to serve as spot workers on short-notice jobs. Right now, for example, there is a demand for men and women to do clerical work in connection with fuel and tire registration.

SALVAGE—The government is asking civilians to save and turn in kitchen fat, used rubber, rags, tin cans, and other scrap metal and to bear in mind that salvage should not be mixed; rags, for instance, should be kept separate from rubber. . . . The New York City Salvage Committee, 122 E. 42nd (MU 3-9669), will send a collector for rags, scrap metal, and rubber in amounts of fifty pounds or more and is ready with advice on how to dispose of smaller quantities. . . . Neighborhood butchers have been asked by the government to act as middlemen between householders who save kitchen fat and firms which are prepared to convert it into glycerine, an important ingredient of ammunition. If you want to help out, strain your pan and broiler drippings and excess deep frying fat into a clean, wide-mouthed can, and keep what you collect in a cool place until you have a pound or more to turn over to your butcher. . . . Householders are being urged to continue washing and flattening their tin cans after cutting out both ends and removing their paper labels. Your building superintendent will see that those you save are turned over to the proper authorities; it's best to have them ready for him to pick up a day or so before the weekly Wednesday collection.

Women have been asked to save old silk and nylon stockings, which are needed for making gunpowder bags, among other things, and can be turned in at the hosiery counters of most department stores.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—Provisions for volunteering and for collecting salvage are by no means uniform in communities outside the city. The nearest defense unit is the best bet for rural dwellers seeking guidance, but such units are often haphazardly organized and in some sections there aren't any. If you can't locate an efficient one and the local police can't help, write for advice to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS AND LOANS—The A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58th (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33), has issued an appeal for Christmas packages for men in the services. Such packages should be no larger than a shoe box and should contain presents like soap, toothbrushes, hard candy, cigarettes, sewing kits, razor blades, shoe polish, chewing gum, pencils, and stationery. The organization will also arrange to call for and distribute any phonographs and records, radios, musical instruments, floor lamps, and games (especially basketball and ping-pong equipment) which you may care to contribute for the enjoyment of servicemen. . . . The government wants to borrow, for military purposes, snapshots and movies you may have taken during trips abroad in what is now enemy-occupied territory. If you have some to lend, no matter how long ago they were taken, write for details of what's wanted to the Office of Strategic Services (Strategic Photos), Box 46, Station G, New York City. . . . The Army is looking for 300,000 dogs, each weighing forty pounds or more and from one to five years old, to train for sentry, pack, and messenger duty. Owners willing to part with one or more should register them with Dogs for Defense, 22 E. 60th (PL 9-6471).

fast, hold fast, and show your ignorance."

GOULD is not particularly communicative about what he calls his pre-Oral History life. "I am the most recent black sheep in a family that can trace its ancestry right spang to William the Conqueror," he says. He is a native of Norwood, Massachusetts, a southwestern suburb of Boston. He comes from a family of physicians. His grandfather, Joseph Ferdinand Gould, for whom he was named, taught in the Harvard Medical School and had a practice in South Boston. His father, Clark Storer Gould, was a captain in the Army Medical Corps and died of blood poisoning in a camp in Ohio during the last war. The family was well-to-do until Gould was in his late teens, when his father invested unwisely in the stock of an Alaska land company. Gould says he went to Harvard only because it was a family custom. "I did not want to go," he wrote in one of his autobiographical essays. "It had been my plan to stay home and sit in a rocking chair on the back porch and brood." He says that he was an undistinguished student. Some of his classmates were Conrad Aiken, the poet; Howard Lindsay, the playwright and actor; Gluyas Williams, the cartoonist; and Richard F. Whitney, former president of the New York Stock Exchange. His best friends were three foreign students—a Chinese, a Siamese, and an Albanian.

Gould's mother had always taken it for granted that he would become a physician, but after getting his A.B. he told her he was through with formal education. She asked him what he intended to do. "I intend to stroll and ponder," he said. He passed most of the next three years strolling and pondering on the ranch of an uncle in Canada. In 1913, in an Albanian restaurant in Boston named the Scanderbeg, whose coffee he liked, he became acquainted with Theofan S. Noli, an archimandrite of the Albanian Orthodox Church, who interested him in Balkan politics. In February, 1914, Gould startled his family by announcing that he planned to devote the rest of his life to collecting funds to free Albania. He founded an organization in Boston called the Friends of Albanian Independence, enrolled a score or so of dues-paying mem-

bers, and began telegraphing and calling on bewildered newspaper editors in Boston and Manhattan, trying to persuade them to print long treatises on Albanian affairs written by Noli. After about eight months of this, Gould was sitting in the Scanderbeg one night, drinking coffee and listening to a group of Albanian factory workers argue in their native tongue about Balkan politics, when he suddenly came to the conclusion that he was about to have a nervous breakdown.

"I began to twitch uncontrollably and see double," he says. From that night on his interest in Albania slackened.

After another period of strolling and pondering, Gould took up eugenics. He has forgotten exactly how this came about. In any case, he spent the summer of 1915 as a student in eugenical field work at

the Eugenics Record Office at Cold Spring Harbor. This organization, endowed by the Carnegie Institution, was engaged at that time in making studies of families of hereditary defectives, paupers, and town nuisances in several highly inbred communities. Such people were too prosaic for Gould; he decided to specialize in Indians. That winter he went out to North Dakota and measured the heads of a thousand Chippewas on the Turtle Mountain Reservation and of five hundred Mandans on the Fort Berthold Reservation. Nowadays, when Gould is asked why he took these measurements, he changes the subject, saying, "The whole matter is a deep, scientific secret." He was happy in North Dakota. "It was the most rewarding period of my life," he says. "I'm a good horseman, if I do say so myself, and I like to dance and whoop, and the Indians seemed to enjoy having me around. I was afraid they'd think I was batty when I asked for permission to measure their noggins, but they didn't mind. It seemed to amuse them. Indians are the only true aristocrats I've ever known; nothing in God's world ever surprises them. They ought to run the country, and we ought to be put on the reservations." After seven months of reservation life, Gould ran out of money. He returned to Massachusetts and tried vainly to get funds for another head-measuring expedition. "At this juncture in my life," he says, "I decided to engage in literary work." He came to Manhattan and got a job as assistant Police Headquarters reporter for the

Evening Mail. One morning in the summer of 1917, after he had been a reporter for about a year, he was basking in the sun on the back steps of Headquarters, trying to overcome a grappa hangover, when the idea for the Oral History blossomed in his mind. He promptly quit his job and began writing. "Since that fateful morning," he once said, in a moment of exaltation, "the Oral History has been my rope and my scaffold, my bed and my board, my wife and my floozy, my wound and the salt on it, my whiskey and my aspirin, and my rock and my salvation. It is the only thing that matters a damn to me. All else is dross."

GOULD says that he rarely has more than a dollar at any one time, and that he doesn't particularly care. "As a rule," he says, "I despise money." However, there is a widely held belief in the Village that he is rich and that he receives an income from inherited property in New England. "Only an old millionaire could afford to go around as shabby as you," a bartender told him recently. "You're one of those fellows that die in doorways and when the cops search them their pockets are just busting with bankbooks. If you wanted to, I bet you could step over to the West Side Savings Bank right this minute and draw out twenty thousand dollars." After the death of his mother in 1939, Gould did come into some money. Close friends of his say that it was less than a thousand dollars and that he spent it in less than a month, wildly buying drinks all over the Village for people he had never seen before. "He seemed miserable with money in his pockets," Gordon, the proprietor of the Vanguard, says. "When it was all gone, it seemed to take a load off his mind." While Gould was spending his inheritance, he did one thing that satisfied him deeply. He bought a big, shiny radio and took it out on Sixth Avenue and kicked it to pieces. He has a low opinion of radio. "Five minutes of the idiot's babble that comes out of those machines," he says, "would turn the stomach of a goat."

During the twenties and the early thirties Gould occasionally interrupted his work on the Oral History to pose for classes at the Art Students' League and to do book-reviewing for newspapers and magazines. He says there were periods when he lived comfortably on the money he earned this way. Burton Rascoe, literary editor of the old *Tribune*, gave him a lot of work. In a notation in "A Bookman's Daybook," Rascoe told of an experience with Gould. "I



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by Josephine Benthall & Herschel Williams
Directed by ANTONETTE PERRY
Henry Miller's, W. 43. Eves. 8:40. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:40



Additional Amusement Advertising on page 42

once gave him a small book about the American Indians to review," Rascoe wrote, "and he brought me back enough manuscript to fill three complete editions of the Sunday Tribune. I especially honor him, because, unlike most reviewers, he has never dogged me with inquiries as to why I never ran it. He had his say, which was considerable, about the book, the author, and the subject, and there, for him, the matter ended." Gould says that he quit book-reviewing because he felt that it was beneath his dignity to compete with machines. "The Sunday Times and the Sunday Herald Tribune have machines that review books," he says. "You put a book in one of those machines and jerk down a couple of levers and a review drops out." In recent years Gould has got along on less than five dollars in actual money a week. He has a number of friends—Malcolm Cowley, the writer and editor; Aaron Siskind, the documentary photographer; Cummings, the poet; and Gordon, the night-club proprietor, are a few—who give him small sums of money regularly. No matter what they think of the Oral History, all these people greatly respect Gould's doggedness. "He is Don Quixote in 1942," Gordon says.

Gould's opinion of contemporary writing other than the Oral History is low. Occasionally, at the Public Library, he takes out a recently published history and sits down with it at his favorite table in the genealogy room. Almost immediately he begins to grunt and groan and curse the author. "The hell you say," he is apt to exclaim, smacking the book with his palm and startling the other people at the table. "Who told you? It simply isn't true! Garbage, garbage, ten tons of garbage! And they saw down beautiful trees to make paper to print this stuff on! The awful waste! Oh! Oh! I just can't endure it!"

Gould's outspokenness has made him a lone wolf in the Village; he has never been allowed to join any of the art, poetry, or ism organizations. He has been trying for ten years to join the Raven Poetry Circle, which puts on the poetry exhibition in Washington Square each summer and is the most powerful organization of its kind in the Village, but he has been blackballed every time. However, the Ravens usually let him attend their readings. Francis Lambert McCrudden, a retired Telephone Company employee who is the head Raven, claims that Gould is not serious about poetry. "We serve wine at our readings, and that is the only reason Mr. Gould attends," he once said. "He sometimes

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Uproarious-Variety Show
BROADHURST, West 44th. Eves. Incl. Sun.
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insists on reading foolish poems of his own, and it gets on your nerves. At our religious-poetry night he demanded permission to recite a poem entitled 'My Religion.' I told him to go ahead, and this is what he recited:

In winter I'm a Buddhist,
And in summer I'm a nudist.

And at our nature-poetry night he begged to recite a poem entitled 'The Sea Gull.' I gave him permission, and he jumped out of his chair and began to wave his arms and leap about and scream, 'Scree-eeek! Scree-eeek!' It was upsetting. We are serious poets and we don't appreciate that sort of behavior." Last summer Gould picketed the Raven exhibition, which was held on the fence of a tennis court on Washington Square South. In one hand he carried his portfolio and in the other he held a placard on which he had printed: "JOSEPH FERDINAND GOULD, HOT SHOT POET FROM POETVILLE, A REFUGEE FROM THE RAVENS. POETS OF THE WORLD, IGNITE! YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE BUT YOUR BRAINS!" Now and then, as he strutted back and forth, he would take a leap and then a skip and say to passers-by, "Would you like to hear what Joe Gould thinks of the world and all that's in it? Scree-eeek! Scree-eeek!" —JOSEPH MITCHELL

Dripping faucets, sticking doors, balky light sockets, worn electric wires, loose connections on flat iron or washing machine, rattling windows, swollen kitchen drawers are among the many things you can learn to make easily and quickly. —From a folder mailed to residents of Hingham, Mass.

When do we start?

A man has just brought a caged mon-goose onto the set.

If you saw the terrific battle between the mongoose and the cobra in the first screen version of "The Letter" (the one starring the late Jeanne Eagels), you'll recall that these two creatures are deadly enemies. —Los Angeles Herald-Express.

Otherwise, of course, you'd never know.

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[From the Wellsboro (Pa.) Gazette]

Carl Moore and Miss Mildred Kelsey, both of this boro, were married last Wednesday afternoon by Rev. C. W. Sheriff at the home of the bride's father, Burgess Grant Kelsey. The groom is a well-known milkman and his bride is an estimable young lady.

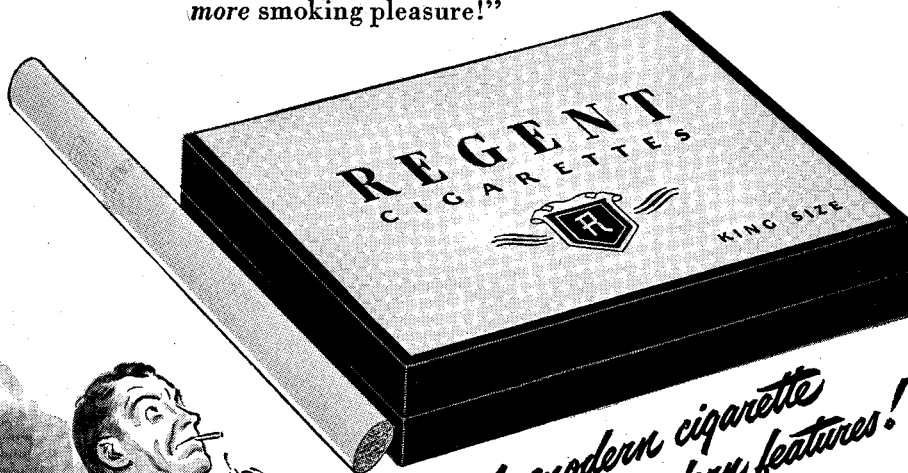
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ON THE LEVEL, Larry, the cigarette for modern men is Regent. It's King Size...over 20% longer than ancient "shorties"...gives lots more value!

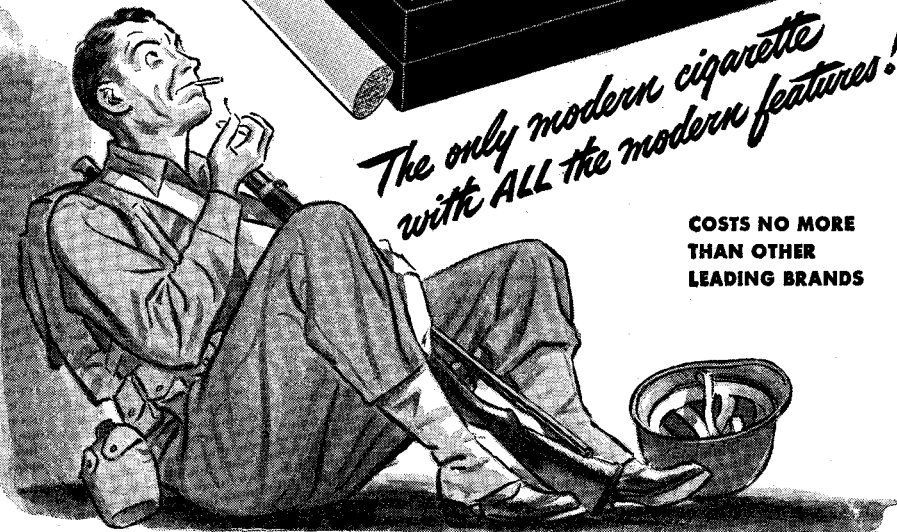
Regent means more smoking enjoyment, too. Its choice Domestic and Turkish tobaccos, specially selected for finer flavor, are Multiple-Blended—for greater mildness.

And besides having a modern oval shape, Regent comes in a crush-proof box which keeps each cigarette firm and fresh. So go modern, Leatherneck...get Regent...and you'll get more smoking pleasure!"



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TO THE BOYS
IN THE SERVICE

IF you can't get away in person to shop for everybody at home, why not send us your Christmas list and let us select appropriate gifts and mail them for you? You can't go wrong because the recipient can return the gift for exchange if not satisfactory. Here are some suggestions:

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Diaries

Page A Day (with lock)\$4.00
A Line A Day (five years)\$3.50
Aristocrat (Pocket size,
Pencil attached)\$2.25

Games\$1.50 to \$30.00
Gin Rummy set, leather case. \$3.50

A FEW OUTSTANDING BOOKS:
SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE, \$2.00
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

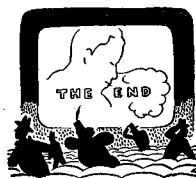
Vehicle Built for One

MONTY WOOLLEY, the noted feather merchant, has turned up in another picture apparently designed for him, in that all the action in it revolves around his patriarchal frame. Its name is "Life Begins at 8:30" and the chief character is a celebrated actor who has retired from public life to devote himself to the bottle. The script is by Nunnally Johnson, who has again seen to it, as he did in "The Pied Piper," that Mr. Woolley is not crowded off the screen too frequently and when on it gets a chance to make plenty of those saucy remarks which, next to his whiskers, are his most winning feature. Ida Lupino, as his daughter, has a good many feet of film of her own and does well by them, but the tufted old gentleman overshadows her even so. This is probably as it should be, since at the right distance, on his kind of track, his form is good.

The picture was adapted from a play by Emlyn Williams, and, as often happens in adaptations from the legitimate theatre to the other kind, it retains a certain immobile quality that is sometimes irksome. That is to say, there is not only very little change of scenery, considered so beneficial to nervous moviegoers, but also a minimum of advantage taken of any of the sly tricks a camera can perform. Members of the cast simply stand up there, nearly always in the same room, and talk to each other. To be sure, the excuse might be made that the old fellow and his daughter live a dull sort of life and that this point is being emphasized by cooping them up on the same old set all the time, but on one occasion the daughter comments on what a dull sort of life they live, which is almost enough by itself. Another complaint might be advanced—and herewith is—to the effect that Cornel Wilde, as a young man, and Sara Allgood, as his aunt, are too prone to deliver their lines as though reciting them in elocution class. Apart from these kinks, the picture is a pretty creditable piece of goods, frequently comical.

IN "Palm Beach Story," with Claudette Colbert and Joel McCrea, there is at least enough mobility, if not a great deal else. Not only do the people in it travel all over the East Coast by railroad and yacht but one or two of them fall down a couple of flights of stairs. With all this activity to recommend it,

you may not see how the film can go wrong, but it very often does. A promising bit will come along, such as an informal skeet-shoot aboard the club car of a Florida express, and then things will slacken off and leave you alone with your drowsiness. Rudy Vallée, when he shows up as a temperate playboy somewhere around the halfway mark, supplies a few good moments, and so does a small man with a four- or five-gallon hat, whose name is Norris, or Merrihew, or something in between the two. Colbert and McCrea are not quite up to their supporting cast. It is their unfortunate lot to be surrounded by giddy minor characters, and sometimes they are almost swamped. It's obvious that they're both too reasonable to enter fully into the waggish spirit of the whole project. So may you be.



VICTOR MATURE and Lucille Ball and quite a number of radio folk appear in "Seven Days' Leave," which has to do with a soldier who hears that he has inherited a hundred thousand dollars (he finds out about it through the radio program called "The Court of Missing Heirs") and then learns that the will calls for his marrying a certain girl. He woos and wins her in the course of a seven-day furlough (by taking her, for example, to the radio program "Truth or Consequences"). The moral of the picture is that a taste of television has the radio people so excited that, one way or another, they've got to be seen as well as heard. —DAVID LARDNER

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

Ralph Ingersoll, in PM, April 30, 1941:

The Mediterranean is lost, Suez and Gibraltar doomed. We are so certain of these terrible facts that for us it is as if they had already happened. We believe the brave little British Army can fight only a rear-guard action at the Suez Canal, and the garrison at the other end of the Mediterranean must yield Gibraltar. The Germans are moving hundreds of thousands of troops into position against them.

Associated Press dispatch from Washington, July 9, 1942:

Representative May of New York, Chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, said today that there would be no need for the army to induct married men or youths in the 18- and 19-year group. The information on which he based the prediction, he told reporters, was a military secret.



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IS ERNEST HEMINGWAY BIZCO?

OR HOW TO REVIEW "WHO'S WHO IN LATIN AMERICA"

DURING the past few months, while engaged in some good-will tasks for one of the larger governmental agencies, I have, in the line of duty, rarely let the sun go down without dipping into a volume entitled *Who's Who in Latin America*, a rather extensive biographical dictionary, now in its second edition, edited by Professor Percy Alvin Martin, of Stanford University. Its publisher is the Stanford University Press, an outfit perhaps lacking the promotional push of a Simon & Schuster, and I am not sure the book has had the attention it deserves. In an attempt to remedy this situation, I propose to compare Dr. Martin's work with its elder brother, *Who's Who in America*, I'm afraid to the latter's disadvantage.

For one thing, Dr. Martin has assembled a much cozier cast of characters. The familiar biographical charms of Nicholas Murray Butler and his fellow-celebrities north of the Rio Grande, for instance, seem to me a trifle cold when stacked up against those of Eduardo Barrios Hudtwalcker, Chilean writer and public man, who is "protector of intellectual property" in the National Library; Enrique Butty, professor of elasticity of the Faculty of Sciences of Buenos Aires; Zoila Aurora Cáceres, member of the League of Kindness and Culture in Peru; and Pedro Escudero, an Argentine physician, who lists himself as a member of the Association for the Study of Internal Secretions of Los Angeles, with heaven knows what lively memories of research in Hollywood. Furthermore, an agreeable, chatty tone distinguishes many of the write-ups in *Who's Who in Latin America* from the impersonal inventories of the A. N. Marquis Company publication. For example, José Abel Castillo Albornoz, Ecuadorian journalist, is a member of "all the important clubs of Guayaquil;" Francisco Goitia, Mexican artist, has in recent years "remained somewhat aloof from artistic and official circles;" while Balbino Adolfo Dávalos, Mexican lawyer and professor, "has been tendered a number of decorations of which he has accepted only two or three."

Nothing enlivens a work of reference more than something terribly mysterious, and the Latin-American *Who's Who* is peppered with mysterious passages. Take the one relating to Víctor Raúl Haya de la Torre, Peruvian po-

litical leader, who was a candidate for the Presidency in 1936, "on which occasion both he and his party were placed outside the law by President Benavides; from this time to the present [he] has carried on a clandestine but tenacious opposition to the government of Perú." How can Mr. Haya de la Torre be carrying on a clandestine opposition when here it is, set down in black and white, or at any rate in black? Or take the biography of Luis Carlos López, Colombian poet, which reads in part:

Sr. López' education was haphazard and irregular. He is popularly known in Colombia as "El Tuerto," not because he is one-eyed (tuerto) but merely because he is cross-eyed (bizco). He is the most famous of all the humorous poets of Colombia and founder of the movement known as "Imagism" in Spanish-American poetry.... A number of... works have been falsely attributed to him, notably Abajo las mitras, Aldo de crítica, El huerto de Nazaret, and the novel María Paz. Some critics credit him with the authorship of Posturas difíciles, Hongos de la riba, Proscenio bárbaro, and La vaca peluda. According, however, to the eminent Colombian authority, Samper Ortega, he is the author of only the first three works mentioned.

The fact that Sr. López is known as *tuerto* when he is actually *bizco* and that the precise writings of a leading contemporary South American poet are apparently a matter of conjecture is as haphazard and irregular as is Sr. López's education, and I prefer this colorful



vagueness to our own *Who's Who's* bland sins of omission. Is Ernest Hemingway cross-eyed? And has "Gone with the Wind" ever been falsely attributed to him? Has James Truslow Adams ever conducted a clandestine opposition to the government? Is Frank L. Polk, president of the board of trustees of the New York Public Library, protecting that institution's intellectual property, or is he just rummaging through estate papers down at Davis,

Polk, Wardwell, Gardiner & Reed? Does Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt belong to any League of Kindness and Culture? Lady Armstrong? Mrs. Sidney C. Borg? Who's in charge of elasticity at New Haven? *Who's Who in America* doesn't tell. These are grave lacunae in our knowledge, and we are the poorer for them.

Finally, the actual names in *Who's Who in Latin America* seem to be of a more memorable order than those in our



Evans presents "Holiday"—a dramatic Christmas arrival themed to wartime simplicity. It answers the new need for accessories that can lead nine lives. Styled in jet suede, and many other leathers, it's perfectly mated with suits, furs or the dressiest dress. The lacquered frame has been hand-rubbed and is available in red, black, brown, navy and tortoise with matching or contrasting lining. Complete with harmonizing lipstick, compact and comb.

Evans

SHE LOVES

chichi

the perfume that whispers "love me"

...witchery in fragrance...to quicken

the pulse and lift the heart

Renoir

PARFUMS, LTD., NEW YORK

local *Who's Who*. Luis Brieba Arán, Chilean army officer, whose father was Remijio Brieba Brieba and whose wife was the former Miss Ursula Bravo Bravo, contributes to this impression, and so does Commander Lucas Alexandre Boiteux, Brazilian naval officer, whose children, listed alphabetically and, presumably, chronologically, are Altair, Bayard, Colbert, Nelson, Norton, Ruyter, Solange, Yan, Yerusa, Yolanda, and Yvonne. Commander and Mrs. Boiteux seem to have got the idea of starting their offsprings' names with the same letter rather late in the game. Mr. and Mrs. Waldemar Martins Ferreira (the former Wanda Ribeiro), of São Paulo, have done a more consistent job, as the parents of Waldo, Wally, Wilma, Wonia, Webe, Wandina, Wilson, and Waldemar, Jr. It is only fair to point out that they also have a son called Ruy, doubtless named after a wealthy bachelor uncle. A less scrupulous editor might, in the interest of perfectionism, have blue-pencilled the lad's name. In allowing it to stand, Dr. Martin has proved himself a scrupulously accurate editor, and I hope he runs to a third edition. —GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

LABELLE—Hunters will be allowed to enter the Hendry county breeding grounds in the Big Cypress nine days earlier than at first announced, according to I. N. Kennedy, secretary, state commission of game and fresh water fish. Mr. Kennedy's first announcement set the opening date at Nov. 29. This has been changed to Nov. 20 which is the opening of the hunting season. Fur bearing and game animals and game girls may be taken.—*Fort Myers (Fla.) News Press*.

And nine whole extra days of it!

THE LEGAL MIND AT WORK

[From the Michigan State Bar Journal]

RULE 61.

That a new section be added to this rule, to be known as Section 3, reading as follows:

Sec. 3. Where there is more than one party plaintiff or defendant and any one party appeals each of the other parties to the cause whether on the same or opposite side as the party first appealing shall have the right by cross-appeal to take an appeal as against all or any of the other parties to the cause as well as against the party first taking the appeal. If said cross-appeal shall operate against any party not affected by the first appeal taken in the cause or against any party affected thereby in a different manner than by the first appeal taken such party so affected by said cross-appeal shall have like time thereafter to take a further cross-appeal as if the cross-appeal so affecting such party had been the first appeal in the cause.



*An American
Tradition*

**-HOME MOVIES
ON CHRISTMAS
NIGHT**

SOMEBODY brings home a film or two, for the home movie camera. Like evergreens and turkey, it's part of the Christmas ritual . . .

For Christmas is a time for "family." For gathering, revisiting, marking the changes, thinking over Christmas a year ago, two years ago. In hundreds of thousands of American homes, this is the day of days when the Ciné-Kodak is very busy.

Later, in the evening, comes the time for living over other Christmases. On the home movie screen, each holiday unfolds: the new baby's first Christmas; the year when Christmas morning was bright with the beauty of falling snow; the Christmas when Jack came home after his first long absence; Alice's last Christmas at home before she was married . . .

Year by year the record grows. This Christmas will add a priceless chapter—Christmas, 1942. Visit your Ciné-Kodak dealer . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

*Life is a movie—***CINÉ-KODAK** *gets it all*



"To the spirit of Christmases yet to come"

CONSUL: We'll all join you in that, sir. To a champion Dickens' Christmas in England when, with your help, we've whipped the Nazi Scrooges.

ATTACHÉ: And I'd like to propose a toast to our host and to his bonny country. Yes, and this bonny whiskey, too, that deserves a poem by none other than Bobbie Burns.

HOST: I see you're a Scotsman, sir—and from you that's a real compliment for our American Golden Wedding. You see, Golden Wedding is five of our finest whiskeys "wedded" into one. Each has been chosen for a special property—one for richness . . . one for bouquet . . . one for flavor . . . one for character . . . and one for tang. The

result is the *one* truly mild whiskey that I like to serve to my friends.

You, too, will enjoy serving mellow Golden Wedding. For its smoothness and lightness make it the perfect whiskey today. Give Golden Wedding—it will win you the warmest thanks. And, remember—it costs almost a dollar less than you probably expect to pay.



Golden Wedding

FIVE GREAT WHISKIES "WEDDED" INTO ONE

A blend of straight whiskies—86 proof. The straight whiskies in Golden Wedding are 5 years or more old. Copr. 1942, Jos. S. Finch & Co., Inc., Schenley, Pa. Tune In! Schenley's Cresta Blanca Carnival, Starring Jack Pearl and Morton Gould's Orchestra. Mutual Broadcasting System every Wednesday evening.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE ROLLING UMPY-SEVENTH-II

ODDBURY, or the place I'll call Oddbury, is one of those English towns in which every other house bears a plaque saying it was the home of a character in a nineteenth-century novel or the birthplace of a seventeenth-century poet. The largest inn bases its prestige on a mention in "Nicholas Nickleby," the next largest on its close association with George Eliot's grandmother, and the town's third inn rests its case on the simple fact that part of it was built in 1422. There is a river complete with swans, a number of churches with horizontal tombstones in their yards, and a battlefield on which one of the early Edwards, or possibly King Stephen, fought some dull opponent to a now generally forgotten finish. For all of these reasons Oddbury was a minor tourist centre before this war. The soldiers of the Rolling Umpy-seventh, a motor-truck regiment of the United States Army, are for the most part not historically minded. The Umpies, as they call themselves, though no one knows exactly how their regimental name originated, are colored troops, and a company of them is stationed, along with certain other troops, within a few miles of Oddbury. They find their amusement in the town's one cinema, its twenty-three public houses, and the walk by the river. White soldiers are to be seen in the streets and bars, but they are all British. The Rolling Umpies were the first American soldiers to be stationed near Oddbury. They got along all right until there was a small row with some white American soldiers at one of the town's biweekly dances for servicemen. After that Oddbury was put off limits for all white American troops except officers, and at the same time Evenbury, another town within bicycle range of the Umpy-seventh's camp, was put off limits for the colored soldiers. That meant that the Umpies were the only enlisted men of the United States Armed Forces permitted to resort to Oddbury after working hours. Also, since the Umpies' social instinct is highly developed, it meant that many of them would be in Oddbury every night. None of the Oddbury folk had understood the significance of the row, since nobody there had ever heard of a color line. The town remains sunk in its tolerant medievalism; the townsfolk and the soldiers of the Umpy-seventh even eat off the same tables at the fish-and-chips shop, the

only place in town that remains open after ten o'clock, when the pubs close.

I was visiting the motor-truck company's camp a week or so ago, and after supper at the officers' mess Captain Scott, who is the company commander, and I took a run into town. Scott, a white man from Austin, Texas, owns a string of garages in his home state and is a good example of successful casting by personnel officers. In the last war, I am informed, motor-truck experts usually wound up as dental officers, while dentists were put to work repairing engines. Scott is small, peppery, and easily amused; he throws his arms in front of him when he walks and emits a high, whooping laugh when he is pleased. A Signal Corps captain named Morrison, whose outfit was quartered just across the way from the Umpy-seventh (a narrow roadway divides white and colored troops in this particular camp) went into town along with us. Morrison, a tall and serious Oklahoman, takes a considerable interest in antiquities. He had even bought an old book on the history of Oddbury, he told me. It was shortly after six o'clock when we left the camp, and since we had three

hours of daylight ahead of us, Morrison thought it would be nice to visit the old battlefield of Oddbury. Scott, who favored an early call at the American bar of the Mitre, the inn mentioned in "Nicholas Nickleby," let out a mighty laugh when he heard Morrison's idea. "Let it go till some other time, Morrison, old boy," he said, "and I'll go down there with you and give you all the Indian arrowheads I find."

As we approached Oddbury in our jeep, we overtook a dozen groups of Umpies mounted on bicycles, silently and swiftly pushing on toward the evening's amusement. The business part of the town is confined to one long, L-shaped street, whose base ends at a bridge over the river. We drove to the Mitre, which is on this street and just inside the town limits. On the way I noticed a few colored soldiers, now separated from their bicycles, a couple of colored M.P.'s, and the top sergeant of the company, Booker T. Washington, a tall and eloquent man with whom I was already acquainted. Two or three of the soldiers were talking to girls, the clean, unpainted, village sort who look as if they might be shop assistants dur-



"I'm writing to Aunt Martha, dear. Is there anything you don't want me to tell her?"



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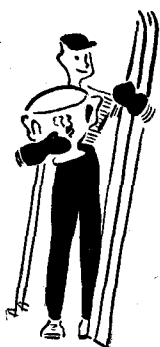
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ing the day. There were English soldiers on the street, too, some of them talking to girls of precisely the same type.

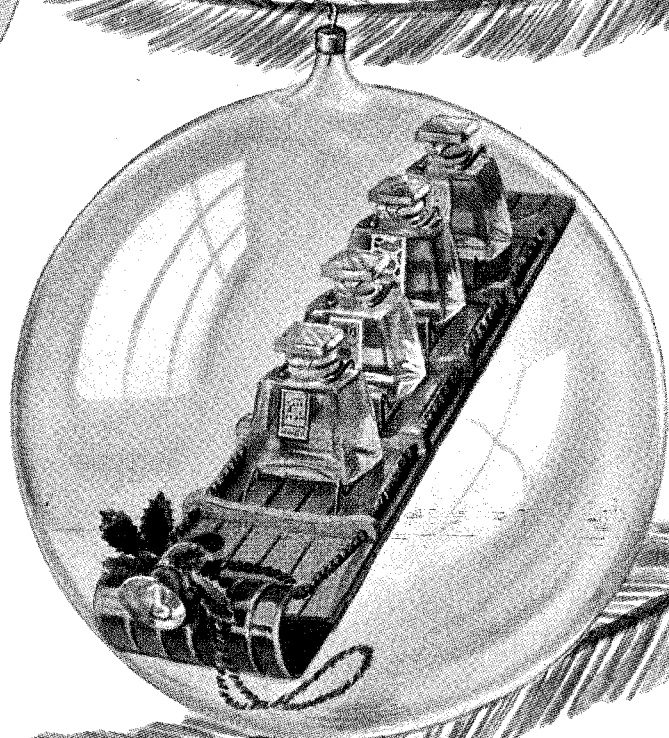
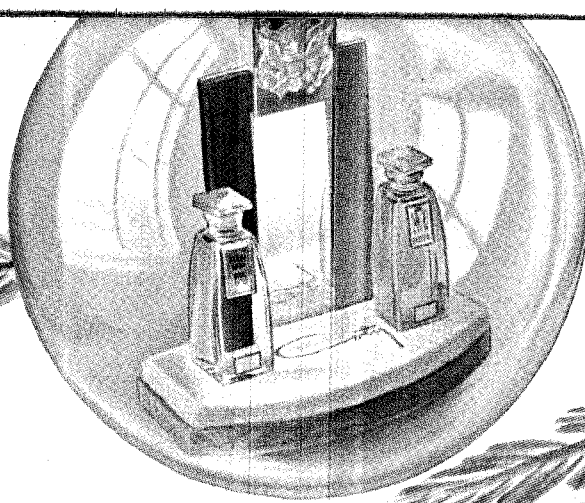
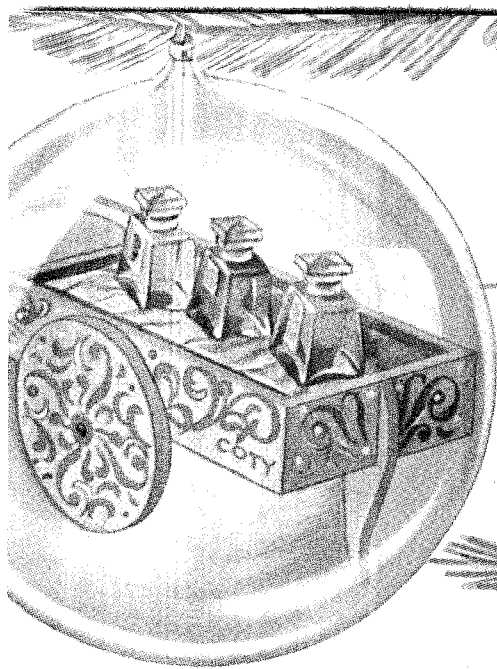
To get to the American bar at the Mitre, you walk through one of those curious English halls which have four turns, each masking a different number of steps, and which led a military critic I know to suggest that the best way to annihilate the German Army would be to quarter it in an English inn and then send it looking for the gentlemen's in the blackout. Either because of the perils of the approach or because officers are known to frequent the place, enlisted men, whether colored or British, seldom visit the American bar, which, incidentally, is about as big as an American telephone booth. But the Mitre's saloon bar, which can be entered direct from the street, is patronized by colored and British soldiers alike, without any apparent breach of international amity. The two American captains and I had a drink at the little bar, where we were wedged in next to two majors of the British Army Service Corps, the equivalent of our Quartermaster Corps. They congratulated us collectively on the smartness and good manners of our boys, meaning Scott's. Scott couldn't help looking pleased.

Then we went into the saloon bar, where we found a half-dozen privates and corporals of the Rolling Umpty-seventh having their 'arfs of bitter in a refined tourist atmosphere compounded of copper warming pans, fox-hunting prints, and old framed playbills. "I bet these boys never thought they would be in the Shakespeare country," Captain Morrison said sententiously. "I bet you never did, either, when you were back in Oklahoma City," said Captain Scott, and followed this statement with a whoop, which drew a severe glance from the woman behind the bar, who looked over toward the soldiers as if to call attention to them as an example of propriety. We slunk out, and regained our self-confidence only when we reached the less dignified precincts of the Farmer's Glory, down the street. A couple of the boys were there, too, buying orange squash for a pair of Canadian Highlanders and watching some Army Service Corps men play a game of darts. The captains and I had a pale ale apiece and wandered on along the street, stopping in at a couple of other places, where we found other parties of soldiers decorously and rather sadly sipping beer. I began to see what the company's mess sergeant, Rufus Grant, had meant when he told me that after-

noon about Oddbury's "absence of gaiety."

"The boys have to be back in camp by ten forty-five," Scott said. "It takes about fifteen minutes to get there on a bicycle." It was still light outside and before long Morrison said he wanted to see a seventeenth-century mill where the heroine of a minor poem had committed suicide. Scott yielded to his plea to go with him, but I went on to a neat little pub called the Word and Blow and joined a group of Umpties sitting at a table in the saloon bar. They had seen me at the camp earlier in the day, but didn't quite understand what my business was. When I told them I was a correspondent, one said that he had seen several movies about correspondents but the hero was always somebody like Joel McCrea or Cary Grant. He looked at me a trifle doubtfully until I reminded him that in movies about soldiers the hero was always someone who looked like Gary Cooper. The soldier, a small man with a large head and a scraggly mustache, agreed that things were not always as represented in the films and invited me to have a beer. The soldiers at the table were Northern boys and considerably more worldly than some of their comrades I had met that afternoon at camp.

THE soldier who didn't resemble Gary Cooper told me his name was Charles C. Elmore and that he came from the East New York neighborhood of Brooklyn. He was the company vehicle dispatcher, he said; every driver, on leaving the camp with a truck or a jeep, was supposed to hand him a slip saying where he was bound. "The Army is the longest job I've ever stuck to," he said. "Eight months." I asked him what he had been doing when he was drafted, and he said he had just got a job in a war factory, the best he had ever had in his life, at \$27 a week. "And I had just got me a flat and was booking a girl steady and bought some nice clothes," he said, "and then they got me. I certainly would like to have those clothes again and dress up in them even just for one evening. I never was a sharpie, exactly, but I dressed by the book. I studied *Esquire* a lot when I was in high school, and I used to dress on it, conservative. Just blues and browns and grays, and those thick-sole bro-gans to add a couple of inches to my height. I went to the Central Needle Trades High School to learn tailoring, and I studied the subject, but I never worked at it. I once worked in a cloak-and-suit house named Schwartz.



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We see them every day in our drugstore, grocery, delicatessen, or liquor store. The labels and wrappers get to be old familiar faces. And we get to know just what to expect in price and quality and satisfaction.

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To every user of fine whiskies the familiar names and labels of OLD GRAND-DAD, OLD TAYLOR, OLD CROW, OLD OVERHOLT and MOUNT VERNON speak a message of confidence.

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD TAYLOR

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

OLD CROW

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY—RYE OR BOURBON

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BRAND
STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

OLD OVERHOLT

STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY



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CONFIDENCE

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That Extra Something!

...You can spot it every time

Supposing you were Old Santa Claus. What a job you'd have! Chimneys waiting everywhere... youngsters' gift lists to be checked. The job certainly calls for that extra something.

You'd get tired and thirsty, too. You'd want that extra something in refreshment—ice-cold Coca-Cola. Well, you'd find it in many homes everywhere. You could help yourself at the icebox and be welcome.

You'd find thirst gone and refreshment arriving. You'd thrill to the taste so delicious and distinctive that it stands alone. You'd know you were enjoying all the quality that skill and choicest ingredients could put there. You'd find refreshment going quickly into energy. You'd be ready again to shout, "Ho, Prancer! Ho, Vixen..."

(You can pretend you're Santa. You don't have to pretend you're enjoying an ice-cold Coca-Cola. Have one!)

It's natural for popular names to acquire friendly abbreviations. That's why you hear Coca-Cola called Coke. Coca-Cola and Coke mean the same thing... the real thing... "coming from a single source, and well known to the community".



When you shop, you never have to shop around for refreshment. There's always one bargain you can count on... a bargain in a bottle... ice-cold Coca-Cola. Enjoy it and shop refreshed.



In remembering others, remember yourself. There's a package for you to open anytime... ice-cold Coca-Cola... refreshment all wrapped up in its own familiar bottle. Enjoy it often.



Happy moments at home are brighter when ice-cold Coca-Cola adds its life and sparkle. It's an old friend of the family ready to take off its cap and help out any time.



*The best
is always
the better buy!*

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But not tailoring. Just portering. I also worked some as a plumber's helper and once at running an elevator in a strike, but the strikers beat me up and run me away. I didn't like that job anyway. I never liked *no* job," Private Elmore concluded with refreshing honesty.

One of the other soldiers, Private Sylvester Thomas, of Washington, D. C., told me that he used to drive a truck for a lumberyard near Georgetown. The rest of the boys called him Mooch. "What I miss most here is good dancing partners," Mooch said. "The girls here dance all right in their fashion, which is waltzes, but it is too limited. What I would like is one evening at some big ballroom that I could really cut a rug." He looked reflectively at Private Elmore and then said, "Elmore, if you had just one evening in New York, free and, say, twenty dollars in your pocket, what would you do?"

"Starting before dinner?" Elmore asked.

"Yes," Mooch said.

"First I'd go to the Wellworth at 126th Street and Seventh Avenue," Elmore said, "and I'd buy me a big steak. Nothing else."

"And what would you drink?" Mooch asked.

"Rum," Elmore said with decision. "Just rum. Then, when I had enough rum, I would go up to the Savoy, and then later maybe over to the bar at Small's Paradise. And then up to the Hotel Theresa and get me a room and bath *with* a radio and turn on all that good music."

"That all?" Mooch asked.

"You said with twenty dollars," Elmore said. "Got to have something left to pay my hotel bill."

One of the other soldiers broke in to say that from his truck he had seen some English troops practicing sneaking up on a sentry. In this game the soldier who is acting the part of the sentry is blindfolded and stands with feet wide apart, while one after another of his adversaries tries to creep between his legs without his knowing it. "They couldn't do that to me," said another of the Umpty-seventh men. "No matter how dark the night is, if a man come up within six paces of me, even if I can't see or hear him, I know I would get a hunch all over me. I would shoot right out and slip away from him."

A rather dignified sergeant, the highest-ranking man in the group, felt that he should clarify the conversation for me. "The boys are always making jokes about how scared they are," he said,

"but don't take them serious. We're no more scared than anybody else. Or if some of the boys *are* scared, they ain't yellow. We'll stick. But what do hurt is that some few of the white boys—just a few, I say—resent that the English treat us just how they do *them*. It ain't democracy to feel that way. Why don't those boys study the 124th Article of War?" I asked the Sergeant what the 124th Article was. "The 124th Article of War say a soldier should adapt himself to unfavorable conditions," the Sergeant said. "Now, one of those boys that come from a certain part of the country, he might feel that if he see somebody be polite to me it is an unfavorable condition. Well, then he ought adapt himself."

I WENT outside. It was dark by now. I had promised to meet Scott and Morrison at the Mitre for a night-cap before they went back to camp and I went upstairs to bed. I found the two captains in the midst of one of those desperate little groups that cluster around English hotel bars just before closing time, like sailors hanging onto a life raft. Those who are not residing at the establishment are legally doomed to outer darkness when the hotelkeeper calls, "Time, gentlemen, please!" The others, the fortunate holders of keys to bedrooms, are allowed to move into the residents' lounge to talk and drink as long as the liquor holds out and they can induce anybody to stay up and serve them. Watching your non-resident friends prepare to be thrown out is like seeing a shipmate's numb fingers losing their hold on the edge of a raft. The group at the Mitre was predominantly military, including, in addition to Scott and Morrison, an assorted lot of Britons, a tall, silvery-haired American colonel, and a captain, evidently his adjutant. When the hour hand of the clock reached ten, the proprietor of the Mitre unhesitatingly weeded out the non-residents. Scott and Morrison were among the doomed. The survivors were the American colonel, his adjutant, myself, and a fat British major, whom the proprietor, however, proceeded to send off to bed because he had got fresh with the barmaid. "You've had enough, sir," he told the unfortunate officer. There is no appeal from the decision of a hotelkeeper at closing hour. His is the most arbitrary power granted to an individual by any English-speaking people. I said good night to Morrison and to Scott, who promised to send a jeep for me early in the morning. The adjutant went up to bed, and then the Colonel and I, the

Holiday Recipe!

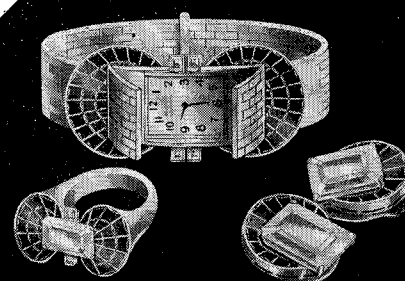


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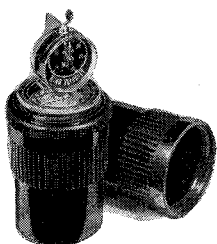
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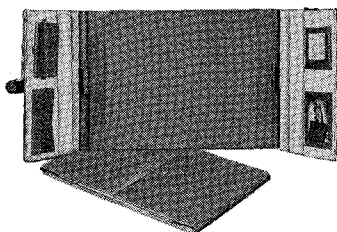
"Take this one"

And the tree should have color, lights, glittering ornaments and the clean scent of the woods around it. Beneath it, the gifts—packaged happiness, friendship, affection and love.

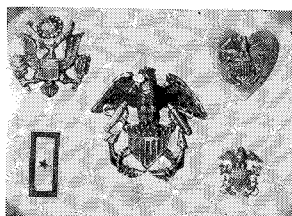
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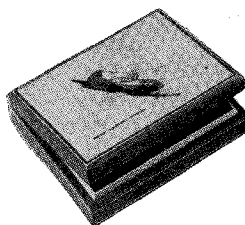


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CHICAGO STORE: **VON Lengerke & Antoine** 9 NORTH WABASH

sole remaining customers, moved into the lounge to make our last stand against the desolate night.

After we had settled down at our new base of operations, we got to talking about the Umpties. He told me that he himself had had a lot of experience with colored troops. "I've been in the Army thirty years," the Colonel said. "I come from South Carolina, originally, but I've travelled to so many different posts that Southerners say I talk like a Yankee, though Northerners still think I talk like a Southerner. In my opinion the colored troops are going to make one of the war's greatest contributions to the happiness of our country. I think that through the experience of this war we're going to learn to live together. I was an officer in a colored cavalry regiment in the Regulars once. Those old outfits have been pretty well thinned out to provide noncommissioned officers for the Selective Service regiments. Early last winter I brought a whole colored Quartermaster Corps regiment to North Ireland and commanded it there. Just before we sailed from the States, I saw a warrant officer from my old cavalry regiment, an old colored soldier with so many service stripes on his left arm that it looked as if he had a sleeve made of gold. He said to me, 'Colonel, these young colored boys that are coming into the Army are too educated and too smart, and when they get to mixing around there's going to be trouble. It won't work.' I told him, 'That's just where you're wrong. Thirty years after this war ends, there won't be any race problem in the United States. We'll all *respect* each other.'"

Tall and thin, slow-spoken, with long, fine hands and a slightly magnolia-tree manner, the Colonel looked something like a pre-1941 *New Masses* cartoonist's conception of a colonel. But he didn't talk that way. "People have got to learn to get along in the same world," he said. "I used to tell my boys in Ireland, 'You know you have two strikes on you. You'll get more criticism than anybody else if there's trouble. So be extra careful. But if there is trouble and it isn't your fault, I'll back you up.' The dances there had a very mixed character—American Army and Navy people, British Army and Navy people, civilian workers from the neighborhood factories, and American civilian workers. I used to warn my men to expect most trouble from the American civilian workers. 'If they get mad, they might go home to the States, and we need them here,' I used to say. 'You can't go home. So you put up



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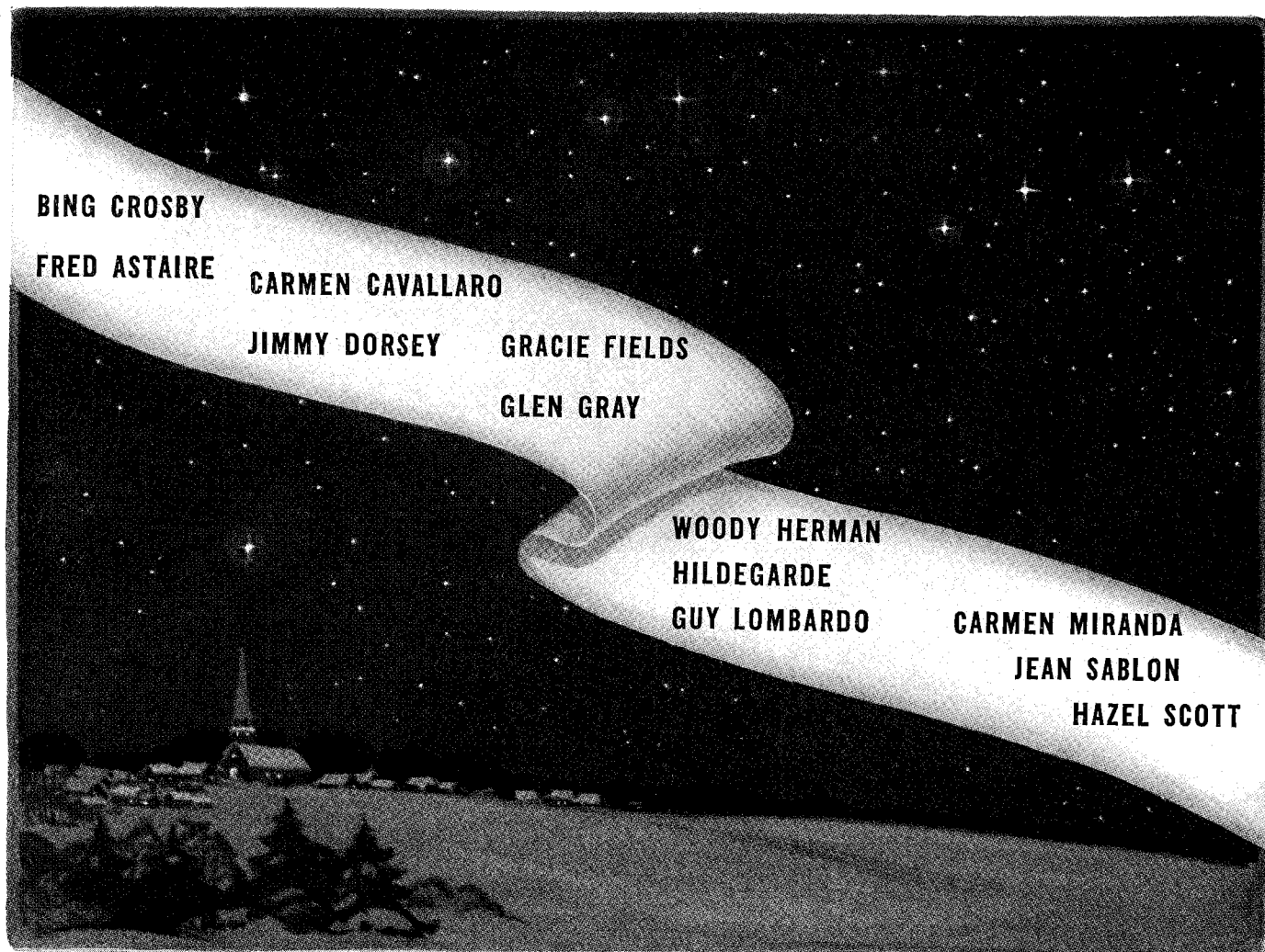
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WOODY HERMAN

HILDEGARDE

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(Including *White Christmas*, the hit of the year, sung by Bing Crosby). Bing, Fred Astaire and Bob Crosby's Orchestra (all from the original picture cast), plus John Scott Trotter, The Music Makers and Hal, and the Ken Darby Singers present the 12 Irving Berlin Songs: A-306, \$3.50*.

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Mama Eu Quero, *Bambu-Bambu*: #23132, 75c*... *Cae Cae*, *Arca de Noe*: #23211, 75c*... *Chattanooga Choo Choo*, *Boneca de Pixie*: #23265, 75c*... *Tie Tac do Meu Coracao*, *O Passo do Kanguru* (Brazilly Willy): #23266, 75c*.

†From 20th Century-Fox's "Springtime in the Rockies."

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Irving Berlin's THIS IS THE ARMY

ORIGINAL ALL-SOLDIER CAST, chorus and orchestra in selections from the show, including *I Left My Heart at the Stage Door Canteen*, *Oh How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning* (sung by Irving Berlin), *I'm Getting Tired So I Can Sleep* and *The Army's Made a Man Out of Me* (featuring Staff Sgt. Ezra Stone): A-340, \$2.50*.

*Prices do not include Federal, State nor local taxes. All Decca Album Sets complete with descriptive booklet.

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with them. They're only civilians. The other soldiers and sailors have discipline, same as you. They have to show it and you have to show it.' I would give leave to only part of the men at one time, so they would not saturate any particular dance and make hard feelings that way. We never had any trouble.

"Three of my fellows got up to Belfast one day without a pass. They shouldn't have gone, of course. A couple of white M.P.'s picked them up, and a white captain—a Virginian, I am sorry to say—got into the discussion and called them a lot of names he shouldn't have. My fellows resented it, and then he charged them with insolence *and* being in town without a pass. I went to bat for them. I said he had no right to call them names even though they were in the wrong, and, anyway, he had called them the names before he knew they *were* in the wrong. I reported him to the commanding general. I heard later from G-2 that a German station that broadcasts in English had given out a story that some of our colored boys had attacked a girl and had had a riot with the North Irish civilians. As usual, it seems, they'd heard of the M.P. incident practically before it happened, and, as usual, there wasn't a word of truth in the story by the time they'd twisted it. Then German agents in Ireland started a story that one of our boys had hurt a white soldier. We tracked it down and found there had been a fight between two white soldiers. It shows the importance the Germans attach to splitting colored troops from white troops."

After drifting away from the subject long enough to tell me about his wife's lifelong hobby of collecting Sandwich glass, the Colonel drifted back. "You often hear people making fun of the long stories colored men tell to excuse themselves for something or other," he said. "But when you get into the stories, you pretty often find there's something to them. A colored rookie will sometimes tell his story so badly that you don't believe him even when he's right. But another soldier will tell a bad story so well you believe him when he's wrong." I bade the Colonel good night and went up to my room feeling thoroughly hands-across-the-Mason-Dixon-line.

EARLY the next morning a jeep called at the Mitre to take me back to the camp, where I was to spend a few more hours with the men of the Rolling Umpty-seventh before my train left. The driver, a private from Meridian,

Mississippi, commented on the neatness of the English countryside as we drove along. "They got the grass trimmed right up to the edge of the road," he said, "and every morning the people out scrubbing the step and washing the window. Very clean people."

By the time we arrived at camp, some of the Rolling Umpty-seventh's two-and-a-half-ton, six-wheel trucks were already off on the day's missions, and from time to time others left the camp, singly or in small batches. Every driver, as he left, stopped in front of the dispatcher's tent and handed Private Elmore a slip of paper telling where the truck was heading. The trucks were going to pick up and deliver plumbing fixtures, anti-aircraft gun parts, desks for various headquarters, cases of dried sweet potatoes, boxes of field telephones, and all the other components of a modern army that is moving from one hemisphere into another to set up housekeeping. Every day is October 1st for the Umpties.

I looked up Captain Scott, who seemed more animated, if possible, than ever, and Lieutenant Dora, the red-headed lieutenant from Notre Dame who the day before had told me he enjoyed being with the colored troops. Dora was looking discouraged, and I soon found out why. "One of our vehicles hit a civilian truck over in Puddenhams yesterday afternoon and didn't report it until this morning," Scott told me, "and another one went off the road last night and turned over on account of no lights and being lost. We got a bigger percentage of losses than a fighter squadron. A convoy of ten trucks got in about eleven last night and Sergeant Grant and the cook gang had to get up and feed the men, and six more trucks that had got lost came in at three in the morning and the same thing happened, and then Lieutenant Iverson got in at five o'clock with another convoy. And then, when we turned out for breakfast this morning, Peewee, our mess orderly, our model soldier from Clarksdale, Mississippi, was missing. He showed up about fifteen minutes ago and has a long story about why he stayed out all night."

"That's what beats me," said Lieutenant Dora, class of '42, sorrowfully. "Me, who prides myself on understanding the soldier's psychology. And he just came back from a thirty-six-hour leave yesterday." At this moment Peewee, whom I had met the day before, marched up as if nothing had happened, saluted brilliantly, and suggested that the Major (meaning me)

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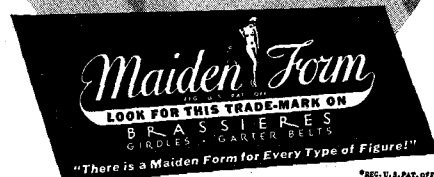
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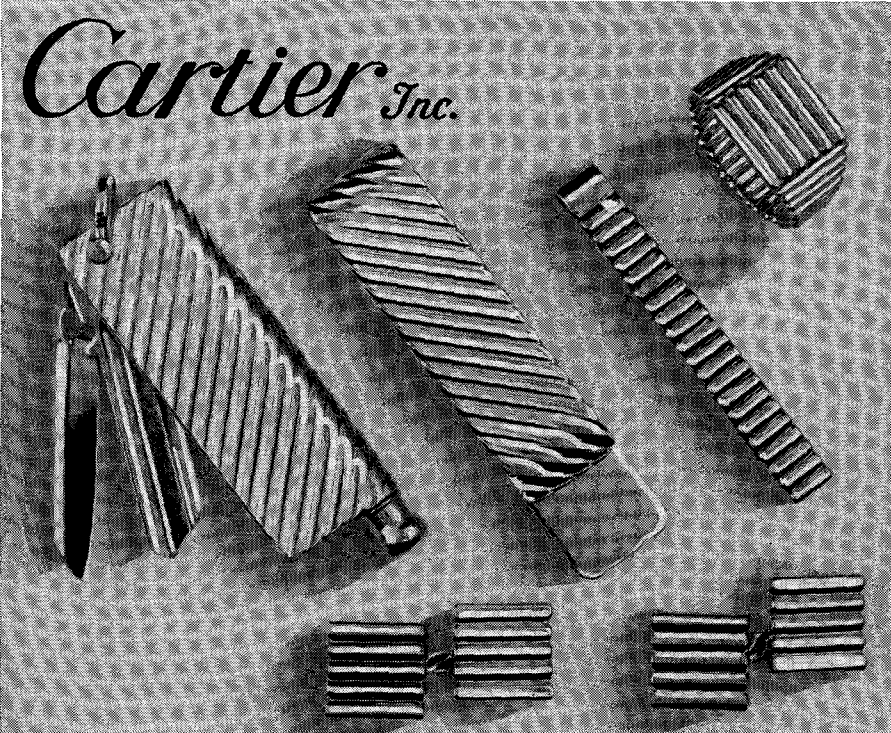
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"might like some coffee and three or four doughnuts." I knew that he wanted to get me off alone in the mess tent and tell me his story, so I said I wanted the coffee. Scott said that apparently I was hungry all the time and that he wished to God he was still running a garage in Texas.

As soon as Peewee had seated me at a mess-tent table and brought in coffee and eight doughnuts, he said, "There is something I would like to explain to you. Later maybe you might feel you would care to explain it to the Captain, sir. To tell you the truth, Brownie and I was out last night visiting some nice people, and it got dark before we knew it, and then we realized that we had no lamps on our bicycles. And you know the police here got a rule you can't ride on the road without a tail-light or they arrest you. So we knew that if we stayed there, we would get in trouble with Booker T., our first sergeant, and Captain Scott on account of not getting in all night. But yet on the other hand we knew that if we did not stay there and the police caught us on the road without lamps, we would get in trouble with the police. And we thought it would be to be preferred to be in trouble with our own people, on account of not to cause friction between our two countries. So we walked to a house where there was a telephone and telephoned the camp to ask Captain Scott if we could stay out, but the man at the phone said, 'Never mind waking Captain Scott now, he be mad. This the Colonel speaking and thank you very much for calling. It be perfectly all right for you to stay out.' But the thought just came to me this morning, sir, maybe it really was not the Colonel."

"Well, why don't you check up with the Colonel?" I suggested heartlessly.

"He didn't say *what* Colonel he supposed to be," Peewee said.

I told him it was a very unfortunate situation, and went away wishing that my friend the Colonel at the Mitre were around to help dope out Peewee's story.

—A. J. LIEBLING

(This is the second of two articles on the Rolling Empty-seventh.)

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[From the Baltimore Sun]

IMPURE COFFEE SALE CHARGED

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 9 (AP)—A 38-year-old grocery store operator was arrested today following a complaint from a housewife that coffee purchased from him contained ground glass.

OF ALL THINGS

THE destruction wrought at Pearl Harbor was more serious than we were told at the time. By comparison with what the rumorists have been saying, however, the engagement was practically an American victory.

Mussolini's speech in reply to Churchill was a pretty sorry performance. By rights, the address should have been delivered from the Leaning Tower of Pisa.

One day not long ago a United States submarine got so close to the coast of Japan that the crew could see a horse race going on. Some of the boys were tempted to go ashore and lose two dollars.

The Army has discovered that men over thirty-eight cannot stand the pace of modern warfare. Old gentlemen now in service will be allowed to totter home and take jobs on farms, in workshops, or on the Supreme Court.

Henceforth, our personal lives will be under the management of Manpower Chief McNutt. Paul will find out what we are doing and tell us to hurry and do something else.

It is revealed that Captain Eddie Rickenbacker ate nothing but half an orange in twenty-two days. There is a consumer that even Leon Henderson could love.

The Broadway show "Wine, Women, and Song" was liquidated because of undue nudity, and Doc Goebbels will have his own version of the affair. He will tell his people that New York plays are closing because there are not enough clothes for the actresses.

The Works Progress Administration is to be discontinued after a useful life of seven years. One remembers the simple, prewar days when people thought that the WPA was expensive.

The latest cut in the oil ration has been postponed five weeks. By that time everybody will be sitting around in a nice, warm bomb factory.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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THE HOUR I SPENT WITH THEE

LAST year I lost two rear teeth. Not wisdom teeth, real teeth. When I said to my friends, "I have to have a tooth out," they were sympathetic, and as I sat after the operation holding an ice bag to my jaw, they expressed pity. However, when I asked them to consider the plight of a woman with a complicated occlusion, their eyes glazed over, they looked around the room and began to talk about the Russian front.

After these extractions I went again to the dentist and came home with more bad news. "Oh, God," I said to my husband, "I have to have another tooth out to improve my occlusion."

"Your what?"

"My bite."

"Oh," said my husband, turning his eyes back to the newsprint. "Don't worry, darling. You have the best dentist in town. Do whatever he tells you to."

In his abstracted countenance I saw the detachment of a man who will not look at the ruins of something he once has loved.

Meanwhile my dentist was in ecstasy over my fantastic jaws. For weeks I went in and out of his office, sitting under the X-ray, biting down on horrible masses of plasticine, getting wired and fitted like a housing unit, listening to the dentist's assurances that my large and rather protruding front teeth must never be removed because of the shock to my friends if my appearance changed. Around me, as I sat in the dental chair, crowded his assistant, his nurse, and his technician, looking at my jaws coming together.

"Golly," they would say, "bite again, Mrs. Hale. Gosh, never saw anything quite like that."

Most people bite according to a plan. Their dentists know what to expect. I rang a thousand variations on the theme of occlusion, and nobody could ever tell whether molar would meet cuspid, or cuspid incisor.

My dentist was so fascinated by my case that he packed my impressions in a bag and went to New York to lecture on it. Then he submitted my mad occlusions to colleagues in the field of the bite, and returned home with a plan. Summoning his technician, who labored like Vulcan, in the cellar, he put him to work, and after weeks of arduous toil he inserted into my mouth a permanent arrangement of plastic and gold and wire which was to remedy my condition.

Well, it has. Although this contrap-

tion at first tasted like my electric toaster, it soon was part of me, like my wristbone or my ankle.

THEN a strange psychological change came over me. I wanted to brag about this addition to my structure—but how drag it into light talk? I said to my husband, "Can you see what he has put in my mouth?"

"Can't see a thing, darling."

"Look. Isn't it terrible?"

"Well, what of it? You don't go around with your mouth wide open like that."

"I'll have to stop laughing out loud."

"You will anyway," said my husband, "in this world."

This was true. As history overwhelmed us, I forgot my own disintegration, although at times I still longed for a confidante who might realize my peculiar predicament—that of an abnormal biter with a work of art aiding her occlusion.

Then came Pearl Harbor, and I mobilized. I joined a nutrition class and fixed up my house for the blackout, yanking heavy curtains back and forth and setting pails of sand on every floor. I even climbed up on the roof to see how to get at incendiaries. Much of this time I was not thinking about my bite.

THEN one night about nine o'clock, when I was alone in the house, my doorbell rang, and there stood a young man with a faintly familiar look. He was my air-raid warden, he said, and he apologized for coming at night because he worked all day long. I led him into the living room with that warming rush of patriotic welcome for one's brother in civilian defense and burst into a panegyric of my household defenses. He sat there, deferential, politely absorbed in my talk, his serious eyes fixed upon my face. Who was he? His name was new



to me, but I felt that somewhere our paths had crossed.

"It's a good job, Mrs. Hale," he said solemnly, leaning forward in his chair. "It must be really comfortable."

"What must be?"

"The appliance. I made that job in your mouth."

"You!" I said. "You made this—" My hand went to my jaw. Then I remembered. His was the face above the white linen coat which used to appear from the cellar and hover behind my chair. The technician! Excitedly, I rose to my feet, my hand still on my jaw. He remained calm and said, "He certainly did one beautiful piece of work on you, Mrs. Hale. I hand it to the Doc. You almost drove us all crazy with your bite here and your bite there. You must feel like a different lady."

I sat down and leaned forward. "You really think this thing is right for me?"

"It's a work of art. I've seen thousands of cases, Mrs. Hale, but never one quite like yours. You were a puzzle, but you certainly had one genius working on you. I mean the Doc."

"You really have confidence in him?"

"Say, he's the old maestro. Hasn't he changed your whole outlook?"

I said yes, he had.

"Believe me," he went on, "I've seen some awful things happen from faulty occlusion. People get symptoms—pains in the head, pressure on the brain, they even go nuts. Am I boring you?"

"Boring me?" I cried. "I have been waiting for you for months. You go right on talking, Air-Raid Warden."

What a fascinating hour we had! He went away without discussing my black-out plans and he hasn't been back since, but if a bomb ever lands upon my roof, I know what I shall talk about when he is hauling me out of the shambles.

—AGNES BURKE HALE

BEVERLY HILLS, Cal., Oct. 31 (INS).—Johnny Weissmuller, Tarzan of the movies, returned today to the element that made him famous—water. day jail sentence.

The former Olympic swimming champion was under court order to refrain from alcoholic beverages for two years. Backing up

Pleading guilty to a charge of the order was the threat of a 60-month.

tion, with the no liquor stipulation, for two years. His driver's license was suspended for a

—The Mirror.

He's swimming on his back now.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

CHRISTMAS GIFTS



WE have turned our attention pretty much to gifts for the youngest generation this week, and, frankly, it gives us a quiet feeling of pleasure to have done so, for we'll bet there isn't a Scrooge throughout the land who wouldn't confess to hoping that the children have a good time of it this Christmas, no matter what hell or high water may come to all the rest of us. But even in the unlikely event that you haven't a child on your list, read on, because we have also given some thought to the ladies and to music-lovers. After all, there's nothing wrong with them, either.

First for our weekly Christmas-season summary of what we've already been up to, for the benefit of readers who have had the foresight to hold on to their back numbers:

October 10th.... Gifts for men in the armed forces—here and abroad.

November 21st.... Christmas cards, stationery and playing cards, handkerchiefs, food for servicemen in this country.

November 28th.... Accessories in the big shops, highlights in the lingerie shops, gifts for men, art for Christmas.

December 5th.... Gifts for the house, jewelry.

Now we go in for:

Toys, below

Perfumes and the like, page 70

Our survey of gifts for children is rounded out in our "Books" department, where, starting on page 89, you will find thumbnail reviews covering, we believe, the cream of the season's crop of books for boys and girls. By turning to page 82, under "Musical Events," you should be able to discover recordings—classical and otherwise—to fill the bill for just about anyone who owns a phonograph.

Toys

ON the basis of what we've seen in the toy shops, we're happy to be able to report that, shortages notwithstanding, the youngsters are going to be done fairly right by. To be sure, some old reliables are scarce (you won't come across many bikes or velocipedes, for instance), but

the toymakers have done their admirable best to make up for the lack of metal and rubber by using wooden substitutes that in some instances are downright ingenious.

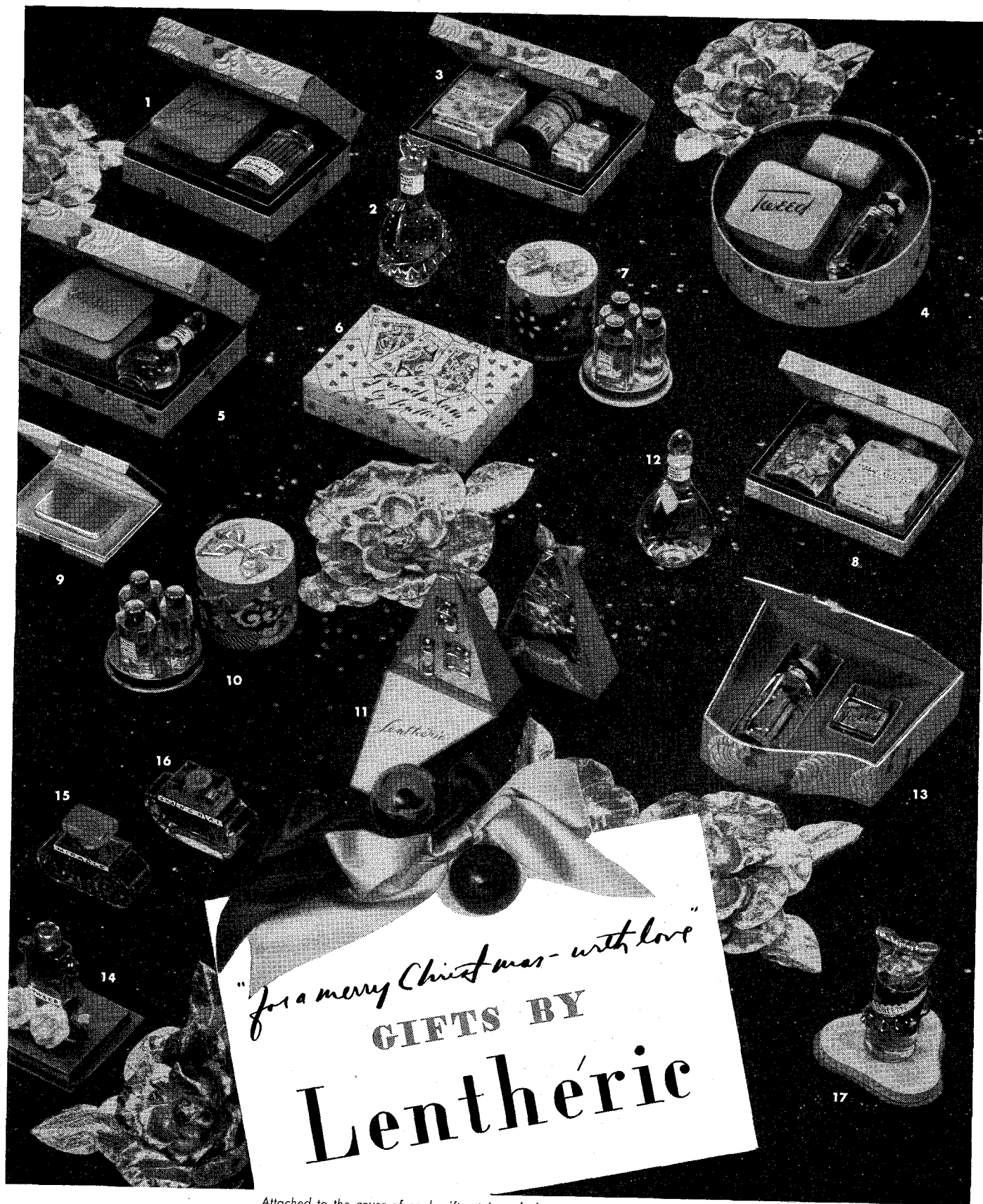
The war, of course, is responsible not only for the disappearance of those toys that you can't get but for the design of many that you can. Among the newcomers this season are the so-called Mili-Toys, which are made mostly of wood, mounted on three or four wheels, and designed to look like jeeps, PT boats, ack-ack units, and so on. Operated on the scooter or pushmobile principle and capable of taking all the punishment a young hellion can hand out, these are for kids of, say, four to ten, and cost from about \$20 to \$40, depending on the model, at such shops as Abercrombie & Fitch, Gimbels, Saks-Fifth Avenue, Stern, Altman, and F. A. O. Schwarz, 745 Fifth Avenue (58th). A clamor for child-size copies of the uniforms of the armed forces has been anticipated, and these, even including W.A.V.E. and W.A.A.C. outfits for little girls, are everywhere. There are W.A.V.E. and W.A.A.C. dolls, too, and the war has had such an influence on toy animals that Mr. Disney's Bambi, which would

probably have been way out in front at any other Christmas season, has been partially eclipsed by musical Army mules, Navy goats, and Marine bulldogs giving out appropriately and respectively with "The Stars and Stripes Forever," "Anchors Aweigh," and "From the Halls of Montezuma."

Although no more toy electric trains are being made, there are still some around at most of the big department stores, and the same is true of Erector sets. Schoenfeld Playthings, 1254 Lexington Avenue (85th), have an exceptionally good supply of both these childhood staples. Skates, for the time being, are reasonably plentiful—and very welcome. We note with not very mixed emotions the imminent passing of those gruesome newborn-baby dolls covered with a stuff that feels like human skin. In fact, to save our life, we can't shed a tear of regret as we inform you that that stuff is latex and that the government (without much difficulty, we should imagine) has found better uses for it. It seems that the experts who think up substitutes have been stumped good and proper on this one, and less power to them.

Most kids, we suspect, will be sorry





Attached to the cover of each gift set is a de luxe greeting card, in envelope

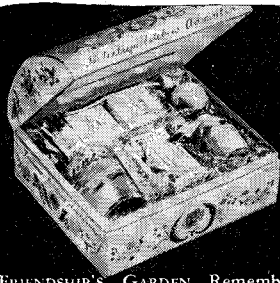
1. Gift Presentation, Bath Powder and flacon of Bouquet Lenthéric. Shanghai, Miracle, Tweed, or A Bientôt.....\$2.45 Confetti.....\$2.60
2. Bouquet Confetti, decanter..\$2.25 and \$3.50
3. Gift Presentation, Bubble Bath Salts, Talc, and Sachet. Miracle, Tweed or Confetti.....\$3.25
4. Gift Bath Presentation, Bath Powder, Soap, and decanter, Bouquet. Tweed, Miracle, or Confetti, \$4.75
5. Gift Presentation, decanter of Bouquet; and Bath Powder. Miracle, Tweed, Shanghai, A Bientôt, or Confetti.....\$3.75

6. "Grand Slam" (Tweed Gift Set), Racon of Bouquet; and Perfume Powder-Pact.....\$2.70
7. "Three Merry Messengers," (Snowflake Presentation). Flacon each of Bouquet Tweed, Miracle and Confetti.....\$2.05
8. Gift Presentation, Bubble Bath Salts, and Racon of Bouquet. Confetti, \$2.60. Tweed or Miracle, \$2.45
9. Sterling Silver Vanity (double), loose powder and rouge.....\$12.50
10. "Three Silent Messengers," flacon each of Bouquet Confetti, Tweed, and Miracle.....\$2.05

ALL PRICES, PLUS TAX

11. "Merry, Merry, Merry" Christmas Tree Perfume Trio (open and closed). Flacon each, Perfume Tweed, A Bientôt and Confetti.....\$4.40
12. Bouquet Miracle, in decanter. \$2.25 and \$3.50
13. Tweed Presentation, Perfume, and decanter of Bouquet.....\$10.75 In Confetti.....\$11.75
14. De Luxe Perfume Presentation, crystal flacon. Tweed, Miracle, Confetti, A Bientôt, Shanghai, and Pink Party.....\$10.00
15. Perfume Miracle.....\$4.50 to \$46.00
16. Perfume Shanghai.....\$5.00 to \$55.00
17. Perfume Confetti.....\$5.00 to \$55.00

Distinguished Tokens of Remembrance



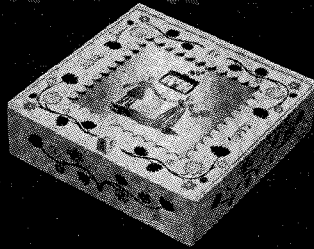
FRIENDSHIP'S GARDEN Remembrance Box—Toilet Water and Atomizer, Body Sachet, Toilet Soap, 2 Boudoir Sachet Tablets \$3.00



FRIENDSHIP'S GARDEN Toilet Water—romantic bouquet of rain-fresh blossoms in lovely, decorator bottle. \$1.00



OLD SPICE Shave Mug—9 months' average supply of shave soap. Wood-veneer chest. \$1.00 . . . Refill, 65c



OLD SPICE Mirror Box—Large bottle of Toilet Water with Atomizer, Powder Sachet, Talcum, Toilet Soap. \$4.50

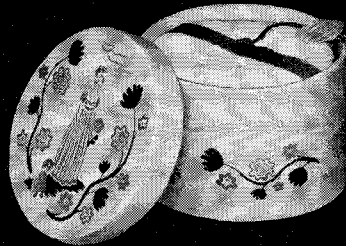
SHULTON GIFT SETS

in
EARLY AMERICAN

Old Spice and Friendship's Garden



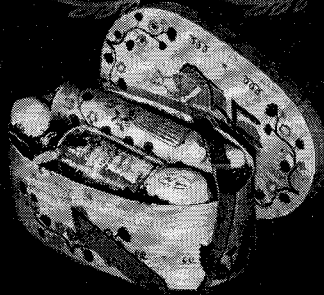
OLD SPICE Shave Soap in pottery mug. After-Shaving Lotion, Talcum. Wood-veneer box \$2.75



OLD SPICE Dusting Powder—roses-and-spice scent. Silken-soft texture. In colorful keepsake box \$1.00



OLD SPICE Shave Soap, Talcum, in sturdy pottery containers. Wood-veneer chest \$1.75



OLD SPICE Band Box—Toilet Water and Atomizer, Talcum, Guest Soap in gay "carryall" box \$2.00

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to hear that the entertainment in the toy departments of the big stores has fallen off somewhat. There's less of it than in former years and what there is isn't as elaborate as it used to be, but there is still plenty of fun to be had, just the same. Gimbels offers a ride on a merry-go-round and a prize package for twenty-nine cents, and the same benign Santa who has presided at the shop for the past eleven years is back again. McCree-ry's regular Santa is back, too (on leave from an airplane factory—no kidding), and the shop has installed some penny-arcade features: Charlie Chaplin movies in peepshow boxes (a penny a peep) and an air-defense shooting gallery where the young ones get three hundred shots at moving targets with an electric-eye gun (two cents). Lord & Taylor's attraction is a short ice show, presented daily at 11:30 A.M. and 1, 3:30, and 4:15 P.M., in which the skaters are dressed as penguins and give slapstick performances that are tremendous hits with youthful audiences. Stern's Santa is a ventriloquist with a dummy named Sandy, and between the two of them they decide (in the affirmative, of course) whether each child asking for a present has been good enough during the past year to deserve one. Macy has another of its adventure tours, this time a Pirate Treasure Hunt, in which the children visit mysterious caves and islands, meeting such famous characters as Davy Jones, Ali Baba, and the great Captain Kidd—twenty cents for the works, which includes a present.

And now for our list, which we hope will take care of every name on your list, from sixteen or so down:

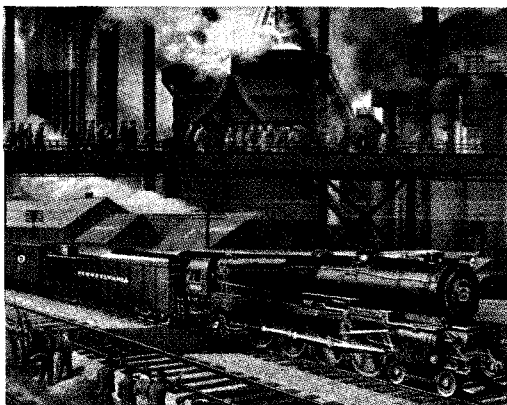
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH: This year's present to make an Indian giver out of Pop: a well-appointed bicycle-tool kit, with tire-vulcanizing equipment in addition to the usual wrench and oilcan—all in a case with straps to hitch it to the bike's saddle; \$2.50. A rotary printing press and a supply of ink, type, and picture cuts—everything for getting out a family newspaper; \$6. White, cuddly colts, some of the nicest of the soft toys we've seen, have manes and tails of red or blue wool and jingling bells for eyes; \$4. Exciting small-boy stuff: a Coast Artillery target game consisting of two sinister-looking cannon to fire wooden pellets at enemy ships, which topple over on hinges when hit; \$3.

ALTMAN: We know dreamy children who would love a snow-covered church that has a tall steeple and lights up as a music box within plays "Silent Night;" \$6.95. For the budding Schiaparelli: a fashion-design kit with a doll mannequin, fabrics, and Butterick patterns; \$2.95. Another kit contains knitting needles, crochet hook, tape measure, yarn, instructions for making a doll's

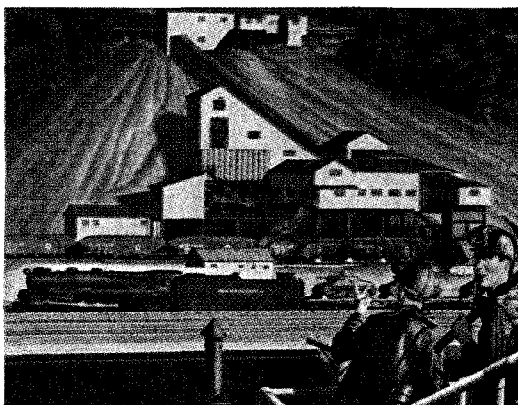


Report to the Nation...

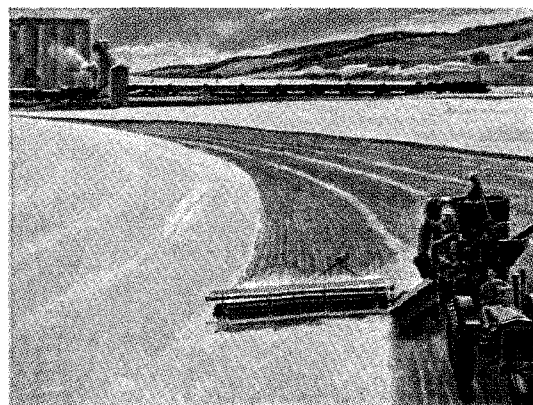
A year ago, when Japan struck at Pearl Harbor, some people had misgivings about the railroads. They knew the railroads had been through twelve tough years . . . that they had about 25 per cent fewer freight cars and locomotives than in 1929. Yet they were being called on to shoulder the weight of the greatest armament program in American history, if not in the world. Now, what does the record show? Briefly summarized, it shows this . . .



Today the railroads are delivering 110,000,000 tons of freight a month, the greatest tonnage in their history—an average of 3,600,000 tons a day—every day. Most of it, materials for war.



To keep industry going at top speed and homes warm and comfortable, the railroads have hauled 1,600,000 tons of coal a day—a greater load even than in busy peacetime days.



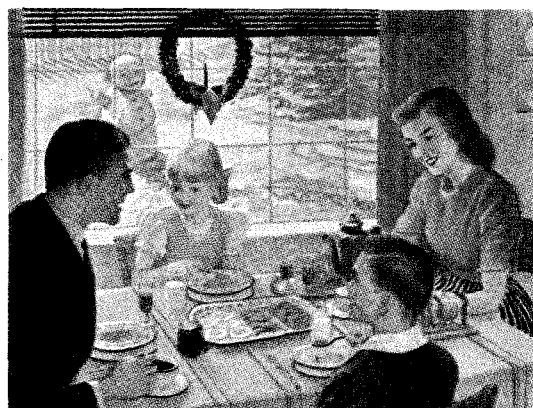
Although loaded down with huge war tonnages, the railroads were on the job, as usual, in the harvest fields to move all the grain and agricultural crops offered them for shipment.



Unexpectedly called in to "pinch hit" for oil tankers, railroads are rushing to homes, motorists and industry of the East over 800,000 barrels of petroleum daily—a feat hailed by the government.



Three times as many troops were moved in the first 10 months by train as in the same period of the last war—8,000,000. And this doesn't include soldiers traveling on leave!



Yet despite this unprecedented war load, the railroads continue to serve home needs smoothly and efficiently—they are carrying foods and commodities for all the homes of America.

One question still remains unanswered. How could the railroads do so much with so little? In the "lean" years they replaced the old with new . . . larger, more powerful locomotives . . . bigger freight cars . . . revolutionary automatic operating systems . . . modernized

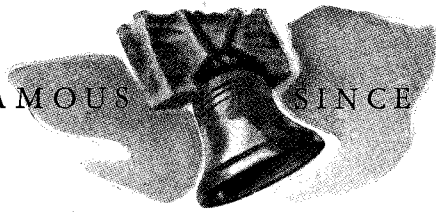
methods on a wide scale. Pennsylvania Railroad alone spent nearly \$670,000,000 in improvements. So, thanks to the courage and vision of railroad management, Uncle Sam had at his command practically a new railroad system when the call came . . . "keep 'em rolling!"

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sweater, and a pigtailed doll to wear it; \$6.95. Kindergarten-age play tables with stools have slots into which the youngster fits wooden people and buildings to make city or country scenes; from \$4. An electric needle (A.C. and D.C.) for burning out designs already drawn on wooden plaques; \$3.

ARNOLD & JOHNSON, 962 Lexington Avenue (70th): For the constructive urge: a carpenter's apron with pockets holding a hammer, screwdriver, pliers, nails, etc.; \$2.95. For an industrious small girl who wants to help Mother by tidying up the nursery: a three-and-a-half-foot-high cleaning cabinet, with a mop, carpet-sweeper, dustpan, brush, and a maid's cap and apron; \$6.95. For older but equally earnest types: a child's desk set, with a grownup-looking blotter, fountain pen and pencil, ruler, calendar, stationery, etc.; \$5.

BLOOMINGDALE: The shop's own baby doll, a success in past years, can still sleep and say "Mamma," and has now grown a bit older, judging from the little-girl dress and sweater she wears; \$4.99. Twenty-nine-inch glamour girls dressed to Stork Club standards; \$29.98. Doll-house furniture, expensive but nearing cabinetwork quality, includes a mahogany highboy with cabriole legs (\$5.98) and a beautifully inlaid grand piano that has a Swiss music box within (\$6.98). Eight composition blocks, designed by the late Tony Sarg, each with a bell inside that sounds its own note, enabling a tot with a good ear to play a tune; \$1.98. The parts for building a wooden parlor fleet—battleship, cruiser, destroyer, submarine, sub-chaser, and Coast Guard cutter—come with a brush and cans of gray and white paint to make everything look smartly regulation; \$1.99.

VELVALEE DICKINSON, 718 Madison Avenue (63rd): The exciting doll collection here ranges from museum antiques to modern high jinks. Costume dolls from countries in all parts of the world should appeal to little girls with big brothers overseas; \$1 up. Hardly for a hoyden: wooden dolls made in Queen Anne's day (around \$100) and stiff little early-Victorians with chamois bodies (from \$10).

EDUCATIONAL PLAYTHINGS, 20 East 69th: A jigsaw puzzle with a mere twenty pieces to put together to complete the picture of an airport shouldn't be too difficult for some fairly young sprout on your list; \$1.25. For his older brother there's a Weathercraft set, with a few simple forecasting gadgets—thermometer, barometer, hygrometer, etc.—and a booklet explaining their use in

doping out the weather; \$2. Infants will love a wooden drum and their mothers will admire the unusually soft note which its rubber-tipped stick produces; \$1.19. The times have changed, but kids in the Park still like hoops, and there are some here with bells on them; \$1.35.

FRANKLIN SIMON: Toddlers' toys in the children's clothes shop include a pink plush kitten that has green eyes, paws, and ear linings, and couldn't be more cuddlesome or beguiling; \$1.20. For the slightly older tot: a dressy small doll with long hair, an organdie dress, and a fur-trimmed coat and matching bonnet; \$4.50.

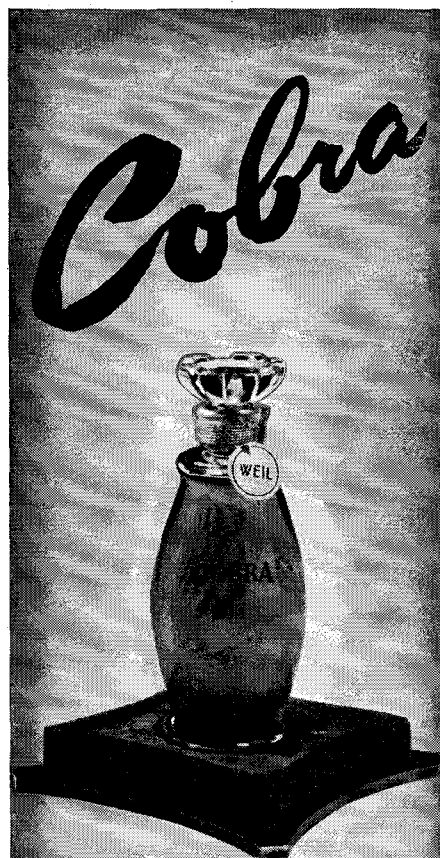
GIMBELS: Two gifts for the boy with the derring-do spirit: a punching bag on a stand (\$3.98), and sheets of cardboard with the outlines of thirty-three pieces of fighting equipment (Flying Fortresses, PT boats, tanks, and the like) which can be cut out and quickly assembled for rug maneuvers (\$1). Those little Story Book dolls (Goldilocks, Cinderella, Alice, and about a hundred more) cost from sixty-five cents to \$2.49 and are darlings, every one. Holgate blocks—just good, plain wooden building blocks, but what kid ever grew up without them?—are \$1 and \$1.98 in muslin sacks. A four-room composition doll house, with cardboard furnishings and dry-cell lighting, is no heirloom job but fun and only \$2.98. Always a possibility: a Kiddie Car; \$3.49.

GEORG JENSEN, 667 Fifth Avenue (53rd): Among the Boysen toys, now American-made of fine hard maplewood, is a locomotive and three cars (with lifting roofs to satisfy that urge to see inside), which roll on wooden tracks and are large and sturdy enough to be sat upon by a two-year-old owner; \$1.50 for the train (track extra), and there are all sorts of accessories, such as bridges, ferries, turntables, and switches, to solve the birthday-present problem later on.

LORD & TAYLOR: A Christmas-angel doll, with a luminous face and eyelet-embroidered wings, tinkles "Silent Night," looking very unangelically roguish the while; \$7.95. Walt Disney's Joe Carioca, a professorial fabric parrot somewhat resembling Ed Wynn, is dressed in a green velvet suit and black tie and carries an umbrella; \$10. The new Gilbert Mysto Magic set (remember yours?) provides the props for card, bottle, and coin tricks—a whole bag of them, only it's a box; \$5.

MACY: A new washing machine (which is more than Mother is likely to get) is finished in white enamel and really works when you put in water and turn a crank; \$3.09. To go with it, a convincing copy of a grown-up kitchen stove with pots and pans (\$1.79) and a fine kitchen sink with a cabinet, drain pan, dishes, dish rack, and dishcloth; \$1.86. A long-legged debutante doll, very elegant in a pale-yellow party frock, taffeta slip, and gold leather sandals; \$4.68. A streamlined red metal fire engine, operated by pedals, has a clapper bell and detachable ladders; \$16.94. Rarity: a boy's bike (five- to eight-year-old size) with coaster brake; \$33.95.

MC CREERY: Eager small pilots-to-be will welcome the Aviator's Cockpit, a card-



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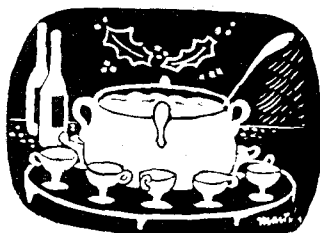
board copy of a real plane's instrument panel, with joy-stick, to be set up on the parlor table; \$1. A wooden garage, with a ramp to the storage space on its roof and two gas pumps which need never know rationing; \$4.98. Among a good collection of sleds is a five-foot Flexible Flyer with a bumper; \$8.95. Soft, golden, fleecy Teddy bears, almost as nice as the one *we* loved; \$2.33, and washable, within reason.

NEW YORK EXCHANGE FOR WOMAN'S WORK, 541 Madison Avenue (54th): Doll-sized copies of those canopied bassinets which the Exchange makes up in lace and ribbons for real babies; \$6.75. Infant dolls, painstakingly dressed by expert needlewomen, either as girls in long dresses with silk coats and bonnets or as little boys in knitted suits, caps, and booties; \$19.80. Enchanting Brownies—soft, elfin creatures made of stockinet, with shyly mischievous faces and wired arms and legs; \$1.10.

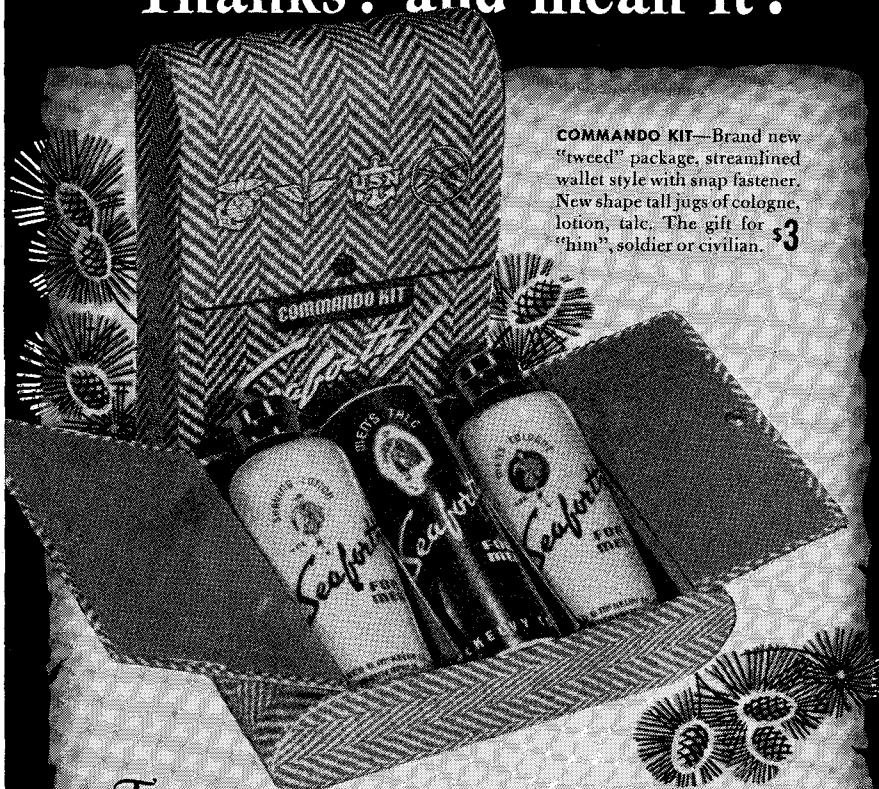
SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE: Brother-and-sister rag dolls, dressed alike in striped jersey pullovers; \$11.90 for a pair of these neat little twins. A high chair for a large doll (\$8.95) or a double-decker bed for two of them (\$19.95). A doll-sized ironing board, with an iron, dampening pan, and clothespins; \$3.95. A mineralogy set (and don't think there aren't girls who like this sort of thing, too) with a hammer, magnifier, testing chemicals, and forty mineral samples to go to work on; \$5. A nice Swiss music box with a disc for playing one tune (\$13.95); a set of discs with eight other tunes for the same box (\$3.95).

F. A. O. SCHWARZ, 745 Fifth Avenue (58th): Dolls with luminous costumes that glow after the lights are out to reassure drowsy little girls; \$3. Jeannie Walker is a nineteen-inch young lady who can walk (with assistance) and whose tiny paws are magnetized so that she can clutch her book, blackboard, and half a dozen other gadgets; \$9.45. A pioneer settlement with a blockhouse, stockade, post office, settler's cabin, and bridges made of miniature logs, together with some metal settlers; \$11. Black or white plush mother cats (\$4.75) with enchanting black, white, or tabby kittens (\$3). Uniforms galore, among them one for an airplane hostess (\$6.95) and another to turn some husky young sprig into an M.P., with billy, pistol, and arm-band (\$3.50).

STERN: Two charmers in a whole colony of splendid dolls: a pigtailed little girl in gingham, wearing a straw hat and carrying a schoolbag (\$2.98), and a party girl with a sparkling bouffant frock and plume headdress (\$5.49). For a young lady who is seriously interested in sewing and dress design: a twenty-inch mannequin, with patterns and an 88-page book with instructions for making her wardrobe; \$1.69. An Army of-



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ficer's uniform with a Sam Browne belt and visored cap is pretty close to the real thing, as it's made from sub-standard Army cloth, which is still plenty O.K. for play purposes; \$3.49.

STRAUSS SHOPS, 257 Fifth Avenue (29th): A private telephone system, consisting of two handsets, thirty-five feet of wire, and four dry-cell batteries, to facilitate those *very* secret room-to-room conversations; \$9.50. Old-fashioned kaleidoscopes, missing these many years, are around again—and we, for one, are glad; forty-nine cents. A medium-sized shuffleboard game with eight discs and four pushers, to give the young a taste of what it's going to be like when the cruise ships start south again; \$2.98.

YOUNG BOOKS, 714 Madison Avenue (63rd): Filled stocking for a *doll's* Christmas, for a change; \$1. A box with an assortment of boy's treasures, including a telescope, cop's whistle, magnifying glass, flashlight, sturdy knife, and compass; \$5. The Airport, a new version of last year's popular play tent to slip over a card table, has a hangar—weather vane and all—painted on its canvas sides and top; \$2.

Perfumes and the Like

THROUGH the ages the songs of poets and the stutterings of Babbitts alike have proclaimed the fact that men like their women to look, be, and smell sweet. The male feeling in this regard is apparently not a matter of proximity, if excerpts we've read from a lot of V-mail are any criterion. Faraway men want to have in mind the most romantic possible picture of the girl they left behind them; the girl wants to be as attractive as possible, whether there is anyone around or not—and if she has reluctantly put aside the purchase of cologne as a frivolity in favor of buying War Stamps, the gift of it will be more welcome than ever. It might be well to remind all men that, with the possible exception of unexpected flowers, the present of perfume or some kindred offering has always done more for the feminine ego than anything else. Moreover, such gifts can be trifles that need not strain the pocketbook of even a buck private.

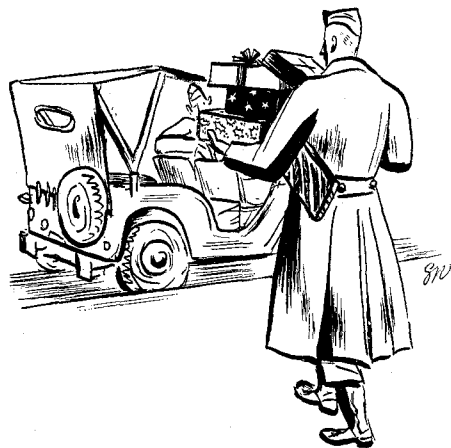
As is natural in times when men rule, the swing in perfumes is away from the panting, come-git-me, exotic types and toward scents that are sweet but not in the least ingénue. Matchabelli's new triumph, Stradivari, though luxurious, has a haunting, plaintive quality that is divine. Elizabeth Arden's Mille Fleurs is floral, all right, but possesses plenty of character and comes in the most wonderful boxes, whose tops look like old-fashioned glass-covered floral paperweights. Lelong's magnificent new Si-rocco has a strong, brisk verberna tang. Suzy's Golden Laughter possesses the in-

sistent femininity of jasmine; her brand-new Bandbox has a touch of lily of the valley and a hint of gardenia—it's wonderful. (Bonwit should have this any day now.) Then there is Mary Chess's Strategy—dry and sophisticated—which comes in a bottle shaped like the knight in a set of chessmen. And, for women of every type, a new wow is D'Orsay's Intoxication, which has pep and dreaminess, nicely combined.

Other scents, not new this year but introduced fairly recently, are spiritedly challenging long-standing favorites. Arden's It's You, which is exhilarating, is coming up fast on the inside next to her beloved Blue Grass, and Lenthéric's Confetti, a lovely and lasting light perfume first presented about two years ago, is giving the same firm's popular Tweed a run for its money. Ciro's New Horizons, another beautiful floral blend, rises in favor daily. It would be misleading to say that there is nothing exotic around any more, however, for Weil's Cobra remains sultry (but not too demanding), and sirens continue to adore Dana's Tabu, while Charbert's latest triumph, called Breathless, lives up to its name.

Many of the old, old favorites from France are, surprisingly, still available. Here and there, you can still find things like Guerlain's Shalimar and L'Heure Bleue, Patou's Moment Suprême and Joy, Chanel's No. 5 and Gardenia, Worth's Je Reviens, and Lanvin's My Sin.

For the bath, almost every good house makes soaps, colognes, toilet waters, and dusting powders in its favorite scents. A new manifestation is a craze for bath mitts, some filled with talc and others with soap and water-softener and herbs. In general, of course, the fragrance in mitts is highly feminine. Elizabeth Arden and Mary Chess have lovely ones in various scents that all women covet; De Markoff's float, for heaven's sake. Frances Denney's Whirlwind mitt has



"Oh, dear! And we didn't get anything for him!"

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a foresty tang and, unlike most, can be bought with six refills. The maddest version of dusting powder is Lelong's Lollipop, a stick topped by a giant terry bag which is filled with the stuff and keeps it from flying all over the place. Bubbling baths continue in favor. Kathleen Mary Quinlan has a foaming bath oil in her Forget-Me-Not scent (lots of lilac and apple blossom, and we think it one of the best) and puts it up with a cologne and talc at the low price of \$2.50 a set. For brisk, wake-up, old-fashioned bath scents, we commend, as always, Elène of Vienna's pine (there is also a pine air-purifier that does wonders for stale, smoky rooms), along with Jean Naté's Friction pour le Bain, a strong, cologne, and refreshing scent that costs as little as \$1.10 for a good-sized bottle. The Herb Farm Shops at Altman and Bonwit Teller have a pomander that is exceptional and a lemon essence that could snap you out of all but the most serious slump.

Perfumes and colognes are done up in every kind of way to give both old and new favorites a gay and gift-y guise. Coty presents his great favorites—the surefire L'Aimant, Paris, L'Origan, and others—in two small bottles resting in a pair of wooden sabots (\$5), or in four bottles on a wooden toboggan (\$10). Schiaparelli puts three miniature bottles of her noted perfumes—Shocking, Sleeping, and Salut—in a heart-shaped, padded, valentine sort of box you'd keep around for jewelry, and calls the set Suit Yourself (\$7.75); similar bottles of either Shocking or Sleeping, for the purse, make good stocking gifts (\$3). Mary Chess's new Strategy reappears in bottles shaped, this time, like chess pawns; \$1.50 each, or \$10 for eight of them on a miniature chessboard. Lelong presents six diminutive bottles of his favorites in a mirror-backed corner cabinet made of white wood, and any decorator would approve of it; \$25. Elizabeth Arden loves things you can add to the Christmas tree, like tinsel stars with perfume inside (\$3) and a cornucopia with a Lucite-topped lipstick (\$2.25). What is apparently a white cake with red-and-green frosting and a single candle turns out—surprise, surprise—to conceal a giant piece of Arden's June Geranium soap. Charles of the Ritz's shiny green satin cornucopia contains soap, dusting powder, rouge, and lipstick; \$5. Matchabelli comes forward with one of the loveliest gifts of the year—a box in the form of a tambourine with tinkling bells that shelters a bottle of cologne in his new spicy Gypsy Patteran scent; it's



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\$1.25, and we can't think of any woman who wouldn't adore it.

The soap people still love their monkey tricks, too. The Kerk Guild makes soaps that look like strawberry, chocolate, and vanilla ice-cream cones. (Six for \$1 at Lord & Taylor.) Helena Rubinstein's Heavenly Choir consists of six pensive soap angels; \$1. Lightfoot offers a soap rolling pin, called—and here's a gag for you—Home Defense; \$1. Dorothy Gray does up three soap flowers in a blue rayon-faille case that women will want to use for handkerchiefs when the rest of the gift is gone; \$1.50. For guest rooms, Matchabelli has a Cellophane bag full of miniature soap crowns (\$1), and Lord & Taylor present soap shaped like mints in a long candy box; \$1.25.

Sachet novelties include Charles of the Ritz's Queen of Hearts, in which the royal lady of the card decks is painted on a white satin pad (\$2.50), as well as his little loose-leaf book whose pages are paper-covered Moss Rose sachets with prim mottoes on them (\$2). Mary Chess's sachets are always notable, and this year her inexpensive gimmick is a set of four to tie on clothes hangers; \$2. Her Scented Lacquers (heliotrope is a great favorite) remain unique; you paint them on the wood inside dresser drawers, you know, and they scent the contents for ages in the most heavenly fashion. Schiaparelli's super-doooper sachet is a large scented satin folder in Sleeping Blue or Shocking Pink, with pockets for lingerie, handkerchiefs, and all; \$15. Shulton's version of smelling salts, in an antique, ring-shaped bottle, is fun; \$1.

And now for a synopsis of what's what in the world of scent:

ELIZABETH ARDEN: In addition to her Mille Fleurs and Blue Grass, there's Flower Mist, and all are to be found in colognes, sachets, and the like. Her Fluffy Milk baths have never been topped, we think.

BENDEL: Checkmate is a thoroughly feminine and soft scent; the Jasmine is one of the best we know. Floating bath soap, now domestically made in Gardenia, Jasmine, and Checkmate, is new and delicious.

BOURJOIS: The new Courage, for carnation-lovers, and Mais Oui, still a favorite among women who like gaiety with their sex appeal.

CHARBERT: Grand Prix is one of the nicest floral blends we've ever come across, and Amber one of the most mysterious. Giant drum bottles of cologne in noted scents like Gardenia and Carnation, as well as Of Thee I Sing, a surefire one for both men and women; \$4.50 and \$10.

MARY CHESSE: The towering star-shaped bottles of cologne at \$5 are sensational always. Toilet waters in outdoors scents, such as Sagebrush and Green



There'll always be a Christmas



From the dawn of Christian civilization down through the ages, to this moment when hatred again has split the world asunder, neither latitude nor longitude, nor time or place, has dimmed the glory and the spirit of this day. ☆ ☆ ☆ More significant than ever is the symbol of giving which ancients and moderns have observed in commemoration, and at this Yuletide, when the future is vague but faith and hope are strong, no gift can be more significant of courage and trust, than the priceless gift of time by Rolex. ☆ ☆ ☆ Make this Christmas the most memorable of all with the gift of gifts by Rolex. Let a leading jeweler show you the Rolex Oyster Perpetual, the Oyster, and a few other superb wrist watches. Each Rolex Chronometer* carries with it an official timing certificate. For those who deserve the best, a Rolex is a prized possession . . . \$75 to \$500

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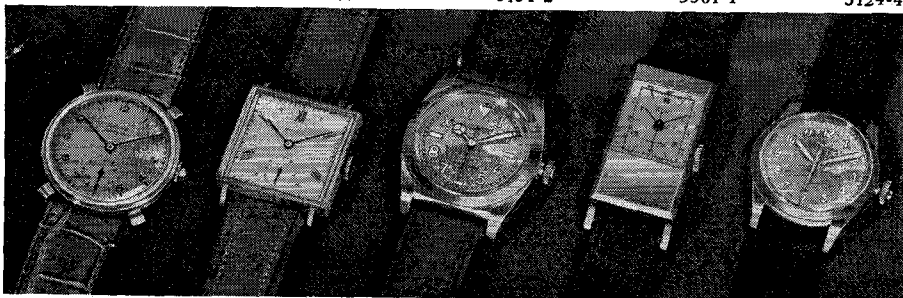
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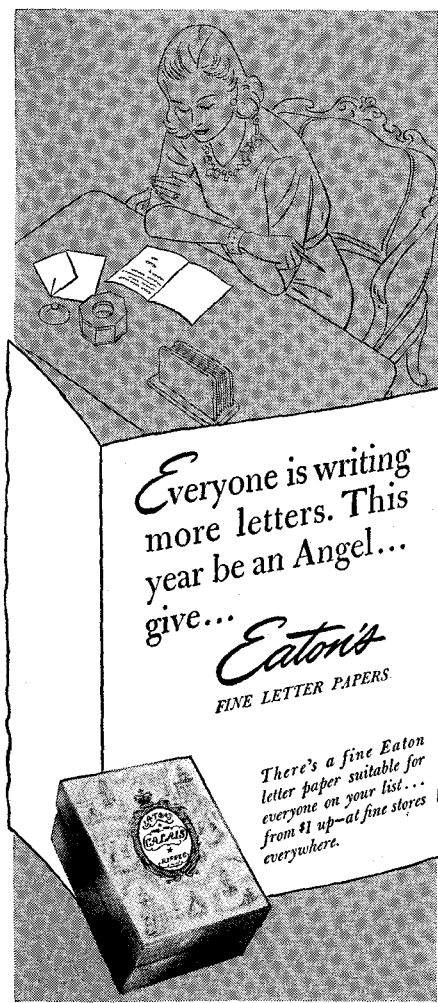
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Walnut, are designed for men but are equally popular with women. The Ultimate is the Chess chest containing twenty-one vials of bath oil in floral, Oriental, and blended scents; \$12—and tell Her she can use it instead of perfume on her hair or furs.

CIRO: Danger still has dusky allure; New Horizons is for lovely but less languorous women.

CORDAY: Jet is for gals who own, or yearn for, sable; Tzigane has gypsy spice and fire.

DE MARKOFF: Delicious floral toilet waters in pale wooden packages, and satin-covered jasmine soap.

FRANCES DENNEY: Her jack-in-the-box, when opened, pops up with a bottle of You and I or Wild Rose; \$3.50. Her Whirlwind (with its hint of the forest) comes in a cream cologne and her Night Life (with its strong carnation tinge) makes a bubbling bath.

DE TUVACHÉ: Her Jungle Gardenia is one of the sharpest of its kind, with lots of tuberose and let's-go. Lovely odors in bath oils and skin scents, with names that are as timely as they are tropical—Algiers, Moroccan Rose, and Sumatra. (Saks makes much of her.)

D'ORSAY: That Intoxication we told you about is more subtle than the name sounds. And, of course, there's the perennial Le Dandy.

MARY DUNHILL: Her Gardenia is one of the great ones and her White Hyacinth avoids the pitfall of being too sweet. Bottles of colognes, with two or three initials put on while you wait; \$1.75 and \$3.

ESMÉ: Green Eyes is a fruity and somehow green sort of perfume for glamour girls. (Bonwit Teller.)

FABERGÉ: Aphrodisia (luscious) and Woodhue (carnation type) come as straight perfumes as well as colognes that have a high perfume content and are held in towering cylindrical bottles.

FLORIS: Those notable English colognes—inexpensive and authentic renditions of violet, honeysuckle, Roman hyacinth, rose geranium, heliotrope, and night-scented stock. (Lord & Taylor have a lot of them.)

GOURIELLI: Packets of water-softeners in pine or gardenia, to be squeezed under the roaring faucet; \$3 for six. An emulsion for chapped hands or face appears in an old-fashioned pharmaceutical jar to enhance its charm; \$3. (Lord & Taylor and Gourielli, 16 East 55th Street.)

DOROTHY GRAY: Nice things for the bath, like a set of her mimosa dusting powder, cologne, and cakes of soap; \$3.

ANN HAVILAND: Gardenia addicts, hundreds of them, swear by hers. There's also a beautiful Lily of the Valley, a Daphne, and a lovely blend called Persian Garden. Dusting powder de-luxe, in a box with a gardenia or rose on top, denoting the scent within; \$5. (Jay-Thorpe and Saks.)

HOUBIGANT: This house stands pat, and rightly, on the prestige of Quelques Fleurs and Idéal, though these have had to move over for their young sister, Chantilly, a gay, light floral blend.

LUCIEN LELONG: In addition to that new Sirocco, there's Impromptu, for people who adore rose, and Balalaika, which is

just as festive a scent as it was when it was introduced last year. Three bottles of cologne with castle tops; \$4.50.

LENTHERIC: A decanter bottle containing four ounces of Tweed or Confetti cologne, together with an ounce bottle of matching perfume; \$10.75 and \$11.75, and you can't fail to please with either. Grand Slam is a set consisting of a new solid dusting powder, plus Tweed cologne; \$2.70. Little Slam gives you three Tweed sachets, cologne, and talc; \$1.50.

MATCHABELLI: An odor of potpourri pervades a box containing dusting powder, cologne, and three soaps; \$3. Sparkling Burgundy, a notable bubbling bath, is \$3.75 for a large bottle. The new perfume, Stradivari, shares the glory of such established favorites as Duchess of York and Ave Maria.

MILKMAID: A fresh, gay scent in things for the bath that are done up in sprigged, dairylike containers, such as a milk pail with cologne, bath powder, and foam bath; \$7.95. Miniature old-fashioned washstand pitchers are the new containers for toilet water and bath oil. (Altman and Bonwit Teller.)

GERMAINE MONTEIL: Some people swear that the Laughter perfume is floral but tingling, others that it has a brooding note, but all agree that it is exquisite. Her Bouquet cologne is sweet and floral to everyone; \$6, with a giant box of dusting powder.

PRIMROSE HOUSE: The Forget-Me-Not bath set is one of the best values in town—dusting powder, soap, bubbling bath, and cologne with an atomizer top; \$3.95.

SCHIAPARELLI: Travellers adore her tiny pink scented washcloths that are packed like Necco wafers and fluff up in water (\$1.50), and her small tubes of Shocking bath essence (\$2.50 for six).

SHULTON: The Early American Old Spice products are inexpensive and come in gaily printed boxes which people keep forever after. A mirror-topped box holding toilet water with an atomizer top, soap, and other bath delicacies; \$4.50. Hobnail bottles in boxes that are all printed garlands hold the light and floral Friendship's Garden things. Toilet water with an atomizer top, sachet, and soap; \$3.

SALLY VICTOR: Fresh, dainty bath oils, essences, and soaps, with a brisk lemon tang and an overtone of mimosa. (Bonwit Teller, Lord & Taylor, and Sally Victor, 18 East 53rd Street.)

WEIL: That Cobra we mentioned, and the longer-established Zibeline, which will also do credit to your darkest mink.

YARDLEY: The grandmother of all laven-



ders, representing the great British tradition, in soaps, colognes—oh, everything. April Violets is less well known but equally wonderful, we think, and Bond Street, a blend, is a sure hit. Lavendomeal, to soften the water, and a huge cake of soap; \$2.20. Bond Street perfume, face powder, lipstick, and a beautiful double compact—all in a red velvet-lined box; \$10.

OF course, the handbag fitted with a compact, lipstick, a bit of perfume, and a comb remains a perfect gift at all times, and this season you'll find some that are sufficiently equipped to give women a chance to freshen up completely at the end of the day. Near one end of the price scale, Marie Earle shows a particularly good triangular box of bright-red simulated alligator containing no less than six of her offerings; \$6.95. Near the other, there are Lelong's connoisseur-class evening bags in satin, suède, or brocades, which cost from \$35 to \$65 at Saks. Between the two, Elizabeth Arden offers beautiful bags fitted with compact, lipstick, perfume, and a place for a pack of cigarettes and matches; one, in suède, even includes an automatic pencil with a magnifying top; \$37.50. A new notion of hers is a fitted overnight case with handbag to match—and bright red is the color here as elsewhere. Thus she presents a red leather handbag shaped like a canteen, with a long strap and a separate compartment on the outside, and an overnight case that has a tray fully stocked with cosmetics. Antoine's kitbag, with a separate section for his cosmetics at the bottom, is good for overnight and still could pass as a handbag on a plane; \$12.50, and you could find a hundred uses for it, with or without the fittings.

A practical point about many of this year's cases is the way cosmetics and makeup and cleanup stuff are assembled into one unit so that everything can be tossed intact into a suitcase and later removed in one piece and taken direct to the dressing table. A tricky one is Marie Earle's drawstring bag of plaid rayon taffeta, which holds her beauty preparations in its collar-box bottom and has unlimited room for all kinds of other stuff; \$6.50. Primrose House's Fold-away kit squeezes cosmetic essentials into an amazingly small space; \$2.95. Harriet Hubbard Ayer has an idea as whimsical as it is practical—an apron case of mattress ticking, with cosmetics in its pockets, that can be tied around your waist in a Pullman washroom or folded and tucked into a travelling bag; \$4. Dorothy Gray's flat overnight case has a shallow jewel tray above the cosmetics; \$10.

Du Barry's overnight case at \$12.50

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has a large mirror, a spacious shirred pocket, and plenty of cosmetics and makeup across the back. Marie Earle's \$25 affair has her things on a separate tray, and, as a change from leather, it's made of a shiny blue-and-white tweedish stuff, with edgings of rawhide. Germaine Monteil does one of the nicest jobs at \$22.50 in the form of a deep train box with a fitted tray, all in red make-believe alligator. De Markoff's \$25 case (same kind of alligator) is hard to beat at the price; its mirror lifts up, its sides open outward, and its tray is well stocked. Antoine has a honey at \$32.50, in black leather with white saddle-stitching, a red leather lining, a removable mirror, and a tray for the cosmetics.

When it comes to doodads like compacts, Coty waltzes off with some high honors by presenting a little gold-metal case with tiny sleigh bells jingling across the top; young things will also dote on his Come Seven double compact, with a five-spot and a two-spot as a pattern on the top; \$2.95. Elizabeth Arden's newest compact is gilt and fan-shaped and has a good mirror (\$4), and we still love her harlequin one (\$4.50). Rubinstein has sterling-silver compacts with a chaste place for initials; \$8.50.

As for manicure kits, Revlon's are always superb—from \$1.50 for a monk's-cloth plaid-lined case containing cuticle-remover and polish on up to Admiral's Daughter at \$15, with a separate implement kit and nail fixings in a deep oblong tan leather case. Peggy Sage, as usual showing high imagination, offers a cowhide cigarette case—to be used as just that later—containing two bottles of polish (\$1.25) and a neat little job in colors to match W.A.A.C. or W.A.V.E. uniforms (\$3.75). Altman has magnificent Barbara Bates implement kits at \$7.50. And, of course, you know about the Cutex things, which range from thirty cents (at drugstores, mostly) for three miniature bottles of polish, oily polish-remover, and cuticle-remover on up to \$5 (all around) for a handbag type, which includes everything, even cuticle scissors.

The Moscow radio, however, announced today that a Soviet submarine in an unspecified part of the Baltic had sunk five German transports totalling 36,000 tons. intoxicated, however.—*Binghamton Sun*.

We'll overlook that.

OUR DAILY BREAD

DURING that period when the Great Gregorio played the Palace at least five weeks a year, he was fortunate enough to acquire the services of Lilly Mae Johnson, whose duty it was to hand him props as needed, to be sawed in half, to vanish and reappear, and, when not otherwise engaged, to provide aesthetic interest for the art connoisseurs in the audience. When not upon the stage, Lilly Mae was equally useful; she sewed on buttons, mended socks, kept the dressing room neat, and, above all, she cooked. Though her equipment might be no more than an alcohol burner and a pie tin, she was able to set a meal to rival any to be found in the best theatrical boarding houses. She did not drink and she never missed a cue or a train. Lilly Mae Johnson became Mrs. Great Gregorio soon after she joined the act.

For several years, Lilly Mae and the Great Gregorio lived and worked in prosperous harmony; they came to be known along the Rialto as one of the happiest couples in show business—at least, one of the happiest married couples. They came up in the world. When they made overnight jumps they travelled in Pullmans instead of in coaches, they usually stayed in hotels, they ate at good restaurants.

Like many an adoring wife, Lilly Mae gradually took on something of her husband's characteristics of speech and gesture. In throwing a coat across her shoulders, for instance, she unconsciously imitated Gregorio's flamboyant manner with the opera cape he wore both on and off the stage. When Lilly Mae washed the dishes or dusted the furniture, each separate motion was completed with a distinct flourish, for which any orchestra would have provided the fanfare—"Ta-da!"

Gregorio could never have been mistaken for anything but a magician. He was tall, thin, with very black hair and unnaturally white skin, and his hypnotic dark eyes were deeply sunk under a wide brow. Not only in appearance but in bearing he was satanically impressive; even theatrical agents treated him with awed respect. His air was so studied and beautiful that such a commonplace matter as the presentation of a cigar to a friend became a ballet exercise. "My dear fellow," Gregorio would say in his indefinable foreign accent, giving each syllable more than its just due, "my dear fellow, allow me to proffer you a good cigar. A quarter, straight." And to the accompaniment of an unheard roll



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on invisible snare drums, he would click his patent-leather heels, bow slightly from the waist, sweep his arm in a wide, graceful curve, and produce a cigar held exquisitely in his long, delicate fingers. It was never possible to see where the cigar came from. Or when he offered his professional card ("THE GREAT GREGORIO, *Illusionist Unparalleled*"), it was with the éclat, the superb precision, and split-second coördination of a fencer or a bull-fighter. The hand stretched out, flat, open, innocent, and miraculously, at a last, unobservable moment, there was the card, lying in the middle of the palm, face up—from nowhere.

GREGORIO was great, but his star went out with all the others when darkness fell on vaudeville. Owing to Lilly Mae's farsighted management, they had saved some money and their descent was not the swift tragedy of many of their friends. It took years to bring them at last to a mean, smelly room, with cooking privileges, west of Broadway.

Lilly Mae made the room as nice as she could, decorating it with trick paper flowers, colored silk handkerchiefs, and other adaptable props that had been used in the act. At advantageous angles she placed large, gilded easels that had been used in theatre lobbies. Each held a different photograph of the Great Gregorio and some still bore the inscription "This Week Only!" She draped the near-Spanish shawl over the battered wardrobe trunk. She cleaned the gas ring and the tin oven until the rust was bright and red instead of black and greasy. Lilly Mae was a good housekeeper, but of all her fine qualities Gregorio most appreciated her pleasant humor. While wives of other ill-starred artists were weeping, or drinking, or both, Lilly Mae smiled uncomplainingly. When Gregorio occasionally bewailed the poor times, she reassured him, saying, "We eat, don't we?"

Every day Gregorio went out with his well-pressed and mended opera cape, his gold-headed stick, and his black hat and tried to get a job. Most days he came home without one and eventually their money gave out entirely. Happily, their rent was paid for almost a full month in advance when their last penny was spent. At least they still had a roof over their heads and a bed to sleep in. And a stove.

The cold oven worried Lilly Mae. One evening she caught herself looking at it, remembering recipes—roast duck with sliced orange, roast beef with Yorkshire pudding, apple pies, ham baked in

cider, turkey with chestnut stuffing at one end and sausage stuffing at the other. It was not easy. Lilly Mae knew she could cook almost anything and make it good. But with nothing at all, and the gas turned off besides . . . Lilly Mae heard Gregorio's key in the door. She tore her gaze away from the oven and hopefully met his brilliant black eyes as he made his dramatic entrance. . . . Nothing. No job. She did not need to ask.

"Well, my dear. Anything new?" The Great Gregorio stripped off his threadbare gloves and flung them aside.

Lilly Mae caught them deftly. "No, dear," she said.

"Dinner?" asked Gregorio, gesturing with his gold-headed stick, first at a card table set with two plates, then at the oven.

"Nothing," said Lilly Mae. "Anyhow, I'm not hungry."

"Nonsense, my dear!" He raised his stick to his lips in a military salute, turned half right, and stabbed accusingly at the offending stove. "Ibble-dabble, mubble-dabble, rubble-dabble, *doop!*" said Gregorio in tones of bitter reproach. He flung off his opera cape and made a pass with it over the oven, repeating something that sounded like "Mashoudle, kashoudle, *shoup!*" He removed his hat, set it on top of the oven, and exclaimed, "*Thiggery thob!*"

Lilly Mae watched him attentively. She never had got the hang of it.

"ZAMBUNCHAMORKAVEECH!" demanded the Great Gregorio, and with that he threw open the oven door, revealing a steaming brown casserole.

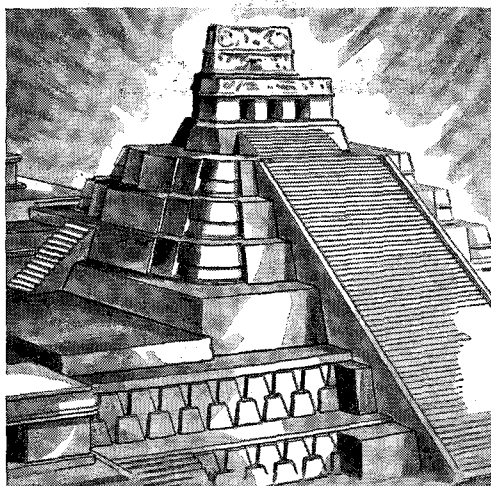
Lilly Mae took two pot-holders and carried the dish to the table. As she removed the cover, a cloud of steam arose, and she said, "*Allez oop!*"

With a fork, Lilly Mae fished in the casserole experimentally. After a moment she was able to isolate a recognizable piece. When she had done so, she dropped it back. "Rabbit again," she groaned, putting her head in her hands. "Oh, my God, why does it always have to be rabbit?" —MINDRET LORD

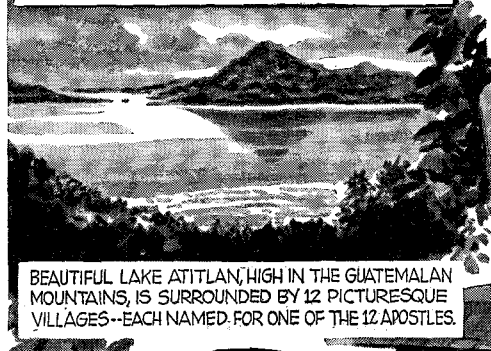
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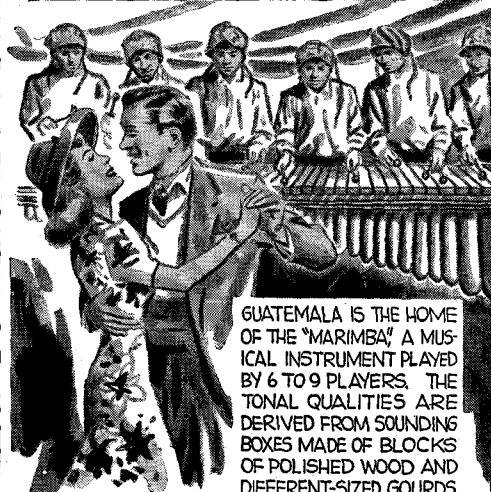
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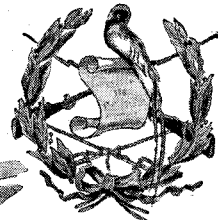


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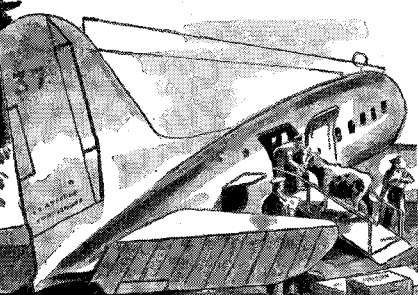
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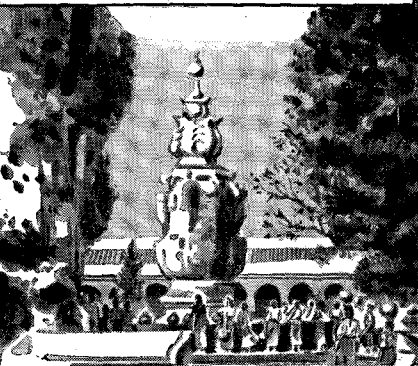


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THE ARMY LIFE

XXIV~SOMEWHERE ELSE IN NEW GUINEA

ACCOUNTS of military activities in New Guinea sometimes emphasize the arresting fact that, because of the density of the jungle which covers so much of the place, soldiers in the bush frequently hear the enemy before they come close enough—seven or eight feet, say—to see him. While waiting to make visibility tests of our own, we American soldiers on this island have struck up a passing acquaintance with the Japanese through occasional night air raids, in conformity with the prescribed order of sound before sight. Comparative veterans in New Guinea habitually boast to newcomers of their ability to distinguish enemy planes from our own by the uneven drone of their motors, and after not so many weeks here the men in my particular outfit have already achieved a similar state of confidence, though we take the precaution of making such auditory distinctions from the security of a slit trench, where an error of judgment is least likely to prove mortal.

Of course, in this war there is nothing novel about being in an air raid, but every man's first raid is an event he will remember and, unless rudely discouraged, talk about. My outfit here, thoroughly drilled in air-raid etiquette, went through its initial raid calmly enough, but afterward there was a good deal of spirited rivalry on the subject of just whose slit trench or foxhole had been closest to a falling bomb or ack-ack fragment. None of us were frightened, and I will add that the only time I personally felt any real alarm during an alert was late one night when, after three of us had sat for over an hour on the edge of a trench waiting for something to happen, one of the other soldiers and I dozed off.

We were awakened by the clutching hands of the third soldier, a relatively wide-awake fellow, who thought he heard the whistle of a descending bomb and grabbed at us on his precipitous way down to cover. We didn't actually wake up completely until we reached the bottom of the trench, apprehensive and rather dirty.

WHILE, whenever the searchlights probe into the sky, we crouch in our trenches hoping that they'll come to rest triumphantly on an enemy bomber and hold him in their crisscrossed beams till the ack-ack gunners get him, we

make ideal objectives for the leisurely aim of cruising mosquitoes. The activities of the local mosquitoes seem to be perfectly synchronized with those of the neighborhood wasps. The wasps, emerging from their hiding places on the ground, drive us out from beneath the protective nettings we keep over our beds and into the open, where the mosquitoes, with their motors warmed up and turning over softly, have been waiting to take off. After watching New Guinea's natives, who have never heard of citronella, stroll about with naked torsos and an apparent immunity to both the mosquito and the wasp, you get to thinking, while scratching yourself, that the white man's burden is largely entomological.

Ground troops like ourselves, though sometimes annoyed by enemy planes, have the complementary pleasure of watching our own planes soar past in comforting numbers on their way to harass the enemy. There was always something fine back home about seeing a formation of bombers or fighters zooming overhead; there is something even finer about seeing them when you know that they are on a combat mission and that within a few hours after their passing overhead they will probably have provided material for the latest American communiqué. When we first saw them flying by, graceful and destructive, we would all look up and yell, "Give 'em a go, Yank!", a war cry the Aussies sometimes address to us. Now that we are used to them, we just look up, gratefully.



WE have not been in New Guinea long enough to learn what our families and friends back home think about the fact that we are here, but we suspect that, no matter how diligently they study their geographies, they will never really be convinced that New Guinea, being an island, is much larger than Staten Island or Nantucket. Actually, of course, this huge area is rather in the Greenland or Madagascar class. Since we are practically isolated in the tiny part of the island on which we have pitched our tents, we sometimes find it hard to believe that, viewed from a world perspective, this whole vast tract is merely a dot of land on which a handful of troops from the American pool of manpower are peering through vines for a glimpse of an obscure and stealthy enemy.

Although to us New Guinea, naturally enough, is at present a geographical sphere of overwhelming importance, we are still acutely aware of the events taking place in other sectors. At an outdoor movie show the other night the applause that greeted the tantalizing and improbable shot of a soldier downing a glass of beer was dwarfed only by that given to a scholarly Russian telling the newsreel cameraman of the determined resistance of his countrymen. We soldiers, normally undemonstrative about matters pertaining to our trade, cheered happily some nights later upon hearing, through the short-wave static, of the heady accomplishments of the British Eighth Army in Africa. The radio is our one source of information about outside events, and it is also a steady source of entertainment. However, much as we appreciate the news summaries and swing sessions and comic skits that are beamed our way, there is one brief statement that somehow appeals to us more than anything else we hear on the broadcasts. That is when the announcer, talking clearly and crisply lest enemy interference or ten thousand miles of potentially disturbing atmosphere dim the vivid content of his speech, says, "This is the United States of America."

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

UNLOVE SONG

Oh, for heaven's sake—
Would we were calm and fond
Like a duck and a drake
On a pond.

Would that we did but love
By kindly rote,
Like a dove and a dove
In a cote.

If we were not in love,
Oh, we should be kind,
Close together and of
One mild mind.

But in love we are
And of the same heart,
Violent and too near,
Too near apart.

—MARIE DE L. WELCH

We must oscillate between a radical transcendentalism, frankly reduced to a solipsism of the living moment, and a materialism posited as a presupposition of conventional sanity.—George Santayana in "I Believe."

And we must try to be neat and tidy in our appearance.

MUSICAL EVENTS

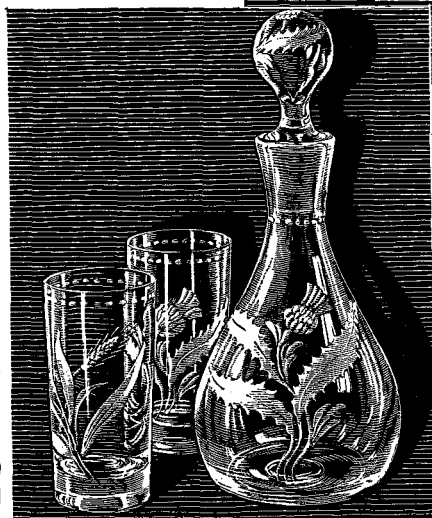
More Opera



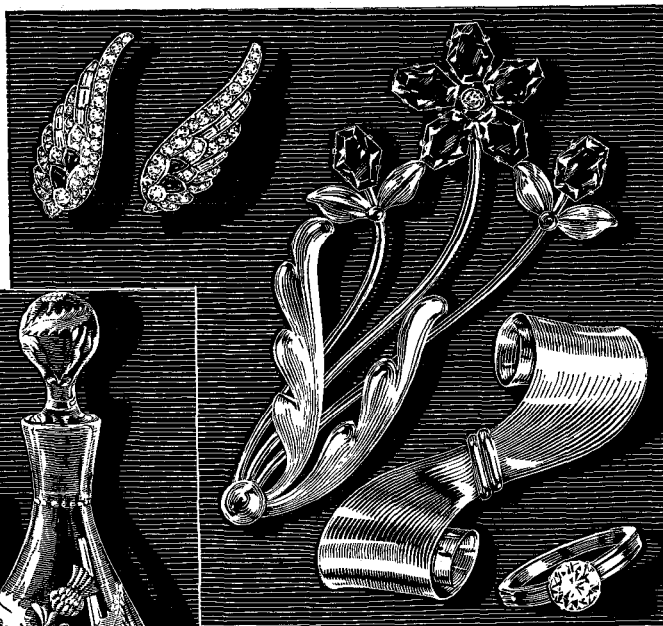
THINGS kept right on cooking at the Metropolitan in the second week of the opera season, with newcomers arriving constantly, either by managerial plan or because of the indisposition of artists previously announced. Frances Greer showed up on Monday night to sing Musetta in "La Bohème," as advertised, and she registered immediately. Last season I heard Miss Greer sing a brilliant Sophie in the Philadelphia Opera Company's production of "Der Rosenkavalier," and a soprano who can take care of Sophie ought to have no trouble with Musetta. Miss Greer didn't.

The next opera was "Lakmé," with Lily Pons. That was the idea, at least, but Miss Pons was indisposed, and the Lakmé of the evening was Marie Wilkins, who was news to most of us. Miss Wilkins (actually she is Mrs. Wilkins, but you don't see "Mrs." as a professional name nowadays) had an extra-tough assignment, because Lakmé is mean going at best and Miss Wilkins was jumping into a rôle she'd never sung. She sang and acted likably, and we'll know more about her when she sings something other than Lakmé. Another Metropolitan first of the evening was Jacques Gérard (he had sung here earlier with the Philharmonic-Symphony in Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet"), who went about the uninteresting principal tenor rôle with competence and more enthusiasm than required.

A good deal of advance excitement had stewed up about the revival of "Tristan und Isolde." (If an opera has been out of the repertoire a year or more, it's a revival.) There was a new Isolde, Helen Traubel, who had sung segments of the music recently with the Philadelphia and Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestras and had sounded like what the maestri ordered. In the opera house Miss Traubel frequently sounded the same way, but in the second and third acts she often sang too softly, which probably was some sort of miscalculation, because Miss Traubel can pour on the tone sumptuously. This vocal matter ought to be easy enough to straighten out. As for acting—well, read over the words of the rôle sometime for yourself. Maybe you'll agree that most of the acting has



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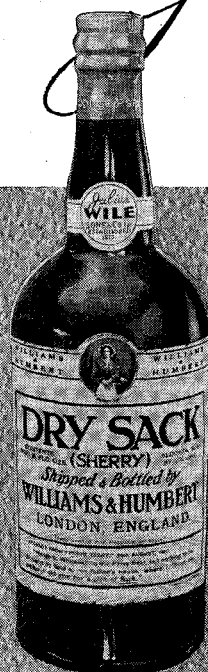
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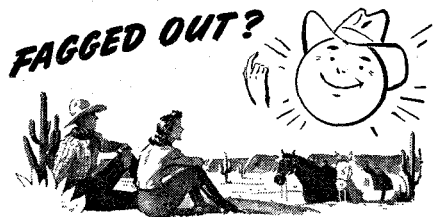
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to be done with the voice, because it's the music that tells the story and outlines the character. "Business," other than that which occurs naturally when the singer is completely at home with the music, is superfluous. Miss Traubel's Isolde undoubtedly will develop as she continues in the part.

The season's first "La Traviata" was equipped with a new Violetta, who was Licia Albanese, who was a honey. Miss Albanese obviously remembered that Violetta is Camille translated into music, and everything made sense and drama. There was some vocal unsteadiness at first, but it soon disappeared, and the singing became memorable. Go catch Miss Albanese in "La Traviata." It's show business.

The conductor of "La Traviata" and "La Bohème" was Cesare Sodero, who had done his first Metropolitan job with the first week's "Aida," which he delivered ably. In the second week, however, he demonstrated more completely values that might not have been apparent in the unevenly sung "Aida" of the opening week. He is an excellent technician and an alert and forceful personality in the pit, and he also is a sensitive musician and the possessor of a remarkable sense of tonal balance. That's evident from the fine sound of the orchestra when he conducts and from the shrewd blending of instrumental tone with voices, which are always supported firmly yet never overwhelmed by the band. In four words, he's good, all right.

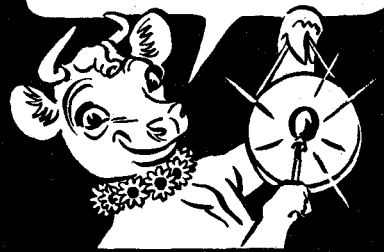
The Saturday night "Faust" seemed to have been treated to some new stage business by Herbert Graf, and it was effective stuff that worked out smartly with the old pet. For instance, Mephisto entered through a rising streak of flame from the fireplace instead of through a wall or from the floor, and the audience gave a hand to the maneuver as well as to the striking Mephisto, Norman Cordon. Possibly to reassure some of the youngsters present about chimneys, from which one expects St. Nick rather than the Old Nick to emerge, the Faust of the evening, Raoul Jobin, had been equipped with a Santa Claus beard, through which he sang well. Mr. Jobin sang well, too, after being transformed into a young man-about-town.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

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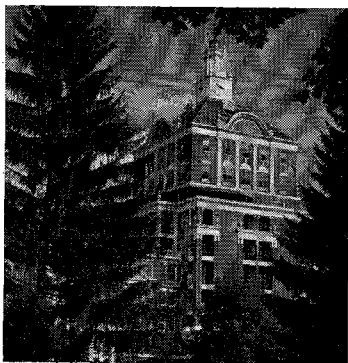


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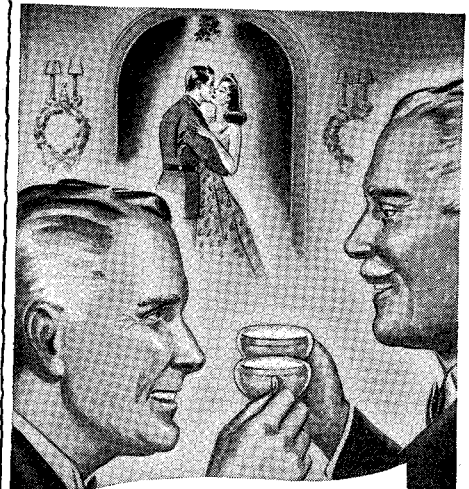
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- MILHAUD: "Opéras-Minutes." Soloists and orchestra, conducted by Milhaud. (Columbia 309)
- MOUSSORGSKY: Fourteen songs, sung by Vladimir Rosing, with Myers Foggini at the piano. (Decca 1)
- MOZART: Concerto for horn and orchestra No. 3. Aubrey Brain and the B.B.C. Symphony, conducted by Boult. (Victor 829)
- PAGANINI: Violin Concerto No. 1, arrangement of the first movement by Fritz Kreisler. Kreisler and the Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Ormandy. (Victor 361)
- PROKOFIEFF: Violin Concerto No. 1. Joseph Szigeti and the London Philharmonic, conducted by Beecham. (Columbia 244)
- PURCELL: Collection of instrumental and vocal music, including "The Golden Sonata," fantasias, and songs. (Columbia 315)
- RACHMANINOFF: Piano Concerto No. 1. Sergei Rachmaninoff and the Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Ormandy. (Victor 865)
- RAVEL: Introduction and Allegro for harp, string quartet, flute, and clarinet. Played by Newell, the Stuyvesant String Quartet, John Wummer, and Ralph McLane. (Columbia X-167)
- ROSSINI: Rossiniana. Ballet, music arranged by Respighi and played by the London Philharmonic, Beecham conducting. (Columbia X-56)
- SCHÖNBERG: "Pierrot Lunaire." Ensemble conducted by Arnold Schönberg, with Erika Stiedry-Wagner narrating. (Columbia 461)
- SCHUBERT: Trio in B flat. Heifetz, Feuermann, and Rubinstein. (Victor 923)
- SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 1. Boston Symphony, conducted by Koussevitzky. (Victor 655)
- SHOSTAKOVICH: Quintet for piano and strings, Op. 57. Vivian Rivkin and the Stuyvesant String Quartet. (Columbia 483)
- SIBELIUS: Violin Concerto. Heifetz and the London Philharmonic, conducted by Beecham. (Victor 309)
- SMETANA: String Quartet No. 1. Primrose Quartet. (Victor 675)
- SONGS OF OLD NEW YORK (too many composers to list): Sung by Frank Luther, Zora Lagman, and quartet. (Decca A-47)
- STRAUSS, JOHANN: "Rediscovered Music." Unusual compositions, played by the C.B.S. Symphony, conducted by Barlow. (Columbia 389 and 445)
- STRAUSS, RICHARD: Condensed version of "Der Rosenkavalier," with Lotte Lehmann and other well-known artists. (Victor 196)
- STRAVINSKY: "Sacre du Printemps." New York Philharmonic-Symphony, conducted by Stravinsky. (Columbia 417)
- SULLIVAN: "The Sorcerer." D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, conducted by Godfrey. (Victor C-21)
- TAYLOR: Suite from "Peter Ibbetson."



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C.B.S. Symphony, conducted by Barlow. (Columbia X-204)

TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 2. Cincinnati Orchestra, conducted by Goossens. (Victor 790)

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS: Fantasia for strings on a theme by Tallis. B.B.C. Symphony, conducted by Boult. (Victor 769)

VERDI: "Falstaff." Complete recording, with Rimini as Falstaff, conducted by Molajoli. (Columbia Opera Set 16)

VILLA-LOBOS: "Bachiana Brasileira," for eight cellos, and "Nonette," for chamber orchestra and chorus. Conductors: Marx and Ross. (Victor 773)

WAGNER: Siegfried's Rhine Journey and Funeral Music, from "Götterdämmerung." N.B.C. Symphony, conducted by Toscanini. (Victor 853)

WALTON: Violin Concerto. Heifetz and the Cincinnati Orchestra, conducted by Goossens. (Victor 868)

If your friend decides he'd rather have had something else, he'll find thousands of suggestions in "The Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia of Recorded Music," which might well be sent along with gift records, in any event. For a specialized critical complement, Irving Kolodin's "Guide to Recorded Music" could be included. The "Encyclopedia" is \$3.95, the "Guide" \$3.

AND here, under more or less arbitrary categories, are a few of the best pop albums of the past season:

BOOGIE-WOOGIE: An album of six numbers played by Hazel Scott (Decca A-321) is a good starter in this category. Here the peppery young pianist makes her pianistics just about as memorable as if you were watching her. . . . Another top-notch is Columbia C-44, a four-record set in which the Harry James Trio, Count Basie's Blue Five, the team of Joe Turner and Pete Johnson, and Meade Lux Lewis, Pete Johnson, and Albert Ammons (as a trio) give out with the eight-to-the-bar tempo in a truly impressive manner. . . . This section could go on indefinitely—just like boogie-woogie.

SWING: You'll find all the sizzlers you could ask for, or at least ten of them, in "Gems of Jazz" (Decca A-324), played by the bands of Art Hodes, Jimmie Noone, and Jimmy McPartland, which go to work on such songs as "Get Happy," "Sweet Georgia Brown," "Original Dixieland One Step," and on down the list. . . . The rhythmic piano-playing of Teddy Wilson gets a full-view, four-record showing in Columbia album C-93, in which the gifted Negro musician displays his swell flair for improvising on well-known tunes, like "Body and Soul," "China Boy," and "I Know That You Know."

BLUES: Libby Holman, whose blues are still among the bluesiest, comes up with eight corking performances in Decca album A-316, assisted by Josh White on the guitar. . . . A specially recommended set is Victor P-82, in which Lena Horne and the Dixieland Jazz Group of N.B.C.'s Chamber Music Society of



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BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS FOR VICTORY

Lower Basin Street glorify the music of William C. Handy, including, of course, "St. Louis Blues," in addition to seven others that have made the grade through the years. . . . It would be a good idea, too, to look up some of Billie Holiday's recordings, the latest of which are by Columbia.

SWEET MUSIC: Transferring concert music to dance tempo is one of Freddy Martin's chief accomplishments, and his four-record Victor album (P-124), presenting his version of Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite," is probably his best achievement to date in this form. . . . An album called "Chiffon Swing" (Decca A-322), which isn't swing at all but first-rate salon music, sounds like an excellent gift bet. In it Meredith Wilson and his orchestra do an engaging job on such tuneful popular items as "Sleepy Lagoon" and "Sunshine of Your Smile," as well as one or two arrangements of concert pieces—a total of eight. . . . Eddy Duchin's album of eight Cole Porter melodies (Columbia C-87), including "Night and Day," "Love for Sale," and "What Is This Thing Called Love?," also has its points, an outstanding one being the leader's piano-playing.

LATIN-AMERICAN MUSIC: The real thing in Cuban music can be found in Victor album P-105, in which Arturo Arturos and his orchestra give you authentic versions of eight typical Havana dance rhythms. . . . Pancho and his orchestra are concerned with Argentine melodies, for the most part, in Decca's four-disc album A-307, which is a continuation of a series. . . . Of course, almost anything that Xavier Cugat and his orchestra have recorded (they're Columbia boys) is worth the price.

VOCALS: An album of no less than twelve Irving Berlin songs from the film "Holiday Inn" ("Easter Parade" is one of them, naturally) is among Decca's best-selling sets (A-306), and with reason, because the interpreters are Bing Crosby, Fred Astaire, and the orchestras of Bob Crosby and John Scott Trotter. . . . Hildegard and Harry Sosnik's orchestra give four tunes from the musical comedy "By Jupiter" a first-class workout in Decca album A-326, the pieces being "Everything I've Got," "Nobody's Heart," "Careless Rhapsody," and "Jupiter Forbid." . . . Rudy Vallée and his Connecticut Yankees have made an album (Victor P-111) which has its nostalgic qualities. Its title is "Heigh-Ho, Everybody," and it includes some of the numbers made famous by this ensemble in the good old days, such as the "Stein Song," "I'm Just a Vagabond Lover," and six others. . . . There are several sets devoted to songs by the late George M. Cohan, one of the better ones being Columbia C-89, which offers eight of his most familiar compositions, sung by Mordy Bauman and played by an orchestra under the direction of Ray Bloch.

THAT'S TOO BAD DEPARTMENT

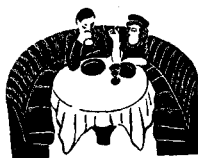
[From the Dallas Times-Herald]

Small white cads, etched with bridesmaids, marked places for Miss Ashby, Mrs. J. Guy Jones. . . .

TABLES FOR TWO

He Keeps on Rolling

JERRY LESTER, of the casts of "Beat the Band" and the floor show at the Royal Casino, a newish hot spot, is a comic who works on the principle that if you never stop moving and talking your production of comedy is automatically high. His method is to keep his quips and his capers coming so relentlessly that, by mathematical law, there is bound to be a certain amount of solid stuff in his output. It is not an uncommon method among members of his calling, and the theory behind



it, having so many subscribers, must have some merit. Of course, the ratio of valid drollery to plain rubbish under this system is still going to depend on the talents of the performer, but the fact remains that as the gross goes up, the net goes up with it. Where the system fails is in just such a case as Mr. Lester's, where the percentage of sound material is unusually high (about 43); the thing to do then is to cut rather than expand. He is one of the few operators in the business who are in a position to whittle away the gloomy portions of their routine without finding, when they are through, that they have nothing left. However, until he acts on this recommendation—and he may put it off a week or two—you can drop in at the Royal Casino and be entertained by the prospect of a man in a constant and protracted state of turmoil, a good bit of which is funny.

With him on the program is Peggy Fears, whose voice is as pleasant as ever and whose current repertory is positively dismal. When one of her numbers, such as "White Christmas," doesn't have a bad enough lyric by itself, she is given to adding a special verse or two of her own about the unhappy condition of international affairs, which clinches it. When, having steeped herself in this sort of nonsense, she sings "Falling in Love with Love" by way of contrast, there is little wonder that she can describe it as the most beautiful song ever written. The fact is there was a more beautiful one written in 1904 or 1905, or somewhere in there. Also in the show are a magician and a pair of female acrobatic dancers who do handsprings while smoking cigarettes, probably to make a liar out of Gene Tunney.

THERE is apparently something about the Café Lounge at the Savoy-Plaza which subdues Lena Horne, since her performances there now have

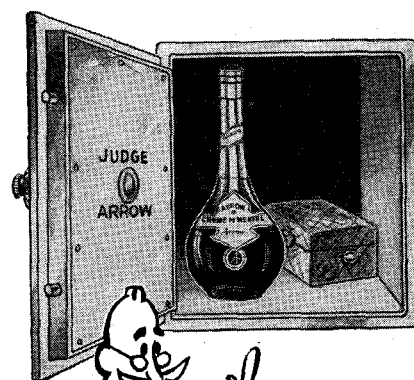
little of the ferocity of which she is capable. In other surroundings she has been known to let loose with hot, untamed numbers that indicated a free and buoyant spirit. Here she is much quieter, sometimes sinking nearly to a whisper and always keeping herself modulated to an almost Maxine Sullivan-like degree.

Which is the real Lena, or which is the better one, it is hard to say. The truth is that both are good, and it would be a shame if she thought she had to be selective out of consideration for the delicate sensibilities of Café Lounge audiences. The chances are that these customers could be conditioned to endure her more vigorous mood and might even come to enjoy it.

The current, restrained Miss Horne confines herself to old standbys like "The Man I Love," "Sometimes I'm Happy," "I Get a Kick Out of You," and "St. Louis Blues." She takes liberties with the words of all of them, which merely gives further evidence of her free spirit and in her case can be permitted through artistic license. She'll have to apply for it before the end of the month, though.

CAFÉ LIFE, a new night club with one of those comprehensive names that make you feel kind of silly going anywhere else, offers Don Tannen, a singing and ventriloquizing comedian who works very hard to little or no avail, and Diane Courtney, a songstress from radio who luckily seems to be so accustomed to performing for an invisible audience that she still doesn't feel obliged to register strenuous emotion with her hands and feet. The main attraction of the place is the décor, which consists principally of walls of some novel, gray, cushiony stuff with red tufts, perpetrated by one Jos. Firestone, or jos. firestone, as he is called on the menu covers. These walls help keep the show under strict acoustical control. There are also sculptures, as the menu calls them, which are by robert cranbach and are arranged one on top of another, as on totem poles. They constitute one of the few appeals to the North American Indian to be found in New York night spots.

THE feature of the program at Mon Paree is Adelaide Moffett, the girl who sings better without a voice than just about anybody else in the game. (There's no good saying absolutely that



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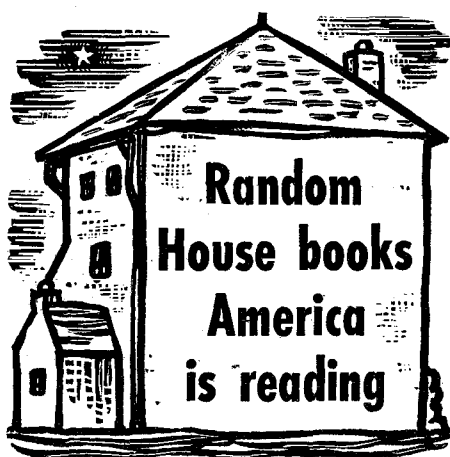
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she sings better without a voice than anybody, because someone would claim he had once heard a mute who was a wonder.) One of Miss Moffett's songs, incidentally, is the one that's going around these days about a party who calls up another party to profess admiration for either him or her, depending on the gender of the singer. The phone number of the party of the second part, as the song tells you, is Longacre 6-2315. Actually, if you dial this number, you get nothing but an inconclusive buzzing noise.

There is another singer at Mon Paree, name of Yvonne Bouvier, who, when singing in English, has a French accent that comes and goes. Singing in French, she has another one that is even more elusive but, whatever it is, doesn't seem to be French. That's what happens to these cosmopolitan artists. They lose their national identity. Then, too, there's a pair of Cuban dancers of opposite sexes and as big as a *minuto*, and one semi-ballerina of the twirling kind. Also an assortment of chorus girls who have that remote air that is demanded in a joint with class. They may smile now and then, but it doesn't mean you. —D. E. L.

OH, TO BE AN AMOEBA

An amoeba's one of our luckiest creatures,

He has so many novel and inexpensive features;

For instance, when he wants to make love, he hasn't got a care;

He simply makes love to himself,

Which may not be so hot, but at least he's always there.

Then, if he wants to have a baby to propagate his race,

No hospitals, no doctors, no bassinets and lace,

No arguing with Mrs. Amoeba over whether she's amenable or not;

He simply splits himself in two,

And what isn't him is the tot.

—ALBERT C. SIMONSON

French sailors stalk Moslem women along a narrow street in Casablanca, which Americans entered this week. Before they invaded Africa, U.S. troops were handed a pamphlet—issued in the British Isles and not available here—warning that even an innocent word spoken to a Moslem woman "is considered an insult resented by all Moslem men." Casablanca is hot and dry, and most of the houses are whitewashed.—P.M.

Go ahead, we're still listening.

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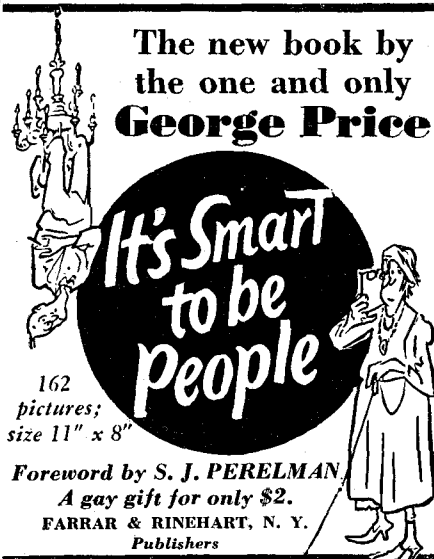
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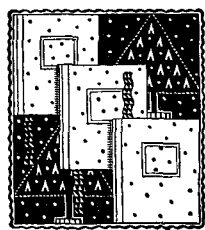
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BOOKS

Children's Books in Wartime



IN any roundup of children's books, such as the semi-annual reports in this magazine, it is perhaps only fair to explain the ground rules governing the selection. The Christmas-season list which follows, then, does not by any means cover all the good books, but it does provide a generous choice of picture books and stories for children of all ages. It is short on books of information in comparison to the number published, because these are titles children should select for themselves, according to their own specialized interests. Also, the list omits any volume which comes nearer to being a toy than a book. More of these odd affairs than ever turn up this year—bumpy books, fuzzy books, books whose pictures move or unfold to huge proportions. There is even a book containing a sort of abacus and another with a telephone which can be removed and held to the waiting baby ear. The telephone does not ring, but by next season the publishers will probably remedy that. Not that there is any harm in these stunts, of course, if they amuse the children, but it does seem stretching it to call them books.

In any case, there is still no war shortage of real juvenile literature this winter—of good books written by some of the best writers, including, as it happens, two Nobel Prize-winners. More and more, children's books reflect the war in one way or another, which is right enough except when they are too obviously inspirational or opportunist. It is apparent, though, to any adult reader that the best wartime reading for young people does not necessarily deal with war themes and is, as it always has been, books so well written that they re-create real life or set free the juices of the imagination or increase the flow of blood to the heart.

For convenience, the titles which follow are grouped under subject headings (not to be taken too literally), and within each classification the books start with those for younger children and progress to those for older readers, with some age signposts along the way.

PICTURE-AND-STORY BOOKS

THE TALL BOOK OF MOTHER GOOSE, illustrated by Feodor Rojankovsky. The most original "Mother Goose" in a dog's age. The book's odd shape, tall and narrow, makes it easy to hold and look at;

its colored pictures are gay, humorous, interesting in style yet childlike, and not too foreign to be intelligible to small Americans. Even traditionally minded parents should be able to accept the hundred-odd dearly familiar verses in their new dress. Mr. Rojankovsky's Hitlerish Humpty Dumpty is his only touch of over-sophistication.

AMBROSE KANGAROO, written and illustrated by Elisabeth MacIntyre. It is small wonder that Ambrose, the runaway baby kangaroo who sneaks out of his mother's pouch to go adventuring in his second-best blue trousers, is a popular character with Australian children. American babies ought to like him and Ernest Emu and Albert Platypus and Eloise Lyre Bird and the other strange creatures of the story, because the pictures are both funny and pretty and the nonsense is not strained.

CECILY G. AND THE 9 MONKEYS, written and illustrated by H. A. Rey. More good nonsense. Mr. Rey's big, colored pictures of Cecily Giraffe are unexpected and laughable, and it's remarkable to how many surprising uses his nine young monkeys can put one obliging giraffe.

THE LITTLE HOUSE, written and illustrated by Virginia Lee Burton. An ingenious and distinguished picture book which manages to give a child the feeling of the procession of the seasons, the passage of time, and the encroachment of cities in direct, detailed, and decoratively pretty pictures. The city grows up around a solid little house in the country but does not destroy it.

ROSEBUD, pictures and text by Ludwig Bemelmans. Plenty of laughs in this picture story about Rosebud, a pink rabbit who wears eyeglasses and who gets so mad at disparaging remarks about rabbits in a natural-history book that he proves he can outwit the two largest mammals in the book—the elephant and the whale. The pink, blue, and purple pictures are pure Bemelmans.

MARSHMALLOW, story and pictures by Clare Turlay Newberry. This year Mrs. Newberry adds some fine drawings of a baby white rabbit to her gallery of expert cat and dog portraits. The accompanying true story celebrates the odd friendship between the bunny and a middle-aged bachelor cat who lives in a New York apartment. A charming picture book.

HI-PO THE HIPPO, lithographs by Ruth Gannett, story by Dorothy Thomas. A big, handsome, whimsical picture-and-story book on the order of the Babar volumes and probably inspired by them. The hero is a baby hippopotamus, and the personified hippos of the pictures (who wear Gay Nineties clothes) actually have charm. Mrs. Gannett's lithographs, in color and black-and-white, are technically magnificent and tickle the imagination.

PENNY AND THE WHITE HORSE, by Margery Bianco and Marjory Collison. A book which will appeal to the countless little girls who love to ride on merry-go-rounds. Penny nearly loses track of her favorite wooden charger when the park carrousel horses are changed to auto-



"Hey, Joe!"

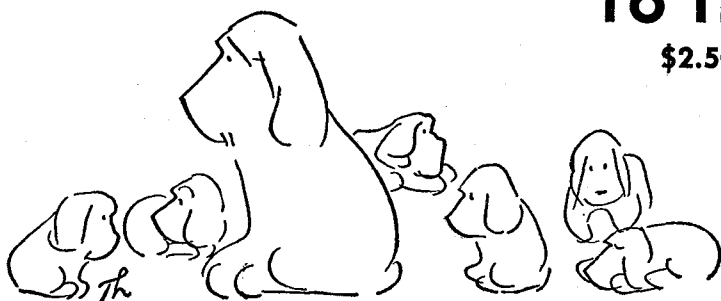
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mobiles, but she finds and rides him again. Interesting, big pictures in delicate color.

FLIP AND THE COWS, story and pictures by Wesley Dennis. The ingratiating foal of Mr. Dennis's first picture book is still only a colt and continuing his education in this second volume. There is humor in his encounter with five alarmingly curious cows, and the action drawings of horses and cattle are superb.

THE LITTLE RED LIGHTHOUSE AND THE GREAT GRAY BRIDGE, by Hildegard H. Swift, illustrated by Lynd Ward. This fable about the ancient lighthouse which still shines under the shadow of the George Washington Bridge will be of particular interest to New York City children, who will recognize familiar North River scenes in Mr. Ward's effective three-color pictures.

ANGLEWORMS ON TOAST, by MacKinlay Kantor, illustrated by Kurt Wiese. A gusty book about a small boy—we all know the type—who liked to make his family shudder by saying all he wanted to eat was "*worrms*." And one day the family takes him at his word. (But it really isn't revolting.) Text and pictures go hand in hand to make the fun.

STORIES FROM THE AMERICAN PAST

SWIFT THUNDER OF THE PRAIRIE, written and illustrated by Lois Maloy. Brief and exciting, with many striking pictures in bright color. The story has for a hero a small Indian and tells of the troubles between the Indians and the railways when trains first thundered across the prairies and spoiled the buffalo-hunting. The very thing for six- to eight-year-old boys, since they usually admire both trains and Indians.

THE FAST SOONER HOUND, by Arna Bon-temps and Jack Conroy, illustrated by Virginia Lee Burton. A fine tall story out of the West about a hound dog who, in the early days of railroading, outran the fastest train on the line. The gay pictures in color are in just the right temper to illustrate this good example of native American humor.

YOUNGER BROTHER, by Charlie May Simon, illustrated by Howard Simon. A grave and dramatic tale of a Cherokee Indian boy in Tennessee in 1821. Sungi, the boy, comes to man's estate when he discovers that all men are afraid and that the truly courageous merely do not show their fear. Eight- to twelve-year-old boys will find the book highly readable.

TOM WHIPPLE, by Walter D. Edmonds, illustrated by Paul Lantz. Tom Whipple was a Yankee from upstate New York who signed on a sailing ship in 1837 because he aimed to see the world—and who managed to "get along" wherever he went, as Yankees do to this day. Anybody over nine is likely to wear a grin of pride when he reads of how young Tom got to see the Emperor of Russia. It is said to be a true story and is here perfectly told and lavishly illustrated in color and pencil. An outstanding book.

THE WHITE HORSE, by Elizabeth Coatsworth, illustrated by Helen Sewell. In this fourth Sally book, Miss Coatsworth's little New England heroine is taken prisoner by the Barbary pirates



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JOURNEY CAKE, by Isabel McLennan McMeekin, illustrated by Nicholas Panesis. A well-written story about a touching and unusual group of pioneers—six motherless children who are led by a faithful freed slave woman from North Carolina across the mountains to join their father in Kentucky in 1794. The book has intensity of emotion and action (the latter including an attack by Indians) and, without straining for it, makes primitive days seem very real.

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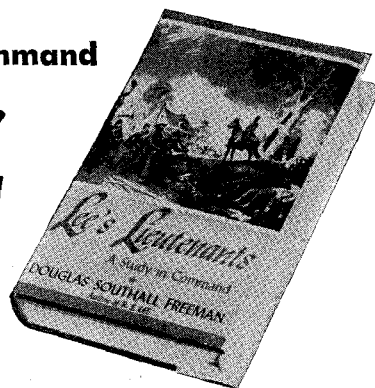
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HAPPY TIMES IN NORWAY, by Sigrid Undset. Mme. Undset tells, with no touch of sentimentality, of her own children's happy childhood in Norway before the Germans came—the merry weeks of good food and visitors and skiing at Christmas, the parades and rockets of the national holiday in May, the long summers on the mountain dairy farms. By permitting her readers to enter her own vigorous family life, she has written a moving memorial to a country where "friendliness, happiness, and charity were considered the best things in life." The valleys she loved are destroyed, and two of the children of whom she writes are dead, but they are alive in these pages. Recommended for everyone over twelve.

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TRAINING SYLVIA, by Eliza Orne White, illustrated by Dorothy Bayley. Miss White has a gift for characterizing positive little girls and equally positive grownups. In this new book a lively young Britisher with a mind of her own comes to live with her New England relatives and jounces them out of their staid habits of mind.

THE MIDDLE MOFFAT, by Eleanor Estes, illustrated by Louis Slobodkin. A chil-

dren's book which can make a hardened adult reviewer laugh repeatedly, as this one did, is a rarity. Jane, aged ten, the middle child of "The Moffats" (a book and a family which are already favorites with a large group of readers), in this second volume pursues her rambling, spontaneous way through the town of Cranbury, spreading havoc and cheer. The humor and the people of the story are equally natural and Louis Slobodkin's breezy pen-and-ink illustrations suit the text perfectly.

THE FOUR-STORY MISTAKE, written and illustrated by Elizabeth Enright. The interesting and individual Melendy children of "The Saturdays" now move to the country; what they do there, what they think about, and their mishaps and successes are just what other modern children like to read about. Miss Enright writes about young people with insight and with a pleasant appreciation of the comedy of everyday life.

ALL-AMERICAN, by John R. Tunis, illustrated by Hans Walleen. A boy who had just read this sports story through twice at top speed summarized it thus: "It sounded a little fishy and it's certainly not well written, but the point's awfully good." He had it about right. The story concerns a high-school boy who suddenly discovers the existence of race prejudice—particularly in relation to a colored boy on the school football team—and he does something about it. The school and sports background is authentic, and the undemocratic pressures brought to bear by town pride and commercialism, as well as by prejudice and snobbery, are vividly portrayed. Other boys over twelve are likely to eat the book up, and more power to them.

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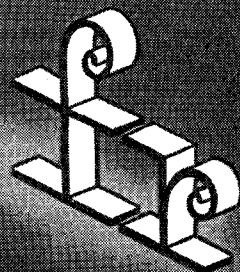
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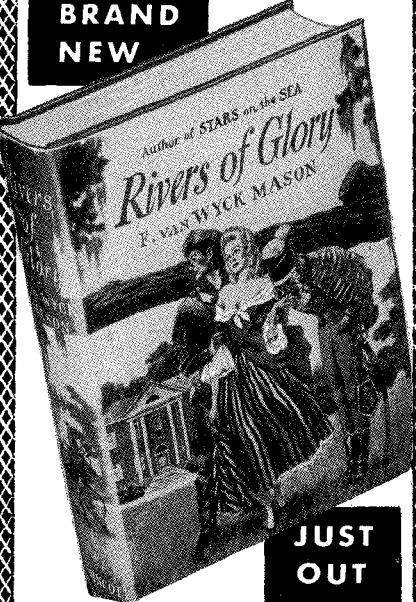
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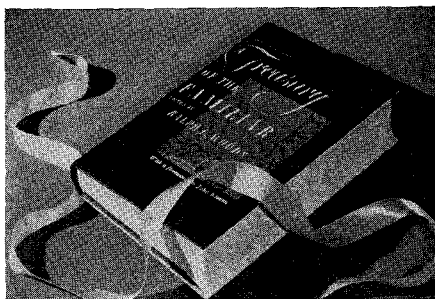
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port of it includes, of course, the amazing story of his victory over the yellow fever and malaria-bearing mosquitoes in Cuba and the Canal Zone, and also gives a sympathetic portrait of a kind, unassuming, and really great man. For junior-high-school readers.

HAVE YOU SEEN TOM THUMB?, by Mabel Leigh Hunt, illustrated by Fritz Eichenberg. The memoirs of a real midget: a sprightly, fictionized biography of General Tom Thumb, whose life reads half like a fairy tale, half like an American success story. Children enjoy anything in miniature, and those from ten through the high-school years should be beguiled by reading of the twenty-five-inch General's trappings and of the caperings all over the globe of this miniature man and his brash showman, P. T. Barnum. Good illustrations and typography.

ELI TERRY: CLOCKMAKER OF CONNECTICUT, by Leslie Allen Jones, illustrated by Robert Doremus. This story, based on the life of one of our very early clockmakers and the first to make clocks in quantity, is just the book for a boy who likes to handle tools. The writing is lively, the facts concerning the Yankee inventiveness and enterprise of that time are interesting, and the book tells how the young Eli worked out his ideas, both in his mind and with his tools.

DOWN TO THE SEA: A YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIFE OF NATHANIEL BOWDITCH, THE GREAT AMERICAN NAVIGATOR, by Louise Hall Tharp, illustrated by Woodi Ishmael. A readable life of a colorful and biographically neglected American whose great book on navigation is even today the seaman's Bible. Bowditch's first thirty years were packed with as much adventure at sea as most sea yarns are, but Mrs. Tharp does not confine her book to these voyages. She has written a complete life of an original-minded man—mathematician, astronomer, master mariner, businessman.

JEMIMA: DAUGHTER OF DANIEL BOONE, by Margaret Sutton, illustrated by I. B. Hazelton. Ten years of the heroic Daniel Boone saga, with Boone's second daughter, Jemima, as protagonist. The story begins when Jemima is six and leaves her at sixteen, a married woman. In these ten years she makes the perilous trek with her family into the Kentucky wilderness, sees her brother killed by Indians, is captured by them herself, lives through three sieges of the Boonesborough stockade, and marries the frontiersman she loves. A thrilling story from our past, vividly told.

MARTHA WASHINGTON: OUR FIRST LADY, by Alice Curtis Desmond, illustrated by photographs. A sympathetic and romantic portrait of Martha Dandridge Custis Washington, which, to girls in their middle and late teens, may prove as easy to read as a novel. It is fluently written and gives much personal and period detail—perhaps too much, but all of it of the kind to interest the feminine mind and helpful in re-creating the past.

MICHELANGELO: A RENAISSANCE PROFILE, by Leo Lerman, illustrated by Richard F. Hunter and with photographs by Mr. Hunter. A full-scale biography of the great artist, set against

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THE BOOK SHOP

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the surging, crowded background of Renaissance Italy. The author says it is written for "young adults," in which term he includes mature high-school students. For those who are up to it, it can be recommended as a stimulating book about a personality of heroic proportions whose life span covered perhaps the most creative and enterprising years in the world's history. Excellent illustrations. Also, an index and a chronology of contemporary history.

THIS winter there are scores of books dealing in a more or less direct manner with the themes of war and patriotism. Among these should be noted, because of its beautiful color lithographs, Ingri and Edgar Parin d'Aulaire's big picture book, "The Star-Spangled Banner," even though the symbolism of some of the pictures which accompany the words of the anthem seems rather too vague and involved for small children to grasp. Also for quite young readers: Munro Leaf's "A War-Time Handbook for Young Americans"—sensible suggestions on wartime manners and morale for the young, in Mr. Leaf's best cautionary manner and illustrated with his comic line drawings, which children like; "Very First Aid," by Dorothea Gould, pictures by Elizabeth Ripley—a pocket-size manual on what to do in case of accidents while mother is away at her first-aid class. For children of all ages: "Stories of Our American Patriotic Songs," by Dr. John Henry Lyons, illustrated by Jacob Landau—the words and music of our ten best-known songs, with the story of how each came to be written; "America Sings: Stories and Songs of our Country's Growing," collected and told by Carl Carmer, musical arrangements by Edwin John Stringham, illustrations by Elizabeth Black Carmer—a fascinating book of folk songs and folk lore, which make the best background for true patriotism, illustrated with many decorative pictures. For older boys: the revised and up-to-the-minute edition of Major Bernard A. Law's popular "Fighting Planes of the World," with illustrations in color and wash by Barry Bart; "Book of Modern Warplanes"—paintings of aircraft of all nations and explanatory text by Squadron Leader Harold H. Booth, R.C.A.F.; "Submarine!," by Kendall Banning, illustrated by Charles Rosner—the history, design, and mission of the undersea fighters; "Submarines" and "Parachutes," both by Herbert S. Zim and both illustrated with photographs and drawings by James MacDonald—valuable and fairly technical reference books.

The war has made geography an ex-

THE NEW YORKER

LISTS AT THIS SEASON SOME VOLUMES BY ITS CONTRIBUTORS

(All or a considerable part of the contents of each of these books first appeared in this magazine.)

The Army Life, by Private E. J. Kahn, Jr. (Simon & Schuster, \$1.75.)

One man's tussle with the Army from the hour of his induction until his transport sails for a foreign front. A good-natured report on what it's like to be a soldier.

The New Yorker War Album. (Random House, \$2.)

The Army, the Navy, and all the rest of us set down by forty-two artists in more than a hundred and fifty pictures, demonstrating that even global warfare can have its lighter moments.

My World—and Welcome To It, by James Thurber. (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50.)

One of the most original and perceptive of the humorists offers a further round-up of his curious and often alarming excursions into the realms of men, women, and dogs. Decorations by the author.

Drawn and Quartered, by Charles Adams. (Random House, \$2.50.)

Boris Karloff has written an appropriate foreword to this book of drawings which are at once grisly and gay. First full-length collection by this artist, who is a master of the macabre.

Meet Me in St. Louis, by Sally Benson. (Random House, \$2.50.)

The lively chronicles of the Smiths and their four turbulent daughters in and about the house at 5135 Kensington, St. Louis, just before and during the great Exposition of 1904. Mrs. Benson in her most engaging mood.

Spilt Milk, by Morris Bishop. (Putnam, \$2.)

Light verse, witty, subtle, or just plain odd. His choicest limericks are included, furnished with Richard Taylor's pen-and-ink exaggerations.

Mr. Pan, by Emily Hahn. (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50.)

A collection of her sketches of pre-Pearl Harbor life in Shanghai, with emphasis on a suave, civilized gentleman of China, who is also very funny.

The Telephone Booth Indian, by A. J. Liebling. (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.)

Here are gathered the hilarious account of the denizens of the Jollity Building, the life and works of the Brothers Shubert, the Profile of Roy Howard, and seven other investigations into the habits of mid-Manhattan folk.

Welcome to the City, and Other Stories, by Irwin Shaw. (Random House, \$2.)

A collection of his sharp tales of obscure and often lonely people meeting their small crises among the crowds of the big town.

Conversation Pieces, by Constantin Alajalov, with a foreword and text by Janet Flanner. (Studio Publications, \$3.50.)

Cover designs, both in color and black-and-white, taken from this magazine, and other drawings. A handsome job, and Miss Flanner's commentary is very bright and crisp.

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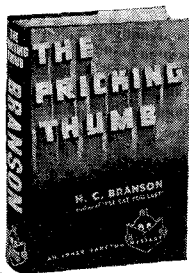
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DODD, MEAD



Last year, this column announced the publication of H. C. BRANSON's first mystery with the startling news that it had gone to press without a single editorial change. Therefore, with the publication of MR. BRANSON's second book, *The Pricking Thumb*, uncompromising honesty compels us to admit that the author revised two pages at our suggestion. *The Pricking Thumb* is now, we believe, quite perfect.



Ingredients are a triple murder, scandal mongering, and mental torture—all meticulously sleuthed by private investigator JOHN BENT. Our own awed admiration for BENT's Superior Type Brainwork is shared by many of the more knowing critics. The austere New York *Herald Tribune* called him "Big News," while the Boston *Herald* threw caution to the winds, and wrote: "JOHN BENT is brilliant."

Just in case it hasn't already occurred to you, note how shrewdly publication of this latest Inner Sanctum Mystery has been timed to fit in with your Christmas gift schedule. In addition to being brand new, *The Pricking Thumb* has the classic touch that will make your rich and eccentric aunt think that perhaps your taste is less debauched than she had previously suspected.

And while we're on the subject of Christmas gifts, we list, for your convenience and to jog your memories, a few other appropriate Inner Sanctum Mysteries:

For the impure in heart, *Mother Finds A Body*, by GYPSY ROSE LEE.

For the unshockable, *Passing Strange* by RICHARD SALE.

For practically anybody, *The Sunday Pigeon Murders* by CRAIG RICE.

In other words, if you have two bucks to invest and want anyone on your Christmas list to open your package and then remember you in his or her will, send

AN INNER SANCTUM MYSTERY
PUBLISHED BY SIMON AND SCHUSTER

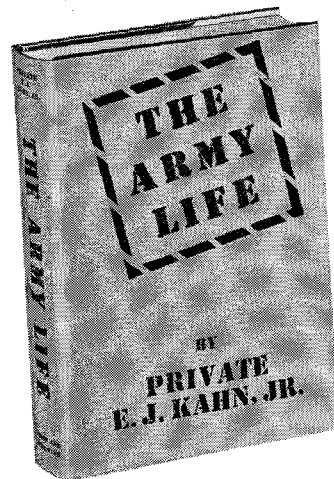
citing subject instead of a dreary one. The following geography books are unconventional and handsome: "My First Geography of the Americas," by Arensa Sondergaard, illustrated by Fritz Kredel—interesting, easy text covering the Americas and illustrated all along the way with many small, bright-colored pictures and maps; "The Story of the Great Lakes," lithographs by C. H. De Witt, text by Marie E. Gilchrist—the fourth in Mr. De Witt's brilliant series on regions of the United States; and, for somewhat older readers, "Ocean Outposts," by Helen Follett, illustrated with photographs and with maps by Armstrong Sperry—many new facts about the Pacific islands which are in the news.

War has brought a new interest in a very different sort of subject—cookery. Two good cookbooks for girls and for all beginners, of whom there are likely to be increasingly more these days, are: "The Fanny Farmer Junior Cook Book," by Wilma Lord Perkins, illustrated by Martha Powell Setchell—as solid and reliable as the senior "Fanny Farmer" and a great deal prettier; "Let's Cook," by Nancy Hawkins, Jr.—lots of good ideas, though relying quite heavily on food out of cans.

Notes on new editions: "Jesus' Story: A Little New Testament"—a small, pretty book giving the life of Jesus in the wording of the King James Version, with pictures in color by Maud and Miska Petersham which are far more satisfactory than most Bible illustrations; "The Jumbo Sambo," by Helen Bannerman—five of this author-artist's tiny nursery classics and a sixth story not now available as a separate book, all in one not too large volume; "Prince Prigio," by Andrew Lang, illustrated by Robert Lawson—a delightful and almost forgotten Lang fairy tale, plus Robert Lawson pictures, makes this a prize package; "Tree Toad," by Bob Davis, drawings by Robert McCloskey—the author's humorous and human reminiscences of his own childhood, which tell the story of still another American bad boy, presented here with the extra pleasure of McCloskey's apt and funny pictures; "A Book of Myths"—selections from Bulfinch's "Age of Fable," with distinguished illustrations by Helen Sewell. —K. S. W.

The contest ends tomorrow, when the feature will be shooting police women. —*The Times*.

What hour?



**What the Army's like –
from "snooping
and pooping" to
close-order drill**

This book tells, wittily and appealingly, how the army made a soldier out of a young fellow who writes for *The New Yorker*. It tells what he thought and felt and did during his basic training in all its phases, from going on the range for target practice to snooping and pooping (scouting and patrolling is the less-used term) and close-order drill.

Anyone having a son, a sweetheart, or a friend in the army will be able to talk more intelligently to him after reading this book.

What Reviewers Say:

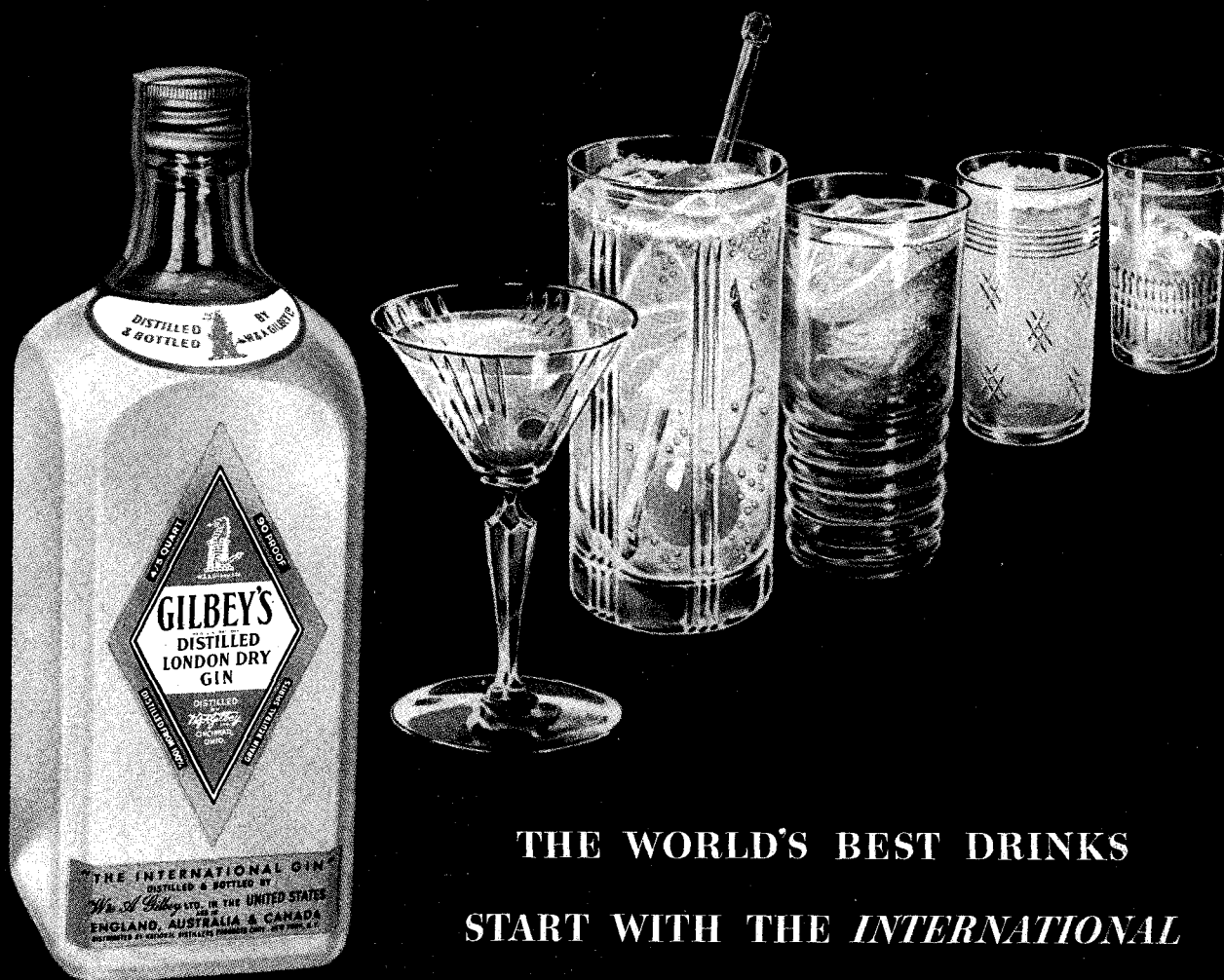
"Pvt. Kahn records what he has seen and heard and done in smoothly flowing prose of admirable clarity. It is probably the most informative and, at the same time, the most entertaining book about Army life in the training camps."

NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW

"These chapters of personal experience have a quality that is difficult to define, the sum of many qualities whose total is literature. *The Army Life* in my opinion, has the intangible attributes of survival as well as the immediate war. *The Army Life* is neither lofty nor impudent. It is genuine and quietly inspiring."

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